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Mr WOODWARD in the Character of MARPL

"There he goes."

THE
BUSY BODY.

A
COMEDY,

WRITTEN BY

MRS. CENTLIVRE.

As it is now acted at the

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

QUEM TULIT AD SCENAM VENTOSO GLORIA CURRU,
EXANIMAT LENTUS SPECTATOR, SEDULUS INFLAT.
SIC LEVE, SIC PARVUM EST, ANIMUM QUOD LAUDIS AVARUM
SUBRUIT AUT REFICIT. ———

HORAT. EPIST. LIB. II. EP. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON,
W. NICOLL, AND S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 13 to 16, in Page 7.

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PROLOGUE, by Mr. BAKER.

THO' modern prophets were expos'd of late,
The Author could not propheſy her fate:
If with ſuch ſcenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet muſt have really been inſpir'd.
But theſe, alas! are melancholy days
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.
Yet ſince prophetic lies pleaſe fools of faſhion,
And women are ſo fond of agitation;
To men of ſenſe I'll propheſy a-new,
And tell you wond'rous things, that will prove true:
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair;
Aſſur'd there'll be no ſkirmiſhes this year;
On our own terms will flow the wiſh'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, ſhall ceaſe.
The grand monarch may wiſh his ſon a throne,
But hardly will advance to loſe his own.
This ſeaſon moſt things bear a ſmiling face;
But play'rs in ſummer have a diſmal caſe,
Since your appearance only is our Act of Grace.
Court ladies will to country ſeats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town;
Where wanting Operas, Baſſet, *and a* Play,
They'll ſigh and ſtitch a gown, to paſs the time away.
Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whoſe huſbands long have labour'd for an heir;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-ſtreet ſempſtreſs—Toaſt of Temple ſparks,
That runs ſpruce neckcloths for attornies clerks,
At Cupid's Gardens will her hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.
At all aſſemblies rakes are up and down,
And gameſters, where they think they are not known.
Should I denounce our Author's fate to-day,
To cry down propheciés, you'd damn the play:
Yet whims like theſe have ſometimes made you laugh;
'Tis tattling all, like Iſaac Bickerſtaff.
Since war and places claim the bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat to-night;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but women-haters damn this play.

Dramatis Perſonæ, 1776.

	At Drury Lane.	Covent Garden.
MEN.		
Sir George Airy, *a gentleman of four thouſand a year, in love with Miranda*	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Lewis.
Sir Francis Gripe, *guardian to Miranda and Marplot, father to Charles, in love with Miranda*	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Quick.
Charles, *friend to Sir George, in love with Iſabinda*	Mr. Brereton.	Mr. Wroughton.
Sir Jealous Traffick, *a merchant that had lived ſome time in Spain, father to Iſabinda*	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Dunstall.
Marplot, *a ſort of ſilly fellow, cowardly, but very inquiſitive to know every body's buſineſs*	Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
Whiſper, *ſervant to Charles*	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Cushing.
WOMEN.		
Miranda, *an heireſs, worth thirty thouſand pounds, really in love with Sir George, but pretends to be ſo with her guardian Sir Francis*	Miſs Younge.	Miſs Macklin.
Iſabinda, *daughter to Sir Jealous, in love with Charles, but deſigned for a Spaniſh merchant by her father*	Miſs Hopkins.	Mrs. Leſſingham.
Patch, *her woman*	Mrs. Davies.	Mrs. Pitt.
Scentwell, *woman to Miranda*	Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. Pouſſin.

THE BUSY BODY.

ACT I. SCENE *the Park.*

Sir George Airy *meeting* Charles.

Cha. HA! Sir George Airy! a birding thus early! What forbidden game rous'd you ſo ſoon? for no lawful occaſion could invite a perſon of your figure abroad at ſuch unfaſhionable hours.

Sir Geo. There are ſome men, Charles, whom fortune has left free from inquietudes, who are diligently ſtudious to find out ways and means to make themſelves uneaſy.

Cha. Is it poſſible that any thing in nature can ruffle the temper of a man, whom the four ſeaſons of the year compliment with as many thouſand pounds, nay, and a father at reſt with his anceſtors?

Sir Geo. Why there it is now! A man that wants money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my affairs are in ſuch a whimſical poſture, that it will require a calculation of my nativity to find if my gold will relieve me or not.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, never conſult the ſtars about that; gold has a power beyond them; 'gold unlocks the mid-'night councils; gold outdoes the wind, becalms the 'ſhip, or fills her ſails; gold is omnipotent below; it 'makes whole armies fight, or fly; it buys even ſouls, 'and bribes the wretches to betray their country:' Then what can thy buſineſs be, that gold won't ſerve thee in?

Sir Geo. Why, I'm in love.

Cha. In love!—Ha, ha, ha, ha; in love!—Ha, ha, ha. With what, pr'ythee? a cherubim?

Sir Geo. No, with a woman.

Cha. A woman! good. Ha, ha, ha; and gold not help thee!

Sir Geo. But ſuppoſe I'm in love with two—

Cha. Ay, if thou'rt in love with two hundred, gold will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, boy. But who are they? who are they? come.

Sir Geo. One is a lady whoſe face I never ſaw, but witty as an angel; the other beautiful as Venus—

Cha. And a fool—

Sir Geo. For aught I know, for I never ſpoke to her; but you can inform me: I am charm'd for the wit of one, and die for the beauty of the other.

Cha. And pray, which are you in queſt of now?

Sir Geo. I prefer the ſenſual pleaſure: I'm for her I've ſeen, who is thy father's ward, Miranda.

Cha. Nay, then I pity you; for the Jew my father will no more part with her and thirty thouſand pounds, than he would with a guinea to keep me from ſtarving.

Sir Geo. Now you ſee gold can't do every thing, Charles.

Cha. Yes, for 'tis her gold that bars my father's gate againſt you.

Sir Geo. Why, if he is this avaricious wretch, how cam'ſt thou by ſuch a liberal education?

Cha. Not a ſouſe out of his pocket, I aſſure you: I had an uncle who defrayed that charge; but for ſome little wildneſſes of youth, tho' he made me his heir, left dad my guardian till I came to years of diſcretion, which I preſume the old gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the eſtate into his clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in Preſter John's dominions.

Sir Geo. What, can'ſt thou find no ſtratagem to redeem it?

Cha. I have made many eſſays to no purpoſe; tho' want, the miſtreſs of invention, ſtill tempts me on, yet ſtill the old fox is too cunning for me—I am upon my laſt project, which, if it fails, then for my laſt refuge, a brown muſquet.

Sir Geo. What is't? Can I aſſiſt thee?

Cha. Not yet; when you can, I have confidence enough in you to aſk it.

Sir Geo. I am always ready. But what does he intend to do with Miranda? Is ſhe to be ſold in private? Or will

will he put her up by way of auction, at who bids moſt? If ſo, egad, I'm for him; my gold, as you ſay, ſhall be ſubſervient to my pleaſure.

Cha. To deal ingenuouſly with you, Sir George, I know very little of her, or home; for ſince my uncle's death, and my return from travel, I have never been well with my father; he thinks my expences too great, and I his allowance too little: he never ſees me, but he quarrels; and to avoid that, I ſhun his houſe as much as poſſible. The report is, he intends to marry her himſelf.

Sir Geo. Can ſhe conſent to it?

Cha. Yes, faith, ſo they ſay; but I tell you, I am wholly ignorant of the matter. 'Miranda and I are like two vio-'lent members of a contrary party; I can ſcarce allow her 'beauty, tho' all the world does; nor ſhe me civility, 'for that contempt.' I fancy ſhe plays the mother-in-law already, and ſets the old gentleman on to do miſchief.

Sir Geo. Then I've your free conſent to get her.

Cha. Ay, and my helping hand, if occaſion be.

Sir Geo. Poh, yonder's a fool coming this way, let's avoid him.

Cha. What, Marplot? No, no, he's my inſtrument; there's a thouſand conveniences in him; he'll lend me his money when he has any; run of my errands, and be proud on't; in ſhort, he'll pimp for me, lye for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me, and that I truſt to my own arm for.

Sir Geo. Nay, then he's to be endur'd; I never knew his qualifications before.

Enter Marplot, *with a patch croſs his face.*

Mar. Dear Charles, yours—Ha! Sir George Airy, the man in the world, I have an ambition to be known to. [*Aſide.*] Give me thy hand, dear boy—

Cha. A good aſſurance! But hark ye, how came your beautiful countenance clouded in the wrong place?

Marpl. I muſt confeſs 'tis a little *mal-a-propos*; but no matter for that; a word with you, Charles: Pr'ythee, introduce me to Sir George—he is a man of wit, and I'd give ten guineas to—

Cha. When you have 'em, you mean.

Marpl. Ay, when I have 'em; pugh, pox, you cut the

thread of my diſcourſe—I would give ten guineas, I ſay, to be rank'd in his acquaintance: 'Well, 'tis a vaſt 'addition to a man's fortune, according to the rout of the 'world, to be ſeen in the company of leading men; for 'then we are all thought to be politicians, or whigs, or 'jacks, or high fliers, or low fliers, or levellers—and ſo 'forth; for you muſt know, we all herd in parties now.'

Cha. 'Then a fool for diverſion is out of faſhion, I find.'

Marpl. 'Yes, without it be a mimicking fool; and they 'are darlings every where; but' pr'ythee introduce me.

Cha. Well, on condition you'll give us a true account how you come by that mourning noſe, I will.

Marpl. I'll do it.

Cha. Sir George, here's a gentleman has a paſſionate deſire to kiſs your hand.

Sir Geo. Oh, I honour men of the ſword; and I preſume this gentleman is lately come from Spain or Portugal—by his ſcars.

Marpl. No, really, Sir George, mine ſprung from civil ſury: happening laſt night into the Groom Porter's—I had a ſtrong inclination to go ten guineas with a ſort of a, ſort of a—kind of a milk-ſop, as I thought: A pox of the dice, he flung out, and my pockets being empty, as Charles knows they often are, he prov'd a ſurly North Briton, and broke my face for my deficiency.

Sir Geo. Ha! ha! and did not you draw?

Marpl. Draw, Sir! why, I did but lay my hand upon my ſword to make a ſwift retreat, and he roar'd out, "Now the deel a ma ſol, Sir, gin ye touch yer ſteel, "Iſe whip mine through yer wem."

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ſafe was the word: ſo you walk'd off, I ſuppoſe.

Marpl. Yes, for I avoid fighting, to be ſerviceable to my friends, you know—

Sir Geo. Your friends are much obliged to you, Sir. I hope you'll rank me in that number.

Marpl. Sir George, a bow from the ſide-box, or to be ſeen in your chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir Geo. Trifles! you may command 'em when you pleaſe.

Cha.

Cha. Provided he may command you.

Marpl. Me! why I live for no other purpoſe—Sir George, I have the honour to be careſs'd by moſt of the reigning toaſts of the town. I'll tell 'em you are the fineſt gentleman—

Sir Geo. No, no, pr'ythee let me alone to tell the ladies—my parts—Can you convey a letter upon occaſion, or deliver a meſſage with an air of buſineſs, ha!

Marpl. With the aſſurance of a page, and the gravity of a ſtateſman.

Sir Geo. You know Miranda.

Marpl. What, my ſiſter ward? Why, her guardian is mine, we are fellow ſufferers: Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, ſanctified curmudgeon; that Sir Francis Gripe is a damn'd old —

Cha. I ſuppoſe, friend, you forget that he is my father.

Marpl. I aſk your pardon, Charles; but it is for your ſake I hate him. Well, I ſay the world is miſtaken in him; his out-ſide piety makes him every man's executor; and his inſide cunning makes him every heir's jailor. Egad, Charles, I'm half perſuaded that thou'rt ſome ward too, and never of his getting: for thou art as honeſt a debauchee as ever cuckolded man of quality.

Sir Geo. A pleaſant fellow.

Cha. The dog is diverting ſometimes, or there would be no enduring his impertinence: he is preſſing to be employed, and willing to execute; but ſome ill fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener ſpoils an intrigue than helps it.

Marpl. If I miſcarry, 'tis none of my fault: I follow my inſtructions.

Cha. Yes, witneſs the merchant's wife.

Marpl. Piſh, pox, that was an accident.

Sir Geo. What was it, pr'ythee?

Cha. Why, you muſt know, I had lent a certain merchant my hunting horſes, and was to have met his wife in his abſence: ſending him along with my groom to make the compliment, and to deliver a letter to the lady at the ſame time; what does he do, but gives the huſband the letter, and offers her the horſes.

Marpl. I remember you was even with me, for you

deny'd the letter to be yours, and ſwore I had a deſign upon her, which my bones paid for.

Cha. Come, Sir George, let's walk round, if you are not engag'd; for I have ſent my man upon a little earneſt buſineſs, and I have order'd him to bring me the anſwer into the Park.

Marpl. Buſineſs, and I not know it! Egad I'll watch him.

Sir Geo. I muſt beg your pardon, Charles, I am to meet your father.

Cha. My father!

Sir Geo. Ay! and about the oddeſt bargain perhaps you ever heard of; but I'll not impart till I know the ſucceſs.

Marpl. What can his buſineſs be with Sir Francis? Now would I give all the world to know it; why the Devil ſhould not one know every man's concern! [*Aſide.*

Cha. Proſperity to't whate'er it be; I have private affairs too; over a bottle we'll compare notes.

Marpl. Charles knows I love a glaſs as well as any man; I'll make one; ſhall it be to-night? And I long to know their ſecrets. [*Aſide.*

Enter Whiſper.

Whiſp. Sir, Sir, Mrs. Patch ſays Iſabinda's Spaniſh father has quite ſpoil'd the plot, and ſhe can't meet you in the Park; but he infallibly will go out this afternoon, ſhe ſays; but I muſt ſtep again to know the hour.

Marpl. What did Whiſper ſay now? I ſhall go ſtark mad, if I'm not let into this ſecret. [*Aſide.*

Cha. Curſt misfortune! come along with me, my heart feels pleaſure at her name. Sir George, yours; we'll meet at the old place the uſual hour.

Sir Geo. Agreed; I think I ſee Sir Francis yonder. [*Exit.*

Cha. Marplot, you muſt excuſe me, I am engag'd. [*Exit.*

Marpl. Engag'd! Egad I'll engage my life I'll know what your engagement is. [*Exit.*

Miran. [*Coming out of a chair.*] Let the chair wait: my ſervant, that dodg'd Sir George, ſaid he was in the Park.

Enter Patch.

Ha! Miſs Patch alone! Did not you tell me you had contriv'd a way to bring Iſabinda to the Park?

Patch. Oh, madam, your ladyſhip can't imagine what a wretched

a wretched disappointment we have met with: just as I had fetched a suit of my clothes for disguise, comes my old master into his closet, which is right against her chamber door; this struck us into a terrible fright—At length I put on a grave face, and asked him if he was at leisure for his chocolate, in hopes to draw him out of his hole; but he snap'd my nose off; No, I shall be busy here these two hours. At which, my poor mistress, seeing no way of escape, ordered me to wait on your ladyship with the sad relation.

Miran. Unhappy Isabinda! Was ever any thing so unaccountable as the humour of Sir Jealous Traffick!

Patch. Oh, Madam, 'tis his living so long in Spain; he vows he'll spend half his estate, but he'll be a parliament-man, on purpose to bring in a bill for women to wear veils, and the other odious Spanish customs—He swears it is the height of impudence to have a woman seen bare-fac'd even at church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten child in the city.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, how the old fool torments himself! Suppose he could introduce his rigid rules—Does he think we could not match them in contrivance? No, no, let the tyrant man make what laws he will, if there's a woman under the government, I warrant she finds a way to break 'em: is his mind set upon the Spaniard for his son-in-law still?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next fleet, which drives his daughter to melancholy and despair: but, Madam, I find you retain the same gay, chearful spirit you had, when I waited on your ladyship—My lady is mighty good-humour'd, too: and I have found a way to make Sir Jealous believe I am wholly in his interest, when my real design is to serve her; he makes me her jailor, and I set her at liberty.

Miran. I knew thy prolific brain would be of singular service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her father.

Patch. But, Madam, the report is, that you are going to marry your guardian.

Miran. It is necessary such a report should be, Patch.

Patch. But is it true, Madam?

Miran. That's not absolutely necessary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old ſtrain, coaxing him ſtill for your own, and railing at all the young fellows about town: in my mind, now, you are as ill plagu'd with your guardian, Madam, as my lady is with her father.

Miran. No, I have liberty, wench; that ſhe wants; what would ſhe give now to be in this *deſhabillée*, in the —open air; nay, more, in purſuit of the young fellow ſhe likes? for that's my caſe, I aſſure you.

Patch. As for that, Madam, ſhe's even with you; for though ſhe can't come abroad, we have a way to bring him home, in ſpite of old Argus.

Miran. Now, Patch, your opinion of my choice, for here he comes—Ha! my guardian with him! What can be the meaning of this? I'm ſure Sir Francis can't know me in this dreſs—Let's obſerve 'em. [*They withdraw.*

Enter Sir Francis Gripe *and* Sir George Airy.

Sir Fran. Verily, Sir George, thou wilt repent throwing away thy money ſo; for I tell thee ſincerely, Miranda, my charge, does not love a young fellow: they are all vicious, and ſeldom make good huſbands: in ſober ſadneſs ſhe cannot abide 'em.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] In ſober ſadneſs you are miſtaken —What can this mean?

Sir Geo. Look ye, Sir Francis, whether ſhe can or cannot abide young fellows, is not the buſineſs: Will you take the fifty guineas?

Sir Fran. In good truth, I will not—for I knew thy father, he was a hearty wary man, and I cannot conſent that his ſon ſhould ſquander away, what he ſav'd, to no purpoſe.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Now in the name of wonder, what bargain can he be driving about me for fifty guineas?

Patch. I wiſh it ben't for the firſt night's lodging, Madam.

Sir Geo. Well, Sir Francis, ſince you are ſo conſcientious for my father's ſake, then permit me the favour *gratis*.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] The favour! O' my life, I believe 'tis as you ſaid, Patch.

Sir Fran. No, verily, if thou doſt not buy thy experience, thou wilt never be wiſe; therefore give me a hundred, and try fortune.

Sir Geo. The ſcruples aroſe, I find, from the ſcanty ſum—

ſum—Let me ſee—a hundred guineas—[*Takes 'em out of a purſe, and chinks 'em.*] Ha! they have a very pretty ſound, and a very pleaſing look—But then, Miranda—But if ſhe ſhould be cruel—

Miran. [*Peeping.*] As ten to one I ſhall—

Sir Fran. Ay, do conſider on't. He, he, he, he!

Sir Geo. No, I'll do't.

Patch. Do't! what, whether you will or no, Madam?

Sir Geo. Come, to the point; here's the gold, ſum up the conditions—

Sir Fran. [*Pulling out a paper.*]

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Ay, for heaven's ſake do, for my expectation is on the rack.

Sir Fran. Well, at your peril be it.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, go on.

Sir Fran. Imprimis, you are to be admitted into my houſe, in order to move your ſuit to Miranda, for the ſpace of ten minutes, without lett or moleſtation, provided I remain in the ſame room.

Sir Geo. But out of ear-ſhot.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I don't deſire to hear what you ſay; Ha, ha, ha, in conſideration I am to have that purſe and a hundred guineas.

Sir Geo. Take it— [*Gives him the purſe.*

Miran. [*Peeping.*] So, 'tis well it's no worſe; I'll fit you both—

Sir Geo. And this agreement is to be perform'd to-day.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, the ſooner the better. Poor fool, how Miranda and I ſhall laugh at him—Well, Sir George, ha, ha, ha, take the laſt ſound of your guineas, Ha, ha, ha. [*Chinks them.*] [*Exit.*

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Sure he does not know I am Miranda.

Sir Geo. A very extraordinary bargain I have made, truly, if ſhe ſhould be really in love with this old cuff, now—Pſha, that's morally impoſſible—But then what hopes have I to ſucceed? I never ſpoke to her—

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Say you ſo? Then I'm ſafe.

Sir Geo. What tho' my tongue never ſpoke, my eyes ſaid a thouſand things, and my hopes flattered me her's anſwer'd 'em. If I'm lucky—if not, it is but a hundred guineas thrown away.

[Miranda

[Miranda *and* Patch *come forward.*]

Miran. Upon what, Sir George?

Sir Geo. Ha! my *incognita*—upon a woman, Madam.

Miran. They are the worſt things you can deal in, and damage the ſooneſt; your very breath deſtroys 'em, and I fear you'll never ſee your return, Sir George, ha, ha.

Sir Geo. Were they more brittle than china, and dropped to pieces with a touch, every atom of her I have ventur'd at, if ſhe is but miſtreſs of thy wit, balances ten times the ſum—Pr'ythee let me ſee thy face.

Miran. By no means; that may ſpoil your opinion of my ſenſe—

Sir Geo. Rather confirm it, Madam.

Patch. So rob the lady of your gallantry, Sir.

Sir Geo. No, child, a diſh of chocolate in the morning never ſpoils my dinner; the other lady, I deſign a ſet meal; ſo there's no danger.—

Miran. Matrimony! ha, ha, ha! What crimes have you committed againſt the god of love, that he ſhould revenge 'em ſo ſeverely, to ſtamp huſband upon your forehead?

Sir Geo. For my folly, in having ſo often met you here, without purſuing the laws of nature, and exerciſing her command—But I reſolve, ere we part now, to know who you are, where you live, and what kind of fleſh and blood your face is; therefore unmaſk, and don't put me to the trouble of doing it for you.

Miran. My face is the ſame fleſh and blood with my hand, Sir George, which if you'll be ſo rude to provoke—

Sir Geo. You'll apply it to my cheek—The ladies favours are always welcome; but I muſt have that cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her.*] Remember you are in the Park, child; and what a terrible thing would it be to loſe this pretty white hand?

Miran. And how will it ſound in a chocolate-houſe, that Sir George Airy rudely pull'd off a lady's maſk when he had given her his honour that he never would, directly nor indirectly, endeavour to know her till ſhe gave him leave?

'*Patch.* I wiſh we were ſafe out.'

Sir Geo. But if that lady thinks fit to purſue and meet me

me at every turn, like ſome troubled ſpirit, ſhall I be blam'd if I inquire into the reality? I would have nothing diſſatisfied in a female ſhape.

Miran. What ſhall I do? [*Pauſes.*

Sir Geo. Ay, pr'ythee conſider, for thou ſhalt find me very much at thy ſervice.

Patch. Suppoſe, Sir, the lady ſhould be in love with you.

Sir Geo. Oh! I'll return the obligation in a moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha, that's not the way to love her, child.

Miran. If he diſcovers me, I ſhall die—Which way ſhall I eſcape?—Let me ſee. [*Pauſes.*

Sir Geo. Well, Madam—

Miran. I have it—Sir George, 'tis fit you ſhould allow ſomething; if you'll excuſe my face, and turn your back (if you look upon me, I ſhall ſink, even maſk'd as I am) I will confeſs why I have engaged you ſo often, who I am, and where I live.

Sir Geo. Well, to ſhew you I am a man of honour, I accept the conditions. Let me but once know thoſe, and the face won't be long a ſecret to me.

Patch. What mean you, Madam?

Miran. To get off.

Sir Geo. 'Tis ſomething indecent to turn one's back upon a lady; but you command, and I obey. [*Turns his back.*] Come, Madam, begin—

Miran. Firſt then it was my unhappy lot to ſee you at Paris, [*Draws back a little while, and ſpeaks*] at a ball upon a birth-day; your ſhape and air charm'd my eyes; your wit and complaiſance my ſoul; and from that fatal night I lov'd you. [*Drawing back.*

And when you left the place, grief ſeiz'd me ſo,
No reſt my heart, no ſleep my eyes could know.
Laſt, I reſolv'd a hazardous point to try,
And quit the place in ſearch of liberty. [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. Excellent—I hope ſhe's handſome—Well, now, Madam, to the other two things: your name, and where you live?—I am a gentleman, and this confeſſion will not be loſt upon me.—Nay, pr'ythee don't weep, but go on—for I find my heart melts in thy behalf—

ſpeak

ſpeak quickly, or I ſhall turn about—Not yet—Poor lady, ſhe expects I ſhould comfort her; and to do her juſtice, ſhe has ſaid enough to encourage me. [*Turns about.*] Ha! gone! the devil, jilted! Why what a tale has ſhe invented—of Paris, balls, and birth-days!—Egad I'd give ten guineas to know who the gipſy is—A curſe of my folly — I deſerve to loſe her: what woman can forgive a man that turns his back!

The bold and reſolute in love and war,
To conquer, take the right and ſwifteſt way:
The boldeſt lover ſooneſt gains the Fair,
As courage makes the rudeſt force obey.
Take no denial, and the dames adore ye,
Cloſely purſue them, and they fall before ye.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE Sir Francis Gripe's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Francis Gripe *and* Miranda.

Sir Fran. HA, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, I ſhall die with laughing—The moſt romantic adventure—Ha, ha, ha! What does the odious young fop mean? A hundred pieces to talk ten minutes with me; ha, ha, ha!

Sir Fran. And I am to be by too, there's the jeſt: Adod, if it had been in private, I ſhould not have car'd to truſt the young dog.

Miran. Indeed and indeed, but you might, Gardy—Now methinks there's nobody handſomer than you: So neat, ſo clean, ſo good-humour'd, and ſo loving—

Sir Fran. Pretty rogue, pretty rogue; and ſo thou ſhalt find me, if thou doſt prefer thy Gardy before theſe caperers of the age; thou ſhalt out-ſhine the Queen's box on an opera night; thou ſhalt be the envy of the ring (for I will carry thee to Hyde-Park) and thy equipage ſhall ſurpaſs the what d'ye call 'em ambaſſador's.

Miran. Nay, I am ſure the diſcreet part of my ſex will envy me more for the inſide furniture, when you are in it, than my outſide equipage.

Sir Fran.

Sir Fran. A cunning baggage i'faith thou art, and a wife one too; and to ſhew thee thou haſt not choſen amiſs, I'll this moment diſinherit my ſon, and ſettle my whole eſtate upon thee.

Miran. There's an old rogue now: [*Aſide.*] No, Gardy, I would not have your name be ſo black in the world—You know my father's will runs, that I am not to poſſeſs my eſtate, without your conſent, till I am five-and-twenty; you ſhall only abate the odd ſeven years, and make me miſtreſs of my eſtate to-day, and I'll make you maſter of my perſon to-morrow.

Sir Fran. Humph! that may not be ſafe—No, Chargy, I'll ſettle it upon thee for pin-money; and that will be every bit as well, thou know'ſt.

Miran. Unconſcionable old wretch! bribe me with my own money! — Which way ſhall I get out of his hands! — [*Aſide.*

Sir Fran. Well, what art thou thinking on, my girl, ha? how to banter Sir George?

Miran. I muſt not pretend to banter: he knows my tongue too well: [*Aſide.*] No, Gardy, I have thought of a way that will confound him more than all I could ſay, if I ſhould talk to him ſeven years.

Sir Fran. How's that? Oh! I'm tranſported, I'm raviſh'd, I'm mad ——

Miran. It would make you mad if you knew all. [*Aſide.*] I'll not anſwer him a word, but be dumb to all he ſays —

Sir Fran. Dumb! good; Ha, ha, ha. Excellent, ha, ha! I think I have you now, Sir George; dumb! he'll go diſtracted — Well, ſhe's the wittieſt rogue.— Ha, ha, dumb! I can but laugh, ha, ha! to think how damn'd mad he'll be, when he finds he has given his money away for a dumb ſhow. Ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Nay, Gardy, if he did but know my thoughts of him, it would make him ten times madder: Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Fran. Ay, ſo it would, Chargy, to hold him in ſuch deriſion, to ſcorn to anſwer him, to be dumb! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter

Enter Charles.

Sir Fran. How now, ſirrah! Who let you in?

Cha. My neceſſities, Sir.

Sir Fran. Sir, your neceſſities are very impertinent, and ought to have ſent before they entered.

Cha. Sir, I knew 'twas a word would gain admittance no where.

Sir Fran. Then, ſirrah, how durſt you rudely thruſt that upon your father, which nobody elſe would admit?

Cha. Sure the name of a ſon is a ſufficient plea. I aſk this lady's pardon, if I have intruded.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, aſk her pardon and her bleſſing too, if you expect any thing from me.

Miran. I believe yours, Sir Francis, in a purſe of guineas, would be more material. Your ſon may have buſineſs with you, I'll retire.

Sir Fran. I gueſs his buſineſs, but I'll diſpatch him; I expect the knight every minute: you'll be in readineſs?

Miran. Certainly! My expectation is more upon the wing than yours, old gentleman. [*Exit.*

Sir Fran. Well, Sir!

Cha. Nay, it is very ill, Sir; my circumſtances are, I'm ſure.

Sir Fran. And what's that to me, Sir? Your management ſhould have made them better.

Cha. If you pleaſe to intruſt me with the management of my eſtate, I ſhall endeavour it, Sir.

Sir Fran. What to ſet upon a card, and buy a lady's favour at the price of a thouſand pieces, to rig out an equipage for a wench, or by your careleſſneſs enrich your ſteward, to fine for ſheriff, or put up for parliament-man?

Cha. I hope I ſhould not ſpend it this way: However, I aſk only for what my uncle left me; yours you may diſpoſe of as you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Fran. That I ſhall, out of your reach, I aſſure you, Sir. Adod theſe young fellows think old men get eſtates for nothing but them to ſquander away, in dicing, wenching, drinking, dreſſing, and ſo forth.

Cha.

Cha. I think I was born a gentleman, Sir! I'm ſure my uncle bred me like one.

Sir Fran. From which you would infer, Sir, that gaming, whoring, and the pox, are requiſites to a gentleman.

Cha. Monſtrous! When I would aſk him only for a ſupport, he falls into theſe unmannerly reproaches; I muſt, tho' againſt my will, employ invention, and by ſtratagem relieve myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Sir Fran. Sirrah, what is it you mutter, ſirrah, ha? [*Holds up his cane.*] I ſay you ſhan't have a groat out of my hands till I pleaſe—and may be I'll never pleaſe, and what's that to you?

Cha. Nay, to be robb'd, or to have one's throat cut, is not much———

Sir Fran. What's that, ſirrah? Would ye rob me, or cut my throat, ye rogue?

Cha. Heaven forbid, Sir—I ſaid no ſuch thing.

Sir Fran. Mercy on me! What a plague it is to have a ſon of one and twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's life, to edge himſelf into the eſtate!

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. Egad he's here—I was afraid I had loſt him: His ſecret could not be with his father, his wants are public there—Guardian—your ſervant, Charles. I know by that ſorrowful countenance of thine, the old man's fiſt is as cloſe as his ſtrong box.—But I'll help thee.

Sir Fran. So; here's another extravagant coxcomb, that will ſpend his fortune before he comes to't; but he ſhall pay ſwinging intereſt, and ſo let the fool go on—Well, what! does neceſſity bring you too, Sir?

Marpl. You have hit it, Guardian—I want a hundred pounds.

Sir Fran. For what?

Marpl. Pogh, for a hundred things: I can't for my life tell you for what.

Cha. Sir, I ſuppoſe I have received all the anſwer I am like to have.

Marpl. Oh, the devil, if he gets out before me, I ſhall loſe him again.

Sir Fran. Ay, Sir, and you may be marching as ſoon

ſoon as you pleaſe—I muſt ſee a change in your temper ere you find one in mine.

Marpl. Pray, Sir, diſpatch me; the money, Sir; I'm in mighty haſte.

Sir Fran. Fool, take this, and go to the caſhier, I ſhan't be long plagu'd with thee. [*Gives him a note.*

Marpl. Devil take the caſhier, I ſhall certainly have Charles gone before I come back again. [*Runs out.*

Cha. Well, Sir, I take my leave—But remember, you expoſe an only ſon to all the miſeries of wretched poverty, which too often lays the plan for ſcenes of miſchief.

Sir Fran. Stay, Charles, I have a ſudden thought come into my head, may prove to thy advantage.

Cha. Ha, does he relent? [*Aſide.*

Sir Fran. My Lady Wrinkle, worth forty thouſand pounds, ſets up for a handſome young huſband; ſhe prais'd thee t'other day; tho' the match-makers can get twenty guineas for a ſight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

Cha. My Lady Wrinkle, Sir! why ſhe has but one eye.

Sir Fran. Then ſhe'll ſee but half your extravagance, Sir.

Cha. Condemn me to ſuch a piece of deformity! Toothleſs! dirty, wry-neck'd, hunch-back'd hag!

Sir Fran. Hunch-back'd! ſo much the better, then ſhe has a reſt for her misfortunes; for thou wilt load her ſwingingly. Now I warrant you think, this is no offer of a father: forty thouſand pounds is nothing with you.

Cha. Yes, Sir, I think it is too much: a young beautiful woman with half the money would be more agreeable.—I thank you, Sir; but you choſe better for yourſelf, I find.

Sir Fran. Out of my doors, you dog; you pretend to meddle with my marriage, ſirrah!

Cha. Sir, I obey.—

Sir Fran. But me no buts—Be gone, Sir: dare to aſk me for money again—Refuſe forty thouſand pounds! Out of my doors, I ſay, without reply. [*Exit Cha.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. One Sir George Airy enquires for you, Sir.

Enter

Enter Marplot *running*.

Marpl. Ha! gone! Is Charles gone, Guardian?

Sir Fran. Yes; and I deſire your wiſe worſhip to walk after him.

Marpl. Nay, egad, I ſhall run, I tell you but that. Ah, pox of this caſhier for detaining me ſo long: where the devil ſhall I find him now? I ſhall certainly loſe this ſecret. [*Exit haſtily.*

Sir Fran. What is the fellow diſtracted?——Deſire Sir George to walk up.—Now for a trial of ſkill that will make me happy, and him a fool: ha, ha, ha! in my mind he looks like an aſs already.

Enter Sir George.

Sir Fran. Well, Sir George, do you hold in the ſame mind, or would you capitulate? ha, ha, ha! look, here are the guineas. [*Chinks 'em.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. Not if they were twice the ſum, Sir Francis: therefore be brief, call in the lady, and take your poſt.——If ſhe's a woman, and not ſeduced by witchcraft to this old rogue, I'll make his heart ake; for if ſhe has but one grain of inclination about her, I'll vary a thouſand ſhapes but find it. [*Aſide.*

Enter Miranda.

Sir Fran. Agreed—Miranda! there, Sir George, try your fortune. [*Takes out his watch.*]

Sir Geo. So from the eaſtern chambers breaks the ſun,
Diſpels the clouds, and gilds the vales below.
[*Salutes her.*

Sir Fran. Hold, Sir, kiſſing was not in our agreement.

Sir Geo. Oh! that's by way of prologue: pr'ythee, old mammon, to thy poſt.

Sir Fran. Well, young Timon, 'tis now four exactly; ten minutes, remember, is your utmoſt limit, not a minute more. [*Retires to the bottom of the ſtage.*

Sir Geo. Madam, whether you'll excuſe or blame my love, the author of this raſh proceeding, depends upon your pleaſure, as alſo the life of your admirer: your ſparkling eyes ſpeak a heart ſuſceptible of love; your vivacity, a ſoul too delicate to admit the embraces of decayed mortality.

Miran.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] Oh! that I durſt ſpeak —

Sir Geo. Shake off this tyrant Guardian's yoke, aſſume yourſelf, and daſh his bold aſpiring hopes; the deity of his deſires is avarice; a heretic in love, and ought to be baniſh'd by the queen of beauty. See, Madam, a faithful ſervant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the number of your ſlaves. [Miranda *gives him her hand to raiſe him.*

Sir Fran. I wiſh I could hear what he ſays now. [*Running up.*] Hold, hold, hold, no palming, that's contrary to articles——

Sir Geo. 'Sdeath, Sir, keep your diſtance, or I'll write another article in your guts. [*Lays his hand to his ſword.*

Sir Fran. [*Going back.*] A bloody-minded fellow!—

Sir Geo. Not anſwer me! perhaps ſhe thinks my addreſs too grave: I'll be more free—Can you be ſo unconſcionable, Madam, to let me ſay all theſe fine things to you without one ſingle compliment in return? View me well; am I not a proper handſome fellow, ha? Can you prefer that old, dry, withered, ſapleſs log of ſixty-five, to the vigorous, gay, ſprightly love of twenty-four? With ſnoring only he'll awake thee; but I, with raviſhing delight, would make thy ſenſes dance in concert with the joyful minutes. — Ha! not yet? ſure ſhe is dumb—Thus wou'd I ſteal and touch thy beauteous hand, [*Takes hold of her hand*] till by degrees I reach'd thy ſnowy breaſts, then raviſh kiſſes thus.

[*Embraces her in ecſtaſy.*

Miran. [*Struggles and flings from him.*] O heavens! I ſhall not be able to contain myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Sir Fran. [*Running up, with his watch in his hand.*] Sure ſhe did not ſpeak to him—There's five of the ten minutes gone, Sir *George*—Adod, I don't like thoſe cloſe conferences —

Sir Geo. More interruptions—— you will have it, Sir! [*Lays his hand to his ſword.*]

Sir Fran. [*Going back.*] No, no, you ſhan't have her neither. [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Dumb ſtill — Sure this old dog has enjoin'd her ſilence; I'll try another way—I muſt conclude, Madam, that in compliance to your Guardian's humour, you

you refuſe to anſwer me—Conſider the injuſtice of his injunction, Madam: theſe ten minutes coſt me a hundred pound—and would you anſwer me, I could purchaſe the whole day ſo. However, Madam, you muſt give me leave to make the beſt interpretation I can for my money, and take the indication of your ſilence for the ſecret liking of my perſon: therefore, Madam, I will inſtruct you how to keep your word inviolate to Sir Francis, and yet anſwer me to every queſtion: As for example, when I aſk any thing to which you would reply in the affirmative, gently nod your head — thus; and when in the negative, thus; [*Shakes his head:*] and in the doubtful, a tender ſigh, thus. [*Sighs.*]

Miran. How every action charms me —— but I'll fit him for ſigns, I warrant him. [*Aſide.*

' *Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! poor Sir George, ha, ha, ' ha! [*Aſide.*'

Sir Geo. Was it by his deſire that you are dumb, Madam, to all that I can ſay?

Miran. [*Nods.*]

Sir Geo. Very well! ſhe's tractable, I find—And is it poſſible that you can love him! [Miran. *nods.*] Miraculous! Pardon the bluntneſs of my queſtions, for my time is ſhort. May I not hope to ſupplant him in your eſteem? [Miran. *ſighs.*] Good, ſhe anſwers me as I could wiſh——You'll not conſent to marry him then? [Miran. *ſighs.*] How! doubtful in that? — Undone again—Humph! but that may proceed from his power to keep her out of her eſtate till twenty-five; I'll try that — Come, Madam, I cannot think you heſitate on this affair out of any motive but your fortune—Let him keep it till thoſe few years are expired; make me happy with your perſon, let him enjoy your wealth—[Miran. *holds up her hands.*] Why, what ſign is that now? Nay, nay, Madam, except you obſerve my leſſon, I can't underſtand your meaning.

Sir. Fran. What a vengeance, are they talking by ſigns! 'ad I may be fool'd here; what do you mean, Sir George?

Sir Geo. To cut your throat, if you dare mutter another ſyllable.

Sir Fran. Od! I wiſh he were fairly out of my houſe.

Sir Geo. Pray, Madam, will you anſwer me to the purpoſe? [Miran. *ſhakes her head, and points to Sir Francis.*] What does ſhe mean! ſhe won't anſwer me to the purpoſe, or is ſhe afraid yon old cuff ſhould underſtand her ſigns?——Ay, it muſt be that; I perceive, Madam, you are too apprehenſive of the promiſe you have made to follow my rules; therefore I'll ſuppoſe your mind, and anſwer for you —— Firſt, for myſelf, Madam, that I am in love with you is an infallible truth. Now for you: [*Turns on her ſide.*] Indeed, Sir, and may I believe it? — As certainly, Madam, as that 'tis daylight, or that I die if you perſiſt in ſilence—Bleſs me with the muſic of your voice, and raiſe my ſpirits to their proper heaven: thus low let me intreat, ere I'm oblig'd to quit this place, grant me ſome token of a favourable reception to keep my hopes alive. [*Ariſes haſtily, turns on her ſide.*] Riſe, Sir; and ſince my Guardian's preſence will not allow me privilege of tongue, read that, and reſt aſſured you are not indifferent to me. [*Offers her a letter.*] Ha, right woman! But [*ſhe ſtrikes it down*] no matter, I'll go on.

Sir Fran. Ha! what's that! a letter! — Ha, ha, ha! thou art baulk'd.

Miran. The beſt aſſurance I ever ſaw.—— [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Ha! a letter! Oh! let me kiſs it with the ſame raptures that I would do the dear hand that touch'd it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a quick fancy, and a long *extempore*——What's here? [*Reads.*] "Dear Sir George; "this virgin muſe I conſecrate to you, which, when it "has received the addition of your voice, will charm "me into a deſire of liberty to love; which you, and "only you, can fix." My angel! Oh you tranſport me! [*Kiſſes the letter.*] 'And ſee the power of your 'command; the God of love has ſet the verſe already; 'the flowing numbers dance into a tune, and I'm in'ſpired with a voice to ſing it.

'*Miran.* I'm ſure thou art inſpired with impudence 'enough. [*Aſide.*

'Sir *Geo.* [*Sings.*]

'*Great*

'*Great love inſpire him*;
'*Say I admire him.*
'*Give me the lover*
'*That can diſcover*
'*Secret devotion*
'*From ſilent motion*;
'*Then don't betray me,*
'*But hence convey me.*

'*Sir Geo.* [*Taking hold of Miranda.*]' With all my heart, this moment let's retire. [*Sir Francis coming up haſtily.*

Sir Fran. The time is expir'd, Sir, and you muſt take your leave. There, my girl, there's the hundred pounds, which thou haſt won; go, I'll be with you preſently, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit* Miranda.

Sir Geo. Ads-heart, Madam, you won't leave me juſt in the nick, will you?

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! ſhe has nick'd you, Sir George, I think, ha, ha, ha! Have you any more hundred pounds to throw away upon courtſhip? ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. He, he, he, he! A curſe of your ſleering jeſts—Yet, however ill I ſucceeded, I'll venture the ſame wager, ſhe does not value thee a ſpoonful of ſnuff; — Nay, more, though you enjoin'd her ſilence to me, you'll never make her ſpeak to the purpoſe with yourſelf.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! did not I tell thee thou would'ſt repent thy money? Did not I ſay, ſhe hated young fellows? ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. And I'm poſitive ſhe's not in love with age.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha! no matter for that, ha, ha! ſhe's not taken with your youth, nor your rhetoric to boot; ha, ha!

Sir Geo. Whate'er her reaſons are for diſliking of me, I am certain ſhe can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! how he ſwells with envy!— poor man, poor man—ha, ha, ha! I muſt beg your pardon, Sir George; Miranda will be impatient to have her ſhare of mirth: verily we ſhall laugh at thee moſt egregiouſly. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. With all my heart, faith—I ſhall laugh in my turn too—For if you dare marry her, old Belzebub, you

will be cuckolded moſt egregiouſly: remember that, and tremble ——

' *She that to age her beauteous ſelf reſigns,*
' *Shews witty management for cloſe deſigns.*
' *Then if thou'rt grac'd with fair Miranda's bed,*
' *Actæon's horns ſhe means ſhall crown thy head.* [Exit.

' *Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! he is mad.

' *Theſe fluttering fops imagine they can wind,*
' *Turn, and decoy to love all woman-kind:*
' *But here's a proof of wiſdom in my charge,*
' *Old men are conſtant, young men live at large;*
' *The frugal hand can bills at ſight defray,*
' *When he that laviſh is, has nought to pay.* [Exit.'

SCENE *changes to* Sir Jealous Traffick's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Jealous, Iſabinda, Patch *following.*

Sir Jea. What, in the balcony again? notwithſtanding my poſitive commands to the contrary!—Why don't you write a bill on your forehead, to ſhow paſſengers there's ſomething to be lett?——

Iſab. What harm can there be in a little freſh air, Sir?

Sir Jea. Is your conſtitution ſo hot, miſtreſs, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous Spaniſh rules, baniſh your taſte, and thoughts of fleſh, feed upon roots, and quench your thirſt with water.

Iſab. That and a cloſe room would certainly make me die of the vapours.

Sir Jea. No, miſtreſs, 'tis your high-fed, luſty, rambling, rampant ladies—that are troubled with the vapours: 'tis your ratifia, perſico, cinnamon, citron, and ſpirit of clary, cauſe ſuch ſwi—m—ing in the brain, that carries many a guinea full-tide to the doctor. But you are not to be bred this way; no galloping abroad, no receiving viſits at home; for in our looſe country, the women are as dangerous as the men.

Patch. So I told her, Sir; and that it was not decent to be ſeen in a balcony—but ſhe threatened to ſlap my chaps, and told me, I was her ſervant, not her governeſs.

Sir Jea. Did ſhe ſo? but I'll make her to know that you are her *duenna:* Oh that incomparable cuſtom of Spain!

Spain! Why here's no depending upon old women in my country—for they are as wanton at eighty, as a girl of eighteen; and a man may as ſafely truſt to Aſgil's tranſlation, as to his great grandmother's not marrying again.

Iſab. Or to the Spaniſh ladies veils and *duennas*, for the ſafeguard of their honour.

Sir Jea. Dare to ridicule the cautious conduct of that wiſe nation, and I'll have you lockt up this fortnight without a peep-hole.

Iſab. If we had but the ghoſtly helps in England, which they have in Spain, I might deceive you if you did—'Sir, 'tis not the reſtraint, but the innate princi-'ples, ſecures the reputation and honour of our ſex.' Let me tell you, Sir, confinement ſharpens the invention, as want of ſight ſtrengthens the other ſenſes, and is often more pernicious, than the recreation that innocent liberty allows.

Sir Jea. Say you ſo, miſtreſs? who the devil taught you the art of reaſoning? I aſſure you they muſt have a greater faith than I pretend to, that can think any woman innocent who requires liberty. Therefore, Patch, to your charge I give her; lock her up till I come back from 'Change: I ſhall have ſome ſauntring coxcomb, with nothing but a red coat and a feather, think, by leaping into her arms, to leap into my eſtate—but I'll prevent them: ſhe ſhall be only Signior Babinetto's.

Patch. Really, Sir, I wiſh you would employ any body elſe in this affair; I lead a life like a dog, with obeying your commands. Come, Madam, will you pleaſe to be locked up?

Iſab. Ay, to enjoy more freedom than he is aware of. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit with* Patch.

Sir Jea. I believe this wench is very true to my intereſt: I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my daughter from being blown upon 'till Signior Babinetto arrives, who ſhall marry her as ſoon as he comes, and carry her to Spain as ſoon as he has married her. She has a pregnant wit, and I'd no more have her an Engliſh wife, than the Grand Signior's miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

Enter Whiſper.

Whiſp. So, I ſaw Sir Jealous go out; where ſhall I find Mrs. Patch now?

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Mr. Whiſper! my lady ſaw you out at the window, and ordered me to bid you fly, and let your maſter know ſhe's now alone.

Whiſp. Huſh, ſpeak ſoftly; I go, I go: But hark ye, Mrs. Patch, ſhall not you and I have a little confabulation, when my maſter and your lady are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay; farewell. [*Goes in and ſhuts the door.*

Re-enter Sir Jealous Traffic, *meeting* Whiſper.

Sir Jea. Sure whilſt I was talking with Mr. Tradewell, I heard my door clap. [*Seeing* Whiſper.] Ha! a man lurking about my houſe: Who do you want there, Sir?

Whiſp. Want—want, a pox, Sir Jealous! What muſt I ſay now?

Sir Jea. Ay, want; have you a letter or meſſage for any body there? —— O' my conſcience this is ſome he bawd——

Whiſp. Letter or meſſage, Sir!

Sir Jea. Ay, letter or meſſage, Sir.

Whiſp. No, not I, Sir.

Sir Jea. Sirrah, ſirrah, I'll have you ſet in the ſtocks, if you don't tell me your buſineſs immediately.

Whiſp. Nay, Sir, my buſineſs—is no great matter of buſineſs, neither; and yet 'tis buſineſs of conſequence, too.

Sir Jea. Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whiſp. Trifle, Sir! have you found him, Sir?

Sir Jea. Found what, you raſcal?

Whiſp. Why Trifle is the very lap-dog my lady loſt, Sir; I fancy'd I ſaw him run into this houſe. I'm glad you have him——Sir, my lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir Jea. Who is your lady, friend?

Whiſp. My lady Love-Puppy, Sir.

Sir Jea. My lady Love-Puppy, Sir! then pr'ythee carry thyſelf to her, for I know no other whelp that

belongs to her; and let me catch you no more puppy-hunting about my doors, leſt I have you preſt into the ſervice, ſirrah.

Whiſp. By no means, Sir—Your humble ſervant; I muſt watch whether he goes, or no, before I can tell my maſter. [*Exit.*

Sir Jea. This fellow has the officious leer of a pimp, and I half ſuſpect a deſign; but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em.

SCENE *Charles's Lodgings.*

Enter Charles *and* Marplot.

Cha. Honeſt Marplot, I thank thee for this ſupply. I expect my lawyer with a thouſand pounds I have ordered him to take up, and then you ſhall be repaid.

Marpl. Pho, pho, no more of that:—here comes Sir George Airy.

Enter Sir George.

Curſedly out of humour at his diſappointment; ſee how he looks! ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. Ah Charles, I am ſo humbled in my pretenſions to plots upon women, that I believe I ſhall never have courage enough to attempt a chamber-maid again.—I'll tell thee.

Cha. Ha, ha! I'll ſpare you the relation, by telling you——Impatient to know your buſineſs with my father, when I ſaw you enter, I ſlipt back into the next room, where I over-heard every ſyllable.

Sir Geo. That I ſaid?—But I'll be hang'd if you heard her anſwer—But pr'ythee tell me, Charles, is ſhe a fool?

Cha. I ne'er ſuſpected her for one; but Marplot can inform you better, if you'll allow him a judge.

Marpl. A fool! I'll juſtify ſhe has more wit than all the reſt of her ſex put together; why, ſhe'll rally me till I han't one word to ſay for myſelf.

Cha. A mighty proof of her wit, truly——

Marpl. There muſt be ſome trick in't, Sir George; egad I'll find it out, if it coſt me the ſum you paid for't.

Sir Geo. Do, and command me——

Marpl. Enough, let me alone to trace a ſecret——

Enter Whiſper, *and ſpeaks aſide to his Maſter.*

The devil! Whiſper here again; that fellow never ſpeaks out. Is this the ſame, or a new ſecret? Sir George, won't you aſk Charles what news Whiſper brings?

Sir Geo. Not I, Sir; I ſuppoſe it does not relate to me.

Marpl. Lord, lord, how little curioſity ſome people have? Now my chief pleaſure lies in knowing every body's buſineſs.

Sir Geo. I fancy, Charles, thou haſt ſome engagement upon thy hands: I have a little buſineſs, too. Marplot, if it fall in your way to bring me any intelligence from Miranda, you'll find me at the Thatch'd Houſe at ſix—

Marpl. You do me much honour.

Cha. You gueſs right, Sir George; wiſh me ſucceſs.

Sir Geo. Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Cha. Marplot, you muſt excuſe me———

Marpl. Nay, nay, what need of any excuſe amongſt friends? I'll go with you.

Cha. Indeed you muſt not.

Marpl. No! then I ſuppoſe 'tis a duel, and I will go to ſecure you.

Cha. Well, but it is no duel, conſequently no danger. Therefore pr'ythee be anſwer'd.

Marpl. What is't a miſtreſs, then?—mum—you know I can be ſilent upon occaſion.

Cha. I wiſh you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither muſt nor ſhall go with me. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Marpl. Why then—I muſt and will follow you. [*Exit.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE *a Street.*

Enter Charles.

Cha. WELL, here's the houſe which holds the lovely prize quiet and ſerene: here no noiſy footmen throng to tell the world, that beauty dwells within; no ceremonious viſit makes the lover wait; no rival to give my heart a pang: who would not ſcale the

the window at midnight without fear of the jealous father's piſtol, rather than fill up the train of a coquet, where every minute he is joſtled out of place? [*Knocks ſoftly.*] Mrs. Patch, Mrs. Patch!

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, are you come, Sir? All's ſafe.

Cha. So in, in then.

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. There he goes: who the devil lives here? except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his buſineſs as ever; gad I'll watch, it may be a bawdy-houſe, and he may have his throat cut; if there ſhould be any miſchief, I can make oath he went in. Well, Charles, in ſpite of your endeavours to keep me out of the ſecret, I may ſave your life for aught I know: At that corner I'll plant myſelf, there I ſhall ſee whoever goes in, or comes out. Gad, I love diſcoveries. [*Exit.*

SCENE *draws,* Charles, Iſabinda, *and* Patch.

Iſab. Patch, look out ſharp; have a care of dad.

Patch. I warrant you.

Iſab. Well, Sir, if I may judge your love by your courage, I ought to believe you ſincere; for you venture into the lion's den when you come to ſee me.

Cha. If you'd conſent, whilſt the furious beaſt is abroad, I'd free you from the reach of his paws.

Iſab. That would be but to avoid one danger by running into another: 'like poor wretches who fly the 'burning ſhip, and meet their fate in the water.' Come, come, Charles, I fear, if I conſult my reaſon, confinement and plenty is better than liberty and ſtarving. I know you'd make the frolick pleaſing for a little time, by ſaying and doing a world of tender things; but when our ſmall ſubſtance is exhauſted, and a thouſand requiſites for life are wanting; love, who rarely dwells with poverty, would alſo fail us.

Cha. Faith, I fancy not; methinks my heart has laid up a ſtock will laſt for life: to back which, I have taken a thouſand pound upon my uncle's eſtate; that ſurely will ſupport us till one of our fathers relent.

Iſab. There's no truſting to that, my friend; I doubt

your father will carry his humour to the grave, and mine till he ſees me ſettled in Spain.

Cha. And can you then cruelly reſolve to ſtay till that curs'd Don arrives, and ſuffer that youth, beauty, fire, and wit, to be ſacrificed to the arms of a dull Spaniard, to be immur'd, and forbid the ſight of any thing that's human?

Iſab. No, when it comes to that extremity, and no ſtratagem can relieve us, thou ſhalt liſt for a ſoldier, and I'll carry thy knapſack after thee.

Cha. Bravely reſolv'd! the world cannot be more ſavage than our parents, and fortune generally aſſiſts the bold; therefore conſent now: Why ſhould we put it to a future hazard? Who knows when we ſhall have another opportunity?

Iſab. Oh, you have your ladder of ropes, I ſuppoſe, and the cloſet-window ſtands juſt where it did; and if you han't forgot to write in characters, Patch will find a way for our aſſignations. Thus much of the Spaniſh contrivance my father's ſeverity has taught me: I thank him: though I hate the nation, I admire their management in theſe affairs.

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Madam, I ſee my maſter coming up the ſtreet.

Cha. Oh, the devil, would I had my ladder now! I thought you had not expected him till night: why, why, why, why, what ſhall I do, Madam?

Iſab. Oh! for Heaven's ſake! don't go that way, you'll meet him full in the teeth: 'Oh, unlucky moment!'

Cha. Adſheart, can you ſhut me into no cupboard, nor ram me into a cheſt, ha?

Patch. Impoſſible, Sir, he ſearches every hole in the houſe.

Iſab. Undone for ever! if he ſees you, I ſhall never ſee you more.

Patch. I have thought on it: run you to your chamber, Madam; and, Sir, come you along with me: I'm certain you may eaſily get down from the balcony.

Cha. My life, adieu——Lead on, guide. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Heaven preſerve him! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the ſtreet.*

Enter Sir Jealous, *with* Marplot *behind him.*

Sir Jea. I don't know what's the matter, but I have a ſtrong ſuſpicion all is not right within; that fellow ſauntring about my door, and his tale of a puppy had the face of a lie, methought. By St. Iägo, if I ſhould find a man in the houſe, I'd make mince-meat of him—

Marpl. Ah, poor Charles—ha? Egad he is old—I fancy I might bully him, and make Charles have an opinion of my courage.

Sir Jea. My own key ſhall let me in; I'll give them no warning. [*Feeling for his key.*

Marpl. What's that you ſay, Sir?

[*Going up to Sir Jealous.*

Sir Jea. What's that to you? [*Turns quick upon him.*

Marpl. Yes, 'tis to me, Sir: for the gentleman you threaten is a very honeſt gentleman. Look to't; for if he comes not as ſafe out of your houſe as he went in, I have half a dozen Myrmidons hard by ſhall beat it about your ears.

Sir Jea. Went in! What, is he in, then? Ah! a combination to undo me—I'll Myrmidon you, ye dog, you—Thieves! thieves!

[*Beats Marplot all the while he cries thieves.*

Marpl. Murder, murder; I was not in your houſe, Sir.

Enter ſervant.

Serv. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir Jea. The matter, raſcal! You have let a man into my houſe; but I'll flea him alive; follow me, I'll not leave a mouſe-hole unſearch'd; if I find him, by St. Iägo, I'll equip him for the Opera.

Marpl. A deuce of his cane, there's no truſting to age—What ſhall I do to relieve Charles? Egad, I'll raiſe the neighbourhood—Murder! murder!—[*Charles drops down upon him from the balcony.*] Charles, faith I'm glad to ſee thee ſafe out, with all my heart.

Cha. A pox of your bawling: how the Devil came you here?

Marpl. Here! 'gad, I have done you a piece of ſervice; I told the old thunderbolt, that the gentleman that was gone in, was——

Cha. Was it you that told him, Sir? [*Laying hold of him.* 'Sdeath, I could cruſh thee into atoms. [*Exit Charles.*

Marpl. What, will you choak me for my kindneſs?—Will my enquiring ſoul never leave ſearching into other people's affairs, till it gets ſqueez'd out of my body; I dare not follow him now for my blood, he's in ſuch a paſſion—I'll to Miranda: if I can diſcover aught that may oblige Sir George, it may be a means to reconcile me again to Charles. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jealous *and his ſervants.*

Sir Jea. Are you ſure you have ſearch'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the top of the houſe to the bottom.

Sir Jea. Under the beds, and over the beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too; but found no-body, Sir.

Sir Jea. Why, what could this rogue mean?

Enter Iſabinda *and* Patch.

Patch. Take courage, Madam, I ſaw him ſafe out. [*Aſide to* Iſab.

Iſab. Bleſs me! what's the matter, Sir?

Sir Jea. You know beſt—Pray where's the man that was here juſt now?

Iſab. What man, Sir? I ſaw none!

Patch. Nor I, by the truſt you repoſe in me: do you think I would let a man come within theſe doors, when you are abſent?

Sir Jea. Ah, Patch, ſhe may be too cunning for thy honeſty; the very ſcout, that he had ſet to give warning, diſcover'd it to me—and threatened me with half a dozen Myrmidons—but I think I maul'd the villain. Theſe afflictions you draw upon me, Miſtreſs!

Iſab. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis your own ridiculous humour draws you into theſe vexations, and gives every fool pretence to banter you.

Sir Jea. No, 'tis your idle conduct, your coquettiſh flirting into the balcony—Oh! with what joy ſhall I reſign thee into the arms of Don Diego Babinetto?

Iſab. And with what induſtry ſhall I avoid him? [*Aſide.*

Sir Jea. Certainly that rogue had a meſſage from ſomebody

ſomebody or other; but being baulk'd by my coming, pop'd that ſham upon me. Come along, ye ſots, let's ſee if we can find the dog again. Patch, lock her up; d'ye hear.

Patch. Yes, Sir,—ay, walk till your heels ake, you'll find no-body, I promiſe you.

Iſab. Who cou'd that ſcout be which he talks of?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine, without it was Whiſper.

Iſab. Well, dear Patch, let's employ all our thoughts how to eſcape this horrid Don Diego; my very heart ſinks at his terrible name.

Patch. Fear not, Madam, Don Carlo ſhall be the man, or I'll loſe the reputation of contriving; and then what's a chamber-maid good for?

'*Iſab.* Say'ſt thou ſo, my girl? Then—

'*Let dad be jealous, multiply his cares,*
'*Whilſt love inſtructs me to avoid the ſnares;*
'*I'll, ſpite of all his Spaniſh caution, ſhow,*
'*How much for love a Britiſh maid can do.*'

SCENE Sir Francis Gripe's *Houſe.*

Sir Francis *and* Miranda *meeting.*

Miran. Well, Gardee, how did I perform the dumb ſcene?

Sir Fran. To admiration—Thou dear little rogue—let me buſs thee for it: nay, adod, I will, Chargee, ſo muzzle, and tuzzle, and hug thee; I will, i'faith, I will. [*Hugging and kiſſing her.*

Miran. Nay, Gardee, don't be ſo laviſh; who would ride poſt, when the journey laſts for life?

Sir Fran. Ah wag, ah wag, I'll buſs thee again, for that.

'*Miran.* Faugh! how he ſtinks of tobacco! what a 'delicate bedfellow I ſhould have! [*Aſide.*'

Sir Fran. Oh, I am tranſported! When, when, my dear, wilt thou convince the world of the happy day? When ſhall we marry, ha?

Miran. There's nothing wanting but your conſent, Sir Francis.

Sir Fran. My conſent! What does my charmer mean?

Miran. Nay, 'tis only a whim: but I'll have every thing

according to form—Therefore, when you ſign an authentic paper, drawn up by an able lawyer, that I have your leave to marry, the next day makes me yours, Gardee.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! a whim indeed! why is it not demonſtration I give my leave when I marry thee?

Miran. Not for your reputation, Gardee; the malicious world will be apt to ſay you trick'd me into marriage, and ſo take the merit from my choice. Now I will have the act my own, to let the idle fops ſee how much I prefer a man loaded with years and wiſdom.

Sir Fran. Humph! Pr'ythee leave out years, Chargee. I'm not ſo old, as thou ſhalt find: adod, I'm young; there's a caper for ye. [*Jumps.*]

Miran. Oh, never excuſe it; why, I like you the better for being old—But I ſhall ſuſpect you don't love me, if you refuſe me this formality.

Sir Fran. Not love thee, Chargee! Adod, I do love thee better than, than, than, better than—what ſhall I ſay? Egad, better than money; i'faith I do—

Miran. That's falſe, I'm ſure [*Aſide.*] To prove it, do this, then.

Sir Fran. Well, I will do it, Chargee, provided I bring a licence at the ſame time?

Miran. Ay, and a parſon too, if you pleaſe: Ha, ha, ha! I cannot help laughing to think how all the young coxcombs about town will be mortified when they hear of our marriage.

Sir Fran. So they will, ſo they will; ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Well, I fancy I ſhall be ſo happy with my Gardee—

Sir Fran. If wearing pearls and jewels, or eating gold, as the old ſaying is, can make thee happy, thou ſhalt be ſo, my ſweeteſt, my lovely, my charming, my—verily I know not what to call thee.

Miran. You muſt know, Gardee, that I am ſo eager to have this buſineſs concluded, that I have employed my woman's brother, who is a lawyer in the Temple, to ſettle matters juſt to your liking; you are to give your conſent to my marriage, which is to yourſelf, you know: but mum, you muſt take no notice of that. So then I will,

that

that is, with your leave, put my writings into his hands; then to-morrow, we come ſlap upon them with a wedding that nobody thought on; by which you ſeize me and my eſtate, and, I ſuppoſe, make a bonfire of your own act and deed.

Sir Fran. Nay, but, Chargee, if—

Miran. Nay, Gardee, no ifs—Have I refus'd three northern lords, two Britiſh peers, and half a ſcore knights, to have put in your ifs?—

Sir Fran. So thou haſt, indeed, and I will truſt to thy management. Od, I'm all of a fire.

Miran. 'Tis a wonder the dry ſtubble does not blaze. [*Aſide.*

Enter Marplot.

Sir Fran. How now, who ſent for you, Sir? What's the hundred pound gone already?

Marpl. No, Sir, I don't want money now.

Sir Fran. No; that's a miracle! but there's one thing you want, I'm ſure.

Marpl. Ay, what's that, Guardian?

Sir Fran. Manners: what, had I no ſervants without?

Marpl. None that could do my buſineſs, guardian, which is at preſent with this lady.

Miran. With me, Mr. Marplot! what is it, I beſeech you?

Sir Fran. Ay, Sir, what is it? Any thing that relates to her may be deliver'd to me.

Marpl. I deny that.

Miran. That's more than I do, Sir.

Marpl. Indeed, Madam! Why then to proceed: fame ſays, that you and my moſt conſcionable Guardian here deſign'd, contriv'd, plotted, and agreed, to chouſe a very civil,' honeſt, honourable gentleman out of a hundred pounds.

Miran. That I contriv'd it!

Marpl. Ay, you—You ſaid never a word againſt it, ſo far you are guilty.

Sir Fran. Pray tell that civil, honeſt, honourable gentleman, that if he has any more ſuch ſums to fool away, they ſhall be received like the laſt; ha, ha, ha! chous'd, quotha! But hark ye, let him know, at the ſame time, that

44493

that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I ſhall recommend a lawyer to him ſhall ſhew him a trick for twice as much: d'ye hear? tell him that.

Marpl. So, and this is the way you uſe a gentleman, and my friend?

Miran. Is the wretch thy friend?

Marpl. The wretch! Look ye, Madam, don't call names; egad, I won't take it.

Miran. Why, you won't beat me, will you? ha, ha!

Marpl. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir Fran. Sir, I ſhall make a ſervant ſhew you out at the window, if you are ſaucy.

Marpl. I am your moſt humble ſervant, Guardian; I deſign to go out the ſame way I came in. I would only aſk this lady, if ſhe does not think in her ſoul Sir George Airy is not a fine gentleman?

Miran. He dreſſes well.

Sir Fran. Which is chiefly owing to his taylor and *valet de chambre*.

Miran. And if you allow that a proof of his being a fine gentleman, he is ſo.

Marpl. The judicious part of the world allow him wit, courage, gallantry, and management; tho' I think he forfeited that character, when he flung away a hundred pounds upon your dumb ladyſhip.

Sir Fran. Does that gaul him? ha, ha, ha!

Miran. So Sir George, remaining in deep diſcontent, has ſent you, his truſty 'ſquire, to utter his complaint: Ha, ha, ha!

Marpl. Yes, Madam; and you, like a cruel, hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I wou'd your ladyſhip, were I Sir George, you, you, you!—

Miran. Oh, don't call names: I know you love to be employ'd, and I'll oblige you, and you ſhall carry him a meſſage from me.

Marpl. According as I like it: what is it?

Miran. Nay, a kind one, you may be ſure—Firſt tell him, I have choſe this gentleman to have and to hold, and ſo forth. [*Clapping her hand into Sir Francis's.*

Sir Fran. Oh, the dear rogue, how I doat on her!

[*Aſide.*

Miran.

Miran. And adviſe his impertinence to trouble me no more; for I prefer Sir Francis for a huſband before all the fops in the univerſe.

Marpl. Oh Lord, oh Lord! ſhe's bewitch'd, that's certain: here's a huſband for eighteen—Here's a ſhape—Here's bones rattling in a leathern bag. [*Turning Sir Francis about.*] Here's buckram and canvas to ſcrub you to repentance.

Sir Fran. Sirrah, my cane ſhall teach you repentance preſently.

Marpl. No, faith, I have felt its twin brother from juſt ſuch a wither'd hand too lately.

Miran. One thing more: adviſe him to keep from the garden-gate on the left hand; for if he dare to ſaunter there about the hour of eight, as he uſed to do, he ſhall be ſaluted with a piſtol or a blunderbuſs.

Sir Fran. Oh, monſtrous! why, Chargee, did he uſe to come to the garden gate?

Miran. The gard'ner deſcrib'd juſt ſuch another man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his entrance—Tell him he ſhall find a warm reception if he comes this night.

Marpl. Piſtols and blunderbuſſes! Egad, a warm reception indeed: I ſhall take care to inform him of your kindneſs, and adviſe him to keep farther off.

Miran. I hope he will underſtand my meaning better, than to follow your advice. [*Aſide.*

Sir Fran. Thou haſt ſign'd, ſeal'd, and ta'en poſſeſſion of my heart for ever, Chargee, ha, ha, ha! and for you, Mr. Sauce-box, let me have no more of your meſſages, if ever you deſign to inherit your eſtate, gentleman.

Marpl. Why there 'tis now. Sure I ſhall be out of your clutches one day—Well, Guardian, I ſay no more; but if you be not as arrant a cuckold as e'er drove bargain upon the Exchange, or paid attendance to a court, I am the ſon of a whetſtone; and ſo your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

Miran. Don't forget the meſſage; ha, ha, ha!

Sir Fran. I am ſo provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

Miran. Oh mind him not, Gardee; but let's ſign articles, and then—

Sir

Sir Fran. And then—Adod, I believe I am metamorphos'd; my pulſe beats high and my blood boils, methinks— [*Kiſſing and hugging her.*

Miran. Oh fie, Gardee, be not ſo violent; conſider the market laſts all the year—Well; I'll in and ſee if the lawyer be come; you'll follow? [*Exit.*

Sir Fran. Ay, to the world's end, my dear. Well, Frank, thou art a lucky fellow in thy old age, to have ſuch a delicate morſel, and thirty thouſand pounds in love with thee; I ſhall be the envy of batchelors, the glory of marry'd men, and the wonder of the town. Some guardians would be glad to compound for part of the eſtate, at diſpatching an heireſs; but I engroſs the whole: *O! mihi præteritos referet ſi Jupiter annos.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a tavern; diſcovers Sir George and Charles with wine before them, and Whiſper waiting.*

Sir Geo. Nay, pr'ythee don't be grave, Charles: misfortunes will happen, ha, ha, ha! 'tis ſome comfort to have a companion in our ſufferings.

Cha. I am only apprehenſive for Iſabinda: her father's humour is implacable; and how far his jealouſy may tranſport him to her undoing, ſhocks my ſoul to think.

Sir Geo. But ſince you eſcap'd undiſcover'd by him, his rage will quickly laſh into a calm, never fear it.

Cha. But who knows what that unlucky dog Marplot told him? nor can I imagine what brought him hither: that fellow is ever doing miſchief; and yet, to give him his due, he never deſigns it. This is ſome blundering adventure, wherein he thought to ſhew his friendſhip, as he calls it; a curſe on him!

Sir Geo. Then you muſt forgive him: what ſaid he?

Cha. Said? nay, I had more mind to cut his throat, than to hear his excuſes.

Sir Geo. Where is he?

Whiſp. Sir, I ſaw him go into Sir Francis Gripe's juſt now.

Cha. Oh! then he's upon your buſineſs, Sir George; a thouſand to one but he makes ſome miſtake there too.

Sir

Sir Geo. Impoſſible, without he huffs the Lady, and makes love to Sir Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. Marplot is below, gentlemen, and deſires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

Cha. How civil the rogue is when he has done a fault!

Sir Geo. Ho! deſire him to walk up. Pr'ythee, Charles, throw off this chagrin, and be good company.

Cha. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him: Whiſper, fetch me pen, ink, and paper.

Whiſp. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Whiſp.

Enter Marplot.

Cha. Do but mark his ſheepiſh look, Sir George.

Marpl. Dear Charles, don't o'erwhelm a man—already under unſupportable affliction. I'm ſure I always intend to ſerve my friends; but if my malicious ſtars deny the happineſs, is the fault mine?

Sir Geo. Never mind him, Mr. Marplot; he is eat up with ſpleen. But tell me, what ſays Miranda?

Miran. Says,—nay, we are all undone there, too.

Cha. I told you ſo; nothing proſpers that he undertakes.

Marpl. Why, can I help her having choſe your father for better for worſe?

Cha. So: There's another of fortune's ſtrokes. I ſuppoſe I ſhall be edg'd out of my eſtate with twins every year, let who will get 'em.

Sir Geo. What, is the woman really poſſeſs'd?

Marpl. Yes, with the ſpirit of contradiction: ſhe rail'd at you moſt prodigiouſly.

Sir Geo. That's no ill ſign.

Enter Whiſper, *with pen, ink, and paper.*

Marpl. You'd ſay it was no good ſign, if you knew all.

Sir Geo. Why, pr'ythee?

Marpl. Hark'e, Sir George, let me warn you, purſue your old haunt no more, it may be dangerous.

[Charles *ſits down to write.*

Sir Geo. My old haunt! what do you mean?

Marpl. Why in ſhort, then, ſince you will have it,

Miranda

Miranda vows if you dare approach the garden gate at eight o'clock, as you us'd, you ſhall be ſaluted with a blunderbuſs, Sir. Theſe were her very words; nay ſhe bid me tell you ſo too.

Sir Geo. Ha! the garden-gate at eight, as I us'd to do! there muſt be a meaning in this. Is there ſuch a gate, Charles?

Cha. Yes, yes; it opens into the Park; I ſuppoſe her ladyſhip has made many a ſcamper thro' it.

Sir Geo. It muſt be an aſſignation, then. Ha, my heart ſprings for joy; 'tis a propitious omen. My dear Marplot, let me embrace thee, thou art my friend, my better angel—

Marpl. What do you mean, Sir George?

Sir Geo. No matter what I mean. Here, take a bumper to the garden-gate, you dear rogue, you.

Marpl. You have reaſon to be tranſported, Sir George; I have ſav'd your life.

Sir Geo. My life! thou haſt ſav'd my ſoul, man. Charles, if thou doſt not pledge this health, may'ſt thou never taſte the joys of love.

Cha. Whiſper, be ſure you take care how you deliver this; [*Gives him the letter*] bring me the anſwer to my lodgings.

Whiſp. I warrant you, Sir.

Marpl. Whither does that letter go?—Now I dare not aſk for my blood.

Cha. Now I'm for you.

Sir Geo. To the garden-gate at the hour of eight, Charles; along, Huzza!

Cha. I begin to conceive you.

Marpl. That's more than I do, egad—to the garden-gate, huzza. [*Drinks.*] But I hope you deſign to keep far enough off on't, Sir George.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, never fear that; ſhe ſhall ſee I deſpiſe her frowns; let her uſe her blunderbuſs againſt the next fool, ſhe ſhan't reach me with the ſmoak, I warrant her; ha, ha, ha!

Marpl. Ah, Charles, if you could receive a diſappointment thus *en cavalier*, one ſhould have ſome comfort in being beat for you.

Cha.

Cha. The fool comprehends nothing.

Sir Geo. Nor would I have him: pr'ythee take him along with thee.

Cha. Enough—Marplot, you ſhall go home with me.

Marpl. I'm glad I'm well with him, however.—— Sir George, yours.—Egad, Charles aſking me to go home with him, gives me a ſhrewd ſuſpicion there's more in the garden-gate than I comprehend. Faith I'll give him the drop, and away to Guardian's, and find it out.

Sir Geo. I kiſs both your hands.—— And now for the garden-gate.

It's beauty gives the aſſignation there,
And love too powerful grows t'admit of fear. [Exit.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE *the outſide of Sir* Jealous Traffick's *Houſe,* Patch *peeping out of the door.*

Enter Whiſper.

Whiſp. HA, Mrs. *Patch,* this is a lucky minute, to find you ſo readily; my maſter dies with impatience.

Patch. My lady imagin'd ſo; and, by her orders, I have been ſcouting this hour in ſearching you, to inform you that Sir Jealous has invited ſome friends to ſupper with him to-night, which gives an opportunity to your maſter to make uſe of his ladder of ropes: the cloſet-window ſhall be open, and Iſabinda ready to receive him: bid him come immediately.

Whiſp. Excellent! he'll not diſappoint, I warrant him.—But hold, I have a letter here, which I'm to carry an anſwer to. I can't think what language the direction is.

Patch. Pho, 'tis no language, but a character which the lovers invented to avert diſcovery—Ha, I hear my old maſter coming down ſtairs; it is impoſſible you ſhould have an anſwer; away, and bid him come himſelf

ſelf for that: be gone, we are ruin'd if you're ſeen, for he has doubled his care ſince the laſt accident.

Whiſp. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Patch. There, go thou into my pocket. [*Puts it beſide, and it falls down.*] Now, I'll up the back-ſtairs, leſt I meet him.—Well, a dextrous chamber-maid is the ladies beſt utenſil, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jealous, *with a letter in his hand.*

Sir Jea. So, this is ſome comfort: this tells me that Signior Don Diego Babinetto is ſafely arriv'd; he ſhall marry my daughter the minute he comes.—Ha, ha! what's here? [*Takes up the letter* Patch *drop'd.*] A letter! I don't know what to make of the ſuperſcription. I'll ſee what's within ſide;—[*opens it*]—humph—'tis Hebrew, I think. What can this mean!—There muſt be ſome trick in it;—this was certainly deſign'd for my daughter; but I don't know that ſhe can ſpeak any language but her mother-tongue.—No matter for that; this may be one of love's hieroglyphicks; and I fancy I ſaw Patch's tail ſweep by: that wench may be a ſlut; and, inſtead of guarding my honour, betray it: I'll find it out, I'm reſolv'd.—' Who's there?

' *Enter Servant.*

' What anſwer did you bring from the gentlemen I ſent ' you to invite?

' *Serv.* That they'd all wait of you, Sir, as I told you ' before; but I ſuppoſe you forgot, Sir.

' *Sir Jea.* Did I ſo, Sir? But I ſhan't forget to break ' your head, if any of them come, Sir.

' *Serv.* Come, Sir! why did not you ſend me to de' ſire their company, Sir?

' *Sir Jea.* But I ſend you now to deſire their ab' ſence: ſay I have ſomething extraordinary fallen ' out, which calls me abroad contrary to expectation, ' and aſk their pardon; and, d'ye hear, ſend the butler ' to me.

' *Serv.* Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

' *Enter Butler.*

' *Sir Jea.* If this paper has a meaning, I'll find it.— ' Lay the cloth in my daughter's chamber, and bid the ' cook ſend ſupper thither preſently.

' *Butl.* Yes,

'*Butl.* Yes, Sir.—Hey-day, what's the matter now? [*Exit.*

'*Sir Jea.* He wants the eyes of Argus, that has a 'young handſome daughter in this town; but my com-'fort is, I ſhall not be troubled long with her. He that 'pretends to rule a girl once in her teens, had better be 'at ſea in a ſtorm, and would be in leſs danger;

'*For let him do or counſel all he can,*
'*She thinks and dreams of nothing elſe but man.* [Exit.'

SCENE Iſabinda's *Chamber.*

Iſabinda *and* Patch.

Iſab. Are you ſure nobody ſaw you ſpeak to Whiſper?

Patch. Yes, very ſure, madam: but I heard Sir Jealous coming down ſtairs, ſo clapt his letter into my pocket. [*Feels for the letter.*

Iſab. A letter! Give it me quickly.

Patch. Bleſs me! what's become on't—I'm ſure I put it—— [*Searching ſtill.*

Iſab. Is it poſſible, thou could'ſt be ſo careleſs!—Oh! I'm undone for ever, if it be loſt.

Patch. I muſt have dropt it upon the ſtairs. But why are you ſo much alarm'd? If the worſt happens, nobody can read it, madam, nor find out whom it was deſign'd for.

Iſab. If it falls into my father's hands, the very figure of a letter will produce ill conſequences. Run and look for it upon the ſtairs this moment.

Patch. Nay, I'm ſure it can be no where elſe—[*As ſhe is going out of the door, meets the butler.*] How now, what do you want?

Butl. My maſter ordered me to lay the cloth here for his ſupper.

Iſab. Ruin'd, paſt redemption—— [*Aſide.*

Patch. You miſtake, ſure; what ſhall we do?

Iſab. I thought he expected company to-night—Oh! poor Charles! Oh! unfortunate Iſabinda!

Butl. I thought ſo too, Madam, but I ſuppoſe he has alter'd his mind. [*Lays the cloth, and* exit.

Iſ.

Iſab. The letter is the cauſe; this heedleſs action has undone me: fly and faſten the cloſet-window, which will give Charles notice to retire. Ha, my father! Oh confuſion!

Enter Sir Jealous.

Sir Jea. Hold, hold, *Patch*, whither are you going? I'll have nobody ſtir out of the room till after ſupper.

Patch. Sir, I was going to reach your eaſy chair—Oh, wretched accident!

Sir Jea. I'll have nobody ſtir out of the room. I don't want my eaſy chair.

Iſab. What will be the event of this! [*Aſide.*

Sir Jea. Hark ye, daughter; do you know this hand?

Iſab. As I ſuſpected—hand do you call it, Sir? 'Tis ſome ſchool-boy's ſcraul.

Patch. Oh invention! thou chamber-maid's beſt friend, aſſiſt me.

Sir Jea. Are you ſure you don't underſtand it?

[Patch *feels in her boſom, and ſhakes her coats.*

Iſab. Do you underſtand it, Sir?

Sir Jea. I wiſh I did.

Iſab. Thank Heaven you do not. [*Aſide.*] Then I know no more of it than you do, indeed, Sir.

Patch. O Lord! O Lord! what have you done, Sir? Why the paper is mine, I dropt it out of my boſom.

[*Snatching it from him.*

Sir Jea. Ha! your's, miſtreſs?

'*Iſab.* What does ſhe mean by owning it? [*Aſide.*'

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is.

Sir Jea. What is it? ſpeak!

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is a charm for the tooth-ach—I have worn it theſe ſeven years; 'twas given me by an angel for aught I know, when I was raving with the pain; for nobody knew from whence he came, nor whither he went: He charg'd me never to open it, leſt ſome dire vengeance befal me, and Heaven knows what will be the event. Oh! cruel misfortune, that I ſhould drop it, and you ſhould open it—If you had not open'd it——

'*Iſab.* Excellent wench! [*Aſide.*'

Sir

Sir Jea. Pox of your charms and whims for me; if that be all, 'tis well enough; there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no vengeance will follow.

Patch. So, all's right again thus far. [*Aside.*

Iſab. I would not loſe Patch for the world—I'll take courage a little. [*Aside.*] Is this uſage for your daughter, Sir? Muſt my virtue and conduct be ſuſpected for every trifle? You immure me like ſome dire offender here, and deny me all the recreations which my ſex enjoy, and the cuſtom of the country 'and modeſty' allow; yet not content with that, you make my confinement more intolerable by your miſtruſts and jealouſies; wou'd I were dead, ſo I were free from this.

Sir Jea. To-morrow rids you of this tireſome load; Don Diego Babinetto will be here, and then my care ends, and his begins.

Iſab. Is he come, then?—Oh how ſhall I avoid this hated marriage? [*Aside.*

Enter Servants with ſupper.

Sir Jea. Come, will you ſit down?

Iſab. I can't eat, Sir.

Patch. No, I dare ſwear he has given her ſupper enough. I wiſh I could get into the cloſet. [*Aside.*

Sir Jea. Well, if you can't eat, then give me a ſong whilſt I do.

Iſab. I have ſuch a cold I can ſcarce ſpeak, Sir, much leſs ſing. How ſhall I prevent Charles coming in? [*Aside.*

Sir Jea. I hope you have the uſe of your fingers, Madam. Play a tune upon your ſpinnet, whilſt your woman ſings me a ſong.

Patch. I'm as much out of tune as my lady, if he knew all. [*Aside.*

Iſab. I ſhall make excellent muſic. [*Sits down to play.*

Patch. Really, Sir, I am ſo frighted about your opening this charm, that I can't remember one ſong.

Sir Jea. Piſh, hang your charm; come, come, ſing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to ſing, truly. [*Aside.*] Humph, humph; bleſs me, I cannot raiſe my voice, my heart pants ſo.

Sir Jea. Why, what does your heart pant ſo that you can't play neither? Pray what key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, wou'd the key was turn'd on you once. [*Aſide.*

Sir Jea. Why don't you ſing, I ſay?

Patch. When Madam has put her ſpinnet in tune, Sir; humph; humph——

Iſab. I cannot play, Sir, whatever ails me. [*Riſing.*

Sir Jea. Zounds, ſit down, and play me a tune, or I'll break the ſpinnet about your ears.

Iſab. What will become of me? [*Sits down and plays.*

Sir Jea. Come, miſtreſs. [*To* Patch.

Patch. Yes, Sir. [*Sings, but horridly out of tune.*

Sir Jea. Hey, hey, why you are a-top of the houſe, and you are down in the cellar. What is the meaning of this? Is it on purpoſe to croſs me, ha?

Patch. Pray, Madam, take it a little lower, I cannot reach that note——Nor any note, I fear.

Iſab. Well begin—Oh! Patch, we ſhall be diſcover'd.

Patch. I ſink with the apprehenſion, Madam—Humph, humph—[*Sings.*] [Charles *opens the cloſet door.*

Cha. Muſic and ſinging.

'Tis thus the bright cæleſtial court above
Beguiles the hours with muſic and with love.'

Death! her father there [*The women ſhriek.*] then I muſt fly——[*Exit into the cloſet.*] [*Sir* Jealous *riſes up haſtily, ſeeing* Charles *ſlip back into the cloſet.*

Sir Jea. Hell and furies, a man in the cloſet!——

Patch. Ah! a ghoſt, a ghoſt!——he muſt not enter the cloſet —— [Iſabinda *throws herſelf down before the cloſet door, as in a ſwoon.*

Sir Jea. The devil! I'll make a ghoſt of him, I warrant you. [*Strives to get by.*

Patch. Oh, hold, Sir, have a care, you'll tread upon my lady—Who waits there? Bring ſome water. Oh! this comes of your opening the charm: Oh, oh, oh, oh! [*Weeps aloud.*

Sir Jea. I'll charm you, houſewife, here lies the charm that conjur'd this fellow in, I'm ſure on't; come out, you raſcal, do ſo: Zounds take her from the door, or

or I'll ſpurn her from it, and break your neck down ſtairs.

Iſab. 'Oh, oh! where am I?'—He's gone, I heard him leap down. [*Aſide to* Patch.

Patch. Nay, then let him enter—'here, here, Ma-'dam, ſmell to this; come give me your hand; come 'nearer to the window, the air will do you good.'

Sir Jea. I wou'd ſhe were in her grave. Where are you, ſirrah? Villain, robber of my honour! I'll pull you out of your neſt. [*Goes into the cloſet.*

Patch. You'll be miſtaken, old gentleman, the bird is flown.

Iſab. I'm glad I have 'ſcap'd ſo well. I was almoſt dead in earneſt with the fright.

Re-enter Sir Jealous *out of the cloſet.*

Sir Jea. Whoever the dog were, he has eſcap'd out of the window, for the ſaſh is up. But tho' he is got out of my reach, you are not: And firſt, Mrs. Pander, with your charms for the tooth-ach, get out of my houſe, go, troop; yet hold, ſtay, I'll ſee you out of my doors myſelf, but I'll ſecure your charge ere I go.

Iſab. What do you mean, Sir? Was ſhe not a creature of your own providing?

Sir Jea. She was of the devil's providing, for aught I know.

Patch. What have I done, Sir, to merit your diſpleaſure?

Sir Jea. I don't know which of you have done it; but you ſhall both ſuffer for it, till I can diſcover whoſe guilt it is: Go, get in there: I'll move you from this ſide of the houſe. [*Puſhes* Iſabinda *in at the door, and locks it; puts the key in his pocket.*] I'll keep the key myſelf; I'll try what ghoſt will get into that room. And now, forſooth, I'll wait on you down ſtairs.

Patch. Ah, my poor lady—— down ſtairs, Sir! But I won't go out, Sir, till I have look'd up my clothes.

Sir Jea. If thou wert as naked as thou wert born, thou ſhou'dſt not ſtay to put on a ſmock. Come along, I ſay; when your miſtreſs is marry'd, you ſhall have your rags, and every thing that belongs to you; but till then—— [Exit, *pulling her out.*

Patch. Oh! barbarous uſage, for nothing!

Re-enter at the lower end.

Sir Jea. There, go, and come no more within ſight of my habitation, theſe three days, I charge you.

[*Slaps the door after her.*

Patch. Did ever any body ſee ſuch an old monſter?

Enter Charles.

Patch. Oh! Mr. Charles, your affairs and mine are in an ill poſture.

Cha. I am inur'd to the frowns of Fortune: But what has befallen thee?

Patch. Sir Jealous, whoſe ſuſpicious nature's always on the watch; nay, even while one eye ſleeps, the other keeps centinel; upon ſight of you, flew into ſuch a violent paſſion, that I cou'd find no ſtratagem to appeaſe him; but, in ſpite of all arguments, lock'd his daughter into his own apartment, and turn'd me out of doors.

Cha. Ha! O Iſabinda!

Patch. And ſwears ſhe ſhall neither ſee ſun nor moon, till ſhe is Don Diego Babinetto's wife, who arrived laſt night, and is expected with impatience.

Cha. He dies; yes, by all the wrongs of love he ſhall: here will I plant myſelf, and through my breaſt he ſhall make his paſſage, if he enters.

Patch. A moſt heroic reſolution! There might be ways found out more to your advantage. Policy is often preferred to open force.

Cha. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of perſonating this Spaniard, impoſing upon the father, and marrying your miſtreſs by his own conſent?

Cha. Say'ſt thou ſo, my angel! Oh, cou'd that be done, my life to come wou'd be too ſhort to recompenſe thee! But how can I do that, when I neither know what ſhip he came in, nor from what part of Spain; who recommends him, or how attended?

Patch. I can ſolve all this. He is from Madrid, his father's name Don Pedro Queſto Portento Babinetto. Here's a letter of his to Sir Jealous, which he dropt one day!

day! You underſtand Spaniſh, and the hand may be counterfeited. You conceive me, Sir?

Cha. My better Genius, thou haſt reviv'd my drooping ſoul: I'll about it inſtantly. Come to my lodgings, and we'll concert matters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Garden Gate open*, Scentwell *waiting within.*

Enter Sir George Airy.

Sir Geo. So this is the gate, and moſt invitingly open: If there ſhould be a blunderbuſs here now, what a dreadful ditty would my fall make for fools! and what a jeſt for the wits! how my name would be roar'd about the ſtreets! Well, I'll venture all.

Scentw. Hiſt, hiſt! Sir George Airy——— [*Enters.*

Sir Geo. A female voice! Thus far I'm ſafe. — My dear.

Scentw. No, I'm not your dear; but I'll conduct you to her; give me your hand: you muſt go thro' many a dark paſſage and dirty ſtep before you arrive——

Sir Geo. I know I muſt before I arrive at paradiſe; therefore be quick, my charming guide.

Scentw. For aught you know; come, come, your hand, and away.

Sir Geo. Here, here, child, you can't be half ſo ſwift as my deſires. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Houſe.*

Enter Miranda.

Miran. Well, let me reaſon a little with my mad ſelf. Now don't I tranſgreſs all rules, to venture upon a man without the advice of the grave and wiſe? But then a rigid knaviſh Guardian, who would have marry'd me! To whom? Even to his nauſeous ſelf, or nobody. Sir George is what I have try'd in converſation, inquir'd into his character, and am ſatisfied in both. Then his love! Who would have given a hundred pounds only to have ſeen a woman he had not infinitely lov'd! So I

find my liking him has furniſh'd me with arguments enough of his ſide; and now the only doubt remains, whether he will come or no.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. That's reſolv'd, Madam; for here's the knight. [*Exit* Scentw.

Sir Geo. And do I once more behold that lovely object, whoſe idea fills my mind, and forms my pleaſing dreams!

Miran. What, beginning again in heroics! —— Sir George, don't you remember how little fruit your laſt prodigal oration produc'd? not one bare ſingle word in anſwer.

Sir Geo. Ha! the voice of my *Incognita!* — Why did you take ten thouſand ways to captivate a heart your eyes alone had vanquiſh'd?

Miran. 'Pr'ythee,' no more of theſe flights; 'for our 'time's but ſhort, and we muſt fall to buſineſs:' Do you think we can agree on that ſame terrible bugbear, Matrimony, without heartily repenting on both ſides?

Sir Geo. It has been my wiſh ſince firſt my longing eyes beheld you.

'*Miran.* And your happy ears drank in the pleaſing 'news, I had thirty thouſand pounds.

'*Sir Geo.* Unkind! Did not I offer you in thoſe pur-'chas'd minutes to run the riſk of your fortune, ſo you 'wou'd but ſecure that lovely perſon to my arms?

'*Miran.* Well, if you have ſuch love and tender-'neſs, (ſince our wooing has been ſhort) pray reſerve 'it for our future days, to let the world ſee we are 'lovers after wedlock: 'twill be a novelty ———'

Sir Geo. Haſte, then, and let us tie the knot, and prove the envy'd pair———

Miran. Hold! not ſo faſt! I have provided better than to venture on dangerous experiments headlong— My Guardian, truſting to my diſſembled love, has given up my fortune to my own diſpoſal; but with this proviſo, that he to-morrow morning weds me. He is now gone to Doctors Commons for a licence.

Sir Geo. Ha! a licence!

Miran.

Miran. But I have planted emiſſaries that will infallibly take him down to Epſom, under pretence that a brother uſurer of his is to make him his executor: the thing on earth he covets.

Sir Geo. 'Tis his known character.

Miran. Now my inſtruments confirm him this man is dying, and he ſends me word he goes this minute; it muſt be to-morrow ere he can be undeceiv'd. That time is ours.

Sir Geo. Let us improve it, then, and ſettle on our coming years, endleſs, endleſs happineſs!

Miran. I dare not ſtir till I hear he's on the road—then I, and my writings, the moſt material point, are ſoon remov'd.

Sir Geo. I have one favour to aſk, if it lies in your power: you wou'd be a friend to poor Charles, tho' the ſon of this tenacious man: he is as free from all his vices as nature and a good education can make him; and, what now I have vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the man on earth I love.

Miran. I never was his enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my deſigns on his father. If his uncle's eſtate ought to be in his poſſeſſion, which I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, I may do him a ſingular piece of ſervice.

Sir Geo. You are all goodneſs.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. Oh, Madam! my maſter and Mr. Marplot are juſt coming into the houſe.

Miran. Undone, undone! if he finds you here in this criſis, all my plots are unravell'd.

Sir Geo. What ſhall I do? can't I get back into the garden?

Scentw. Oh, no! he comes up thoſe ſtairs.

Miran. Here, here, here! can you condeſcend to ſtand behind this chimney-board, Sir George?

Sir Geo. Any where, any where, dear Madam, without ceremony.

Scentw. Come, come, Sir; lie cloſe———

[*They put him behind the chimney-board.*

Enter Sir Francis *and* Marplot; Sir Francis *peeling an Orange.*

Sir Fran. I could not go, though 'tis upon life and death, without taking leave of dear Chargee. Beſides, this fellow buzz'd into my ears, that thou might'ſt be ſo deſperate as to ſhoot that wild rake which haunts the garden-gate; and that would bring us into trouble, dear ——

Miran. So Marplot brought you back, then; I am oblig'd to him for that, I'm ſure.

[*Frowning at* Marplot *aſide.*

Marpl. By her looks ſhe means ſhe is not oblig'd to me. I have done ſome miſchief now; but what, I can't imagine.

Sir Fran. Well, Chargee, I have had three meſſengers to come to Epſom to my neighbour Squeezum's, who, for all his vaſt riches, is departing. [*Sighs.*

Marpl. Ay, ſee what all you uſurers muſt come to.

Sir Fran. Peace, you young knave! Some forty years hence I may think on't—But, Chargee, I'll be with thee to-morrow, before thoſe pretty eyes are open; I will, I will, Chargee, I'll rouſe you, i'faith.—— Here, Mrs. Scentwell, lift up your lady's chimney-board, that I may throw my peel in, and not litter her chamber.

Miran. O my ſtars! what will become of us now? [*Aſide.*

Scentw. Oh, pray, Sir, give it me: I love it above all things in nature; indeed I do.

Sir Fran. No, no, huſſy; you have the green-pip already; I'll have no apothecary's bills.

[*Goes towards the chimney.*

Miran. Hold, hold, hold, dear Gardee, I have a, a, a, a, a, monkey, ſhut up there; and if you open it before the man comes that is to tame it, 'tis ſo wild, 'twill break all my china, or get away, and that would break my heart; for I'm fond on't to diſtraction, next thee, dear Gardee. [*In a flattering tone.*

Sir Fran. Well, well, Chargee, I won't open it; ſhe ſhall have her monkey, poor rogue; here, throw this peel out of the window. [*Exit* Scentwell.

Marpl. A monkey, dear Madam, let me ſee it: I can

can tame a monkey as well as the beſt of them all. Oh! how I love the little miniatures of man!

Miran. Be quiet, Miſchief, and ſtand farther from the chimney —— You ſhall not ſee my monkey ——— why ſure—— [*Striving with him.*

Marpl. For heav'n's ſake, dear Madam, let me but peep, to ſee if it be as pretty as my lady Fiddle Faddle's. Has it got a chain?

Miran. Not yet; but I deſign it one ſhall laſt its life-time: nay, you ſhall not ſee it —— Look, Gardee, how he teazes me!

Sir Fran. [*Getting between him and the chimney.*] Sirrah, Sirrah, let my Chargee's monkey alone, or Bamboo ſhall fly about your ears. What! is there no dealing with you?

Marpl. Pugh, pox of the monkey! here's a rout: I wiſh he may rival you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, they have put two more horſes in the coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the door.

Sir Fran. Well, I am going to be executor; better for thee, jewel. B'ye, Chargee, one buſs! —— I'm glad thou haſt got a monkey to divert thee a little.

Miran. Thank'e, dear Gardee ——— Nay, I'll ſee you to the coach.

Sir Fran. That's kind, adod.

Miran. Come along, impertinence. [*To* Marplot.

Marpl. [*Stepping back.*] Egad, I will ſee the monkey now. [*Lifts up the board, and diſcovers* Sir George.] O Lord! O Lord! thieves! thieves! murder!

Sir Geo. Dam'ye, you unlucky dog! 'tis I: which way ſhall I get out? ſhew me inſtantly, or I'll cut your throat.

Marpl. Undone, undone! at that door there. But hold, hold, break that china, and I'll bring you off.

[*He runs off at the corner, and throws down ſome china.*

Re-enter Sir Francis, Miranda, *and* Scentwell.

Sir Fran. Mercy on me! what's the matter?

Miran. Oh you toad! what have you done?

Marpl. No great harm; I beg of you to forgive me.

Longing to ſee the monkey, I did but juſt raiſe up the board, and it flew over my ſhoulders, ſcratch'd all my face, broke yon china, and whiſk'd out of the window.

Sir Fran. Was ever ſuch an unlucky rogue! Sirrah, I forbid you my houſe. Call the ſervants to get the monkey again: I wou'd ſtay myſelf to look it, but that you know my earneſt buſineſs.

Scentw. Oh my lady will be the beſt to lure it back; all them creatures love my lady extremely.

Miran. Go, go, dear Gardee, I hope I ſhall recover it.

Sir Fran. B'ye, b'ye, Dearee. Ah, Miſchief, how you look now! b'ye, b'ye. [*Exit.*

Miran. Scentwell, ſee him in the coach, and bring me word.

Scentw. Yes, Madam.

Miran. So, Sir, you have done your friend a ſignal piece of ſervice, I ſuppoſe.

Marpl. Why look you, Madam, if I have committed a fault, thank yourſelf; no man is more ſerviceable when I am let into a ſecret, and none more unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your meaning? when you talk'd of a blunderbuſs, who thought of a rendezvous? and when you talk'd of a monkey, who the devil dreamt of Sir George?

Miran. A ſign you converſe but little with our ſex, when you can't reconcile contradictions.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. He's gone, Madam, as faſt as the coach and ſix can carry him—

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Then I may appear.

Marpl. Dear Sir George, make my peace! On my ſoul, I did not think of you.

Sir Geo. I dare ſwear thou didſt not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

Miran. Well, Sir George, if he can be ſecret.

Marpl. Ods heart, Madam, I'm as ſecret as a prieſt, when I'm truſted.

Sir Geo

Sir Geo. Why 'tis with a prieſt our buſineſs is at preſent.

Scentw. Madam, here's Mrs. Iſabinda's woman to wait on you.

Miran. Bring her up.

Enter Patch.

How do ye, Mrs. Patch? What news from your lady?

Patch. That's for your private ear, Madam. Sir George, there's a friend of yours has an urgent occaſion for your aſſiſtance.

Sir Geo. His name.

Patch. Charles.

Marpl. Ha! then there's ſomething a foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, Sir George.

Sir Geo. A third perſon may not be proper, perhaps; as ſoon as I have diſpatched my own affairs, I am at his ſervice: I'll ſend my ſervant to tell him I'll wait upon him in half an hour.

Miran. How came you employed in this meſſage, Mrs. Patch?

Patch. Want of buſineſs, Madam: I am diſcharged by my maſter, but hope to ſerve my lady ſtill.

Miran. How! diſcharged! you muſt tell me the whole ſtory within.

Patch. With all my heart, Madam.

Marpl. Piſh! Pox, I wiſh I were fairly out of the houſe. I find marriage is the end of this ſecret: And now I am half mad to know what Charles wants him for. [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Madam, I'm doubly preſs'd by love and friendſhip: this exigence admits of no delay. Shall we make Marplot of the party?

Miran. If you'll run the hazard, Sir George; I believe he means well.

Marpl. Nay, nay, for my part, I deſire to be let into nothing; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't miſtruſt me. [*Going.*

Sir Geo. So, now he has a mind to be gone to Charles: 'but not knowing what affairs he may have upon his 'hands at preſent,' I'm reſolv'd he ſhan't ſtir. No,

Mr. Marplot, you muſt not leave us, we want a third perſon. [*Takes hold of him.*

Marpl. I never had more mind to be gone in my life.

Miran. Come along then: if we fail in the voyage, thank yourſelf for taking this ill-ſtarr'd gentleman on board.

Sir Geo. That veſſel ne'er can unſucceſsful prove,
Whoſe freight is beauty, and whoſe pilot's Love.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE Sir Francis Gripe's.

Enter Miranda, Patch, *and* Scentwell.

Miran. WELL, Patch, I have done a ſtrange bold thing: my fate is determin'd, and expectation is no more. Now, to avoid the impertinence and roguery of an old man, I have thrown myſelf into the extravagance of a young one: if he ſhould deſpiſe, ſlight, or uſe me ill, there's no remedy from a huſband but the grave; and that's a terrible ſanctuary to one of my age and conſtitution.

Patch. O! fear not, Madam, you'll find your account in Sir George Airy: it is impoſſible a man of ſenſe ſhould uſe a woman ill, endued with beauty, wit, and fortune. It muſt be the lady's fault, if ſhe does not wear the unfaſhionable name of wife eaſy, when nothing but complaiſance and good humour is requiſite on either ſide to make them happy.

Miran. I long till I am out of this houſe, leſt any accident ſhould bring my guardian back. Scentwell, put my beſt jewels into the little caſket, ſlip them into my pocket, and let us march off to Sir Jealous's.

Scentw. It ſhall be done, Madam. [*Exit* Scentwell.

Patch. Sir George will be impatient, Madam: if their plot ſucceeds, we ſhall be well received; if not, he

he will be able to protect us. Beſides, I long to know how my young lady fares.

Miran. Farewel, old *Mammon*, and thy deteſted walls: 'twill be no more, ſweet Sir Francis; I ſhall be compell'd to the odious taſk of diſſembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling names of my Precious, my Dear, dear Gardee. O heavens!

Enter Sir Francis *behind.*

Sir Fran. Ah! my ſweet Chargee, don't be frighted. [*She ſtarts.*] But thy poor Gardee has been abus'd, cheated, fool'd, betray'd. But nobody knows by whom.

Miran. Undone! paſt redemption. [*Aſide.*

Sir Fran. What! won't you ſpeak to me, Chargee?

Miran. I am ſo ſurpriz'd with joy to ſee you, I know not what to ſay.

Sir Fran. Poor dear girl! but do ye know that my ſon, or ſome ſuch rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contriv'd this journey? for upon the road I met my neighbour Squeezum well, and coming to town.

Miran. Good lack! good lack! what tricks are there in this world!

Enter Scentwell, *with a diamond necklace in her hand, not ſeeing* Sir Francis.

Scentw. Madam, be pleas'd to tie this necklace on, for I can't get into the—— [*Seeing* Sir Francis.

Miran. The wench is a fool, I think! Could you not have carried it to be mended, without putting it in the box?

Sir Fran. What's the matter?

Miran. Only, Dearee, I bid her, I bid her——Your ill uſage has put every thing out of my head. But won't you go, Gardee, and find out theſe fellows, and have them puniſhed: and, and———

Sir Fran. Where ſhould I look them, child? No, I'll ſit me down contented with my ſafety, nor ſtir out of my own doors, till I go with thee to a parſon.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] If he goes into his cloſet, I am ruin'd. Oh! bleſs me, in this fright I had forgot Mrs. Patch.

Patch. Ay, Madam, and I ſtay for your ſpeedy anſwer.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] I muſt get him out of the houſe. Now aſſiſt me, Fortune.

Sir Fran. Mrs. Patch, I profeſs I did not ſee you: How doſt thou do, Mrs. Patch? Well, don't you repent leaving my Chargee?

Patch. Yes, every body muſt love her——but I come now——Madam, what did I come for? My invention is at the laſt ebb. [*Aſide to Miranda.*

Sir Fran. Nay, never whiſper: tell me.

Miran. She came, dear Gardee, to invite me to her lady's wedding, and you ſhall go with me, Gardee: 'tis to be done this moment to a Spaniſh merchant. Old Sir Jealous keeps on his humour; the firſt minute he ſees her, the next he marries her.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! I'd go if I thought the ſight of matrimony wou'd tempt Chargee to perform her promiſe: there was a ſmile, there was a conſenting look with thoſe pretty twinklers, worth a million. Ods precious, I am happier than the Great Mogul, the Emperor of China, or all the potentates that are not in wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my ſkin.

Miran. When one has reſolv'd, 'tis in vain to ſtand, ſhall I? ſhall I? if ever I marry, poſitively this is my wedding day.

Sir Fran. O happy, happy man! ——— Verily I will beget a ſon the firſt night ſhall diſinherit that dog Charles. I have eſtate enough to purchaſe a barony, and be the immortalizing the whole family of the Gripes.

Miran. Come then, Gardee, give me thy hand: let's to this houſe of Hymen.

My choice is fixt, let good or ill betide;
Sir Fran. *The joyful bridegroom I,*
Miran. *And I the happy bride.* [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Jealous, *meeting a ſervant.*

Serv. Sir, here's a couple of gentlemen enquire

for you: one of them calls himſelf Signior Diego Babinetto.

Sir Jea. Ha! Signior Babinetto! Admit 'em inſtantly —Joyful minute! I'll have my daughter marry'd to-night.

Enter Charles *in a Spaniſh habit, with Sir George dreſt like a merchant.*

Sir Jea. *Senior, beſo las manos vueſtra merced es muy bien venido en eſta tierra.*

Cha. *Senior, ſoy muy humilde, y muy obligado Cryado de vueſtra merced: mi padre embia a vueſtra merced, los mas profondos de ſus reſpetos; y a cimmiſſionada eſte Mercadel Ingles, de concluyr un negocio, que me haze el mas dichoſo hombre del mundo, haziendo me ſu yerno.*

Sir Jea. I am glad on't, for I find I have loſt much of my Spaniſh. Sir, I am your moſt humble ſervant. Signior Don Diego Babinetto has informed me, that you are commiſſion'd by Signior Don Pedro, &c. his worthy father——

Sir Geo. To ſee an affair of marriage conſummated between a daughter of yours and Signior Diego Babinetto his ſon here. True, Sir, ſuch a truſt is repos'd in me, as that letter will inform you. I hope 'twill paſs upon him. [*Aſide.*] [*Gives him a letter.*

Sir Jea. Ay, 'tis his hand. [*Seems to read.*

Sir Geo. Good—you have counterfeited to a nicety, Charles. [*Aſide to Charles.*

Cha. If the whole plot ſucceeds as well, I'm happy.

Sir Jea. Sir, I find by this, that you are a man of honour and probity: I think, Sir, he calls you Meanwell.

Sir Geo. Meanwell is my name, Sir.

Sir Jea. A very good name, and very ſignificant.

Cha. Yes, faith, if he knew all. [*Aſide.*

Sir Jea. For to mean well is to be honeſt, and to be honeſt is the virtue of a friend, and a friend is the delight and ſupport of human ſociety.

Sir Geo. You ſhall find that I'll diſcharge the part of a friend in what I have undertaken, Sir Jealous.

Cha.

Cha. But little does he think to whom. [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Therefore, Sir, I muſt intreat the preſence of your fair daughter, and the aſſiſtance of your chaplain; for Signior Don Pedro ſtrictly enjoin'd me to ſee the marriage rites perform'd as ſoon as we ſhould arrive, to avoid the accidental overtures of Venus.

Sir Jea. Overtures of Venus!

Sir Geo. Ay, Sir; that is, thoſe little hawking females that traverſe the Park and the Play-houſe, to put off their damag'd ware—They faſten upon foreigners like leeches, and watch their arrival as carefully as the Kentiſh men do a ſhipwreck. I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir Jea. Nay, I know this town ſwarms with them.

Sir Geo. Ay, and then you know the Spaniards are naturally amorous, but very conſtant: the firſt face fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble ere he is tied.

Cha. Well hinted. [*Aſide.*

Sir Jea. Pat to my purpoſe—Well, Sir, there is but one thing more, and they ſhall be married inſtantly.

Cha. Pray Heaven that one thing more don't ſpoil all! [*Aſide.*

Sir Jea. Don Pedro writ me word, in his laſt but one, that he deſign'd the ſum of five thouſand crowns by way of jointure for my daughter; and that it ſhould be paid into my hand upon the day of marriage.

Cha. Oh! the Devil. [*Aſide.*

Sir Jea. In order to lodge it in ſome of our funds, in caſe ſhe ſhould become a widow, and return for England.

Sir Geo. Pox on't, this is an unlucky turn. What ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*

Sir Jea. And he does not mention one word of it in this letter.

Cha. I don't know how he ſhould.

Sir Geo. Humph! True, Sir Jealous, he told me ſuch a thing, but, but, but, but—he, he, he, he—he did not imagine that you would inſiſt upon the very day; for,

for, for, for money, you know, is dangerous returning by ſea, an, an, an, an———

Cha. Zounds, ſay we have brought it in commodities. [*Aſide to Sir George.*

Sir Geo. And ſo, Sir, he has ſent it in merchandize, tobacco, ſugars, ſpices, lemons, and ſo forth, which ſhall be turn'd into money with all expedition: in the mean time, Sir, if you pleaſe to accept of my bond for performance ———

Sir Jea. It is enough, Sir: I am ſo pleas'd with the countenance of Signior Diego, and the harmony of your name, that I'll take your word, and will fetch my daughter this moment. Within there! [*Enter ſervant.*] Deſire Mr. Tackum, my neighbour's chaplain, to walk hither.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sir Jea. Gentlemen, I'll return in an inſtant. [*Exit.*

Cha. Wond'rous well, let me embrace thee.

Sir Geo. Egad that five thouſand crowns had like to have ruined the plot.

Cha. But that's over! And if Fortune throws no more rubs in our way—

Sir Geo. Thou'lt carry the prize—But hiſt, here he comes.

Enter Sir Jealous, *dragging in* Iſabinda.

Sir Jea. Come along, you ſtubborn baggage you, come along.

Iſab. Oh, hear me, Sir! hear me but ſpeak one word!
Do not deſtroy my everlaſting peace:
My ſoul abhors this Spaniard you have choſe,
Nor can I wed him without being curſt.

Sir Jea. How's that!

Iſab. Let this poſture move your tender nature. [*Kneels.*
For ever will I hang upon theſe knees,
Nor looſe my hands till you cut off my hold,
If you refuſe to hear me, Sir.

Cha. Oh! that I could diſcover myſelf to her! [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Have a care what you do. You had better truſt to his obſtinacy. [*Aſide.*

Sir Jea.

Sir Jea. Did you ever ſee ſuch a perverſe ſlut? Off, I ſay. Mr. Meanwell, pray help me a little.

Sir Geo. Riſe, Madam, and do not diſoblige your father, who has provided a huſband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his ſoul, and one that you will love, when once you know him.

Iſab. Oh! never, never.
Could I ſuſpect that falſehood in my heart,
I would this moment tear it from my breaſt,
And ſtraight preſent him with the treacherous part.

Cha. O my charming, faithful dear! [*Aſide.*

Sir Jea. Falſhood! Why, who the devil are you in love with? Don't provoke me, for by St. Iägo I ſhall beat you, houſewife.

Cha. Heaven forbid! for I ſhall infallibly diſcover myſelf if he ſhould.

Sir Geo. Have patience, Madam! and look at him: Why will ye prepoſſeſs yourſelf againſt a man that is maſter of all the charms you would deſire in a huſband?

Sir Jea. Ay, look at him, Iſabinda: *Senior paſe vind adelante.*

Cha. My heart bleeds to ſee her grieve, whom I imagin'd would with joy receive me. *Seniora obligue me vueſtra merced de ſu mano.*

Sir Jea. [*Pulling up her head.*] Hold up your head, hold up your head, huſſy, and look at him: Is there a properer, handſomer, better-ſhap'd fellow in England, ye jade you? Ha! ſee, ſee the obſtinate baggage ſhuts her eyes: by St. Iägo, I have a good mind to beat 'em out. [*Puſhes her down.*

Iſab. Do, then, Sir, kill me, kill me inſtantly.
'Tis much the kinder action of the two;
For 'twill be worſe than death to wed him.

Sir Geo. Sir Jealous, you are too paſſionate. Give me leave, I'll try, by gentle words, to work her to your purpoſe.

Sir Jea. I pray do, Mr. Meanwell, I pray do: ſhe'll break my heart. [*Weeps.*] There is in that, jewels of the value of three thouſand pounds, which were her mother's, and a paper wherein I have ſettled one half of

of my eſtate upon her now, and the whole when I die; but provided ſhe marries this gentleman; elſe by St. Iägo I'll turn her out of doors to beg or ſtarve. Tell her this, Mr. Meanwell, pray do. [*Walks off.*

Sir Geo. Ha! this is beyond expectation—Truſt to me, Sir, I'll lay the dangerous conſequence of diſobeying you at this juncture before her, I warrant you.

Cha. A ſudden joy runs thro' my heart like a propitious omen. [*Aſide.*

Sir Geo. Come, Madam, do not blindly caſt your life away, juſt in the moment you would wiſh to ſave it.

Iſab. Pray, ceaſe your trouble, Sir; I have no wiſh but ſudden death to free me from this hated Spaniard. If you are his friend, inform him what I ſay: my heart is given to another youth, whom I love with the ſame ſtrength of paſſion that I hate this Diego; with whom if I am forc'd to wed, my own hand ſhall cut the Gordian knot.

Sir Geo. Suppoſe this Spaniard, which you ſtrive to ſhun, ſhould be the very man to whom you'd fly?

Iſab. Ha!

Sir Geo. Would you not blame your raſh reſolve, and curſe your eyes that would not look on Charles?

Iſab. On Charles! 'Oh, you have inſpir'd new life, 'and collected every wandering ſenſe.' Where is he? Oh! let me fly into his arms. [*Riſes.*

Sir Geo. Hold, hold, hold. 'Sdeath, Madam, you'll ruin all; your father believes him to be Signior Babinetto: compoſe yourſelf a little, pray, Madam.

[*He runs to Sir Jealous.*

'*Cha.* Her eyes declare ſhe knows me. [*Aſide.*'

Sir Geo. She begins to hear reaſon, Sir; the fear of being turned out of doors has done it.

[*Runs back to Iſabinda.*

'*Iſab.* 'Tis he; O my raviſh'd ſoul!

'*Sir Geo.* Take heed, Madam, you don't betray your-'ſelf. Seem with reluctance to conſent, or you are un-'done;' [*Runs to Sir Jealous.*] ſpeak gently to her, Sir; I'm ſure ſhe'll yield; I ſee it in her face.

Sir Jea. Well, Iſabinda, can you refuſe to bleſs a father,

ther, whoſe only care is to make you happy, as Mr. Meanwell has inform'd you? Come, wipe thy eyes; nay, pr'ythee do, or thou wilt break thy father's heart: ſee, thou bring'ſt the tears in mine, to think of thy undutiful carriage to me. [*Weeps.*

Iſab. Oh! do not weep, Sir; your tears are like a poignard to my ſoul: do with me what you pleaſe, I am all obedience.

Sir Jea. Ha! then thou art my child again.

Sir Geo. 'Tis done, and now, friend, the day's thy own.

Cha. The happieſt of my life, if nothing intervene.

Sir Jea. And wilt thou love him?

Iſab. I will endeavour it, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is Mr. Tackum.

Sir Jea. Shew him into the parlour.—*Senhor tome vind ſueipora; cette momento les junta les manos.*

[*Gives her to Charles.*

Cha. 'Oh tranſport!'—*Senior, yo la recibo como ſe deve un teſoro tan grande.* 'O my joy, my life, my ſoul!'

[*Embrace.*

'*Iſab.* My faithful, everlaſting comfort.'

Sir Jea. Now, Mr. Meanwell, let's to the parſon,

Who, by his art, will join this pair for life,
Make me the happieſt father, her the happieſt wife.

[Exit.

SCENE *changes to the ſtreet before* Sir Jealous's *door.*

Enter Marplot, *ſolus.*

Marpl. I have hunted all over the town for Charles, but can't find him; and by Whiſper's ſcouting at the end of the ſtreet, I ſuſpect he muſt be in the houſe again. I am inform'd, too, that he has borrowed a Spaniſh habit out of the Play Houſe: What can it mean?

Enter a Servant of Sir Jealous's *to him out of the houſe.* Hark'e, Sir, do you belong to this houſe?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Marpl.

Marpl. Pray can you tell me if there be a gentleman in it, in a Spaniſh habit?

Serv. There's a Spaniſh gentleman within, that is juſt a going to marry my young lady, Sir.

Marpl. Are you ſure he is a Spaniſh gentleman?

Serv. I'm ſure he ſpeaks no Engliſh, that I hear of.

Marpl. Then that can't be him I want; for 'tis an Engliſh gentleman, tho' I ſuppoſe he may be dreſs'd like a Spaniard, that I enquire after.

Serv. Ha! Who knows but this may be an impoſtor? I'll inform my maſter; for if he ſhould be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Aſide.*] Pray, come in, Sir, and ſee if this be the perſon you enquire for.

SCENE *changes to the inſide of the houſe.*

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. So, this was a good contrivance: if this be Charles, now he will wonder how I found him out.

Enter Servant and Sir Jealous.

Sir Jea. What is your earneſt buſineſs, blockhead, that you muſt ſpeak with me before the ceremony's paſt? Ha! who's this?

Serv. Why, this gentleman, Sir, wants another gentleman in a Spaniſh habit, he ſays.

Sir Jea. In a Spaniſh habit! 'tis ſome friend of Signior Don Diego's, I warrant. Sir, I ſuppoſe you would ſpeak with Signior Babinetto—

Marpl. Hey day! what the Devil does he ſay now!—Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Sir Jea. Don't you underſtand Spaniſh, Sir?

Marpl. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Sir Jea. I thought you had known Signior Babinetto.

Marpl. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Sir Jea. What then, you'd ſpeak with his friend, the Engliſh merchant, Mr. Meanwell?

Marpl. Neither, Sir, not I.

Sir Jea. Why, who are you, then, Sir? And what do you want? [*In an angry tone.*

Marpl. Nay, nothing at all, not I, Sir. Pox on him! I wiſh I were out, he begins to exalt his voice, I ſhall be beaten again.

Sir

Sir Jea. Nothing at all, Sir! Why, then, what buſineſs have you in my houſe? ha!

Serv. You ſaid you wanted a gentleman in a Spaniſh habit.

Marpl. Why, ay, but his name is neither Babinetto nor Meanwell.

Sir Jea. What is his name, then, ſirrah? ha! Now I look at you again, I believe you are the rogue that threatened me with half a dozen myrmidons—Speak, Sir, who is it you look for? or, or——

Marpl. A terrible old dog!———Why, Sir, only, an honeſt young fellow of my acquaintance—I thought that here might be a ball, and that he might have been here in a maſquerade: 'tis Charles, Sir Francis Gripe's ſon, becauſe I know he us'd to come hither ſometimes.

Sir Jea. Did he ſo?—Not that I know of, I'm ſure. Pray heaven that this be Don Diego—If I ſhould be trick'd now———Ha! my heart miſgives me plaguily—Within there! ſtop the marriage———Run, ſirrah, call all my ſervants! I'll be ſatisfied that this is Signior Pedro's ſon, ere he has my daughter.

Marpl. Ha! Sir George! What have I done now?

Enter Sir George *with a drawn ſword between the ſcenes.*

Sir Geo. Ha! Marplot here—Oh the unlucky dog—What's the matter, Sir Jealous?

Sir Jea. Nay, I don't know the matter, Mr. Meanwell.

Marpl. Upon my ſoul, Sir George———

[*Going up to Sir George.*

Sir Jea. Nay, then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone: thieves, traytors, rogues! [*Offers to go in.*] Stop the marriage, I ſay——

Sir Geo. I ſay go on, Mr. Tackum.——Nay, no entering here; I guard this paſſage, old gentleman: the act and deed were both your own, and I'll ſee 'em ſign'd, or die for't.

Enter Servants.

Sir Jea. A pox on the act and deed!—Fall on, knock him down.

Sir Geo. Ay, come on, ſcoundrels: I'll prick your jackets for you.

Sir

Sir Jea. Zounds, Sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you.
[*Beats* Marplot.

Sir Geo. Ay, there your vengeance is due. Ha, ha!

Marpl. Why, what do you beat me for? I han't marry'd your daughter.

Sir Jea. Raſcals! why don't you knock him down?

Serv. We are afraid of his ſword, Sir: if you'll take that from him, we'll knock him down preſently.

Enter Charles *and* Iſabinda.

Sir Jea. Seize her, then.

Cha. Raſcals, retire, ſhe's my wife: touch her if you dare; I'll make dog's meat of you.

Sir Jea. Ah! downright Engliſh—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda, Patch, Scentwell, *and* Whiſper.

Sir Fran. Into the houſe of joy we enter without knocking: —— Ha! I think 'tis the houſe of ſorrow, Sir Jealous.

Sir Jea. O Sir Francis! are you come? What, was this your contrivance, to abuſe, trick, and chouſe me out of my child!

Sir Fran. My contrivance! What do you mean?

Sir Jea. No, you don't know your ſon there in a Spaniſh habit?

Sir Fran. How! my ſon in a Spaniſh habit. Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd; get out of ſight, ye dog! get out of my ſight.

Sir Jea. Get out of your ſight, Sir! Get out with your bags: let's ſee what you'll give him now to maintain my daughter on.

Sir Fran. Give him! he ſhall be never the better for a penny of mine—and you might have look'd after your daughter better, Sir Jealous. Trick'd, quotha: Egad, I think you deſign'd to trick me: But look ye, gentlemen, I believe I ſhall trick you both. This lady is my wife, do you ſee? And my eſtate ſhall deſcend only to the heirs of her body.

Sir Geo. Lawfully begotten by me—I ſhall be extremely obliged to you, Sir Francis.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir George! You

ſee

ſee your project was of no uſe. Does not your hundred pound ſtick in your ſtomach? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. No, faith, Sir Francis, this lady has given me a cordial for that. [*Takes her by the hand.*

Sir Fran. Hold, Sir, you have nothing to ſay to this lady.

Sir Geo. Nor you nothing to do with my wife, Sir.

Sir Fran. Wife, Sir!

Miran. Ay really, Guardian, 'tis even ſo. I hope you'll forgive my firſt offence.

Sir Fran. What have you chous'd me out of my conſent, and your writings then, miſtreſs, ha!

Miran. Out of nothing but my own, Guardian.

Sir Jea. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis ſome comfort at leaſt to ſee you are over-reach'd as well as myſelf. Will you ſettle your eſtate upon your ſon, now?

Sir Fran. He ſhall ſtarve firſt.

Miran. That I have taken care to prevent. There, Sir, are the writings of your uncle's eſtate, which have been your due theſe three years. [*Gives* Charles *papers.*

Cha. I ſhall ſtudy to deſerve this favour.

Sir Fran. What have you robb'd me too, miſtreſs! Egad I'll make you reſtore 'em——— Huſſy, I will ſo.

Sir Jea. Take care I don't make you pay the arrears, Sir. 'Tis well it's no worſe, ſince 'tis no better. Come, young man, ſeeing thou haſt outwitted me, take her, and bleſs you both.

Cha. I hope, Sir, you'll beſtow your bleſſing too, 'tis all I'll aſk. [*Kneels.*

Sir Fran. Confound you all! [*Exit.*

Marpl. Mercy upon us, how he looks!

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! ne'er mind his curſes, Charles; thou'lt thrive not one jot the worſe for 'em. Since this gentleman is reconcil'd, we are all made happy.

Sir Jea. I always lov'd precaution, and took care to avoid dangers. But when a thing was paſt, I ever had philoſophy to be eaſy.

Cha. Which is the true ſign of a great ſoul: I lov'd your daughter, and ſhe me, and you ſhall have no reaſon to repent her choice.

Iſab. You will not blame me, Sir, for loving my own country beſt.

Marpl. So here's every body happy, I find, but poor Peelgarlick. I wonder what ſatisfaction I ſhall have, for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your ſervice.

Sir Jea. I have been a little too familiar with you, as things are fallen out; but ſince there's no help for't, you muſt forgive me.

Marpl. Egad, I think ſo — but provided that you be not ſo familiar for the future.

Sir Geo. Thou haſt been an unlucky rogue.

Marpl. But very honeſt.

Cha. That I'll vouch for; and freely forgive thee.

Sir Geo. And I'll do you one piece of ſervice more, Marplot. I'll take care that Sir Francis make you maſter of your eſtate.

Marpl. That will make me as happy as any of you.

Patch. Your humble ſervant begs leave to remind you, Madam.

Iſab. Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take Patch into favour again.

Sir Jea. Nay, let your huſband look to that, I have done with my care.

Cha. Her own liberty ſhall always oblige me. 'Here's no body but honeſt Whiſper and Mrs. Scent-'well to be provided for now. It ſhall be left to their 'choice to marry, or keep their ſervices.

'*Whiſp.* Nay then, I'll ſtick to my maſter.

'*Scentw.* Coxcomb! and I prefer my lady before a 'footman.

'*Sir Jea.* Hark, I hear the muſic; the fiddlers ſmell 'a wedding. What ſay you, young fellows, will you 'have a dance?

'*Sir Geo.* With all my heart; call 'em in.

'A DANCE.

Sir Jea. Now let us in and refreſh ourſelves with a chearful glaſs, in which we'll bury all animoſities: And

By my example let all parents move,
And never ſtrive to croſs their childrens love;
But ſtill ſubmit that care to Providence above.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

IN me you ſee one Buſy Body *more*;
Tho' you may have enough of one before.
With Epilogues, the Buſy Body's *Way,*
We ſtrive to help, but ſometimes mar a play.
At this mad ſeſſions, half condemn'd ere try'd,
Some, in three days, have been turn'd off, and dy'd.
In ſpite of parties their attempts are vain,
For, like falſe prophets, they ne'er riſe again:
Too late, when caſt, your favour one beſeeches,
And Epilogues prove execution ſpeeches.
But ſure I ſpy no Buſy Bodies *here,*
And one may paſs, ſince they do ev'ry where.
Sour criticks, time, and breath, and cenſures waſte,
And baulk your pleaſures, to refine your taſte:
One buſy Don ill-tim'd high tenets preaches;
Another yearly ſhows himſelf in ſpeeches:
Some ſniv'ling cits would have a peace for ſpight,
To ſtarve thoſe warriors who ſo bravely fight;
Still of a foe upon his knees afraid,
Whoſe well bang'd troops want money, heart, and bread:
Old beaux, who none, not e'en themſelves can pleaſe,
Are buſy ſtill, for nothing —— but to teaze:
The young ſo buſy, to engage a heart,
The miſchief done, are buſy moſt to part:
Ungrateful wretches, who ſtill croſs one's will,
When they more kindly might be buſy ſtill:
One to a huſband, who ne'er dreamt of horns,
Shews how dear ſpouſe with friend his brows adorns:
Th' officious tell-tale fool (he ſhou'd repent it)
Parts three kind ſouls that liv'd at peace contented:
Some with law quirks ſet Houſes *by the ears;*
With phyſick one what he would heal impairs;
Like that dark mop'd up fry, that neighb'ring curſe,
Who to remove love's pains beſtow a worſe.
Since then this meddling tribe infeſt the age,
Bear one a while expos'd upon the ſtage;
Let none but Buſy Bodies *vent their ſpight,*
And, with good-humour, pleaſure crown the night.

Isaac Taylor ad viv. del: *Walker Sculp*

Mr. SHUTER in the Character of OBADIAH PRIM.

She talketh unintelligibly Sarah,
Verily it troubleth me.

Publish'd June 8th 1776. by T. Lowndes & Partners.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

A

COMEDY,

WRITTEN BY

MRS. CENTLIVRE.

Marked with the Variations of the

PROMPTOR's BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON, W. NICOLL, AND S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 18 to 27 in Page 11.

TO

His Grace PHILIP,

Duke and Marquis of WHARTON, &c.

My Lord,

IT has ever been the cuſtom of poets to ſhelter productions of this nature under the patronage of the brighteſt men of their time; and 'tis obſerved, that the Muſes always met the kindeſt reception from perſons of the greateſt merit. The world will do me juſtice as to the choice of my patron; but will, I fear, blame my raſh attempt, in daring to addreſs your Grace, and offer at a work too difficult for our ableſt pens, viz. an encomium on your Grace. I have no plea againſt ſuch reflections, but the diſadvantage of education, and the privilege of my ſex.

If your Grace diſcovers a genius ſo ſurpriſing in this dawn of life, what muſt your riper years produce! your Grace has already been diſtinguiſhed in a moſt peculiar manner, being the firſt young nobleman that ever was admitted into a Houſe of Peers before he reached the age of one-and-twenty: But your Grace's judgment and eloquence ſoon convinced that Auguſt Aſſembly, that the excellent gifts of Nature ought not to be confined to time. We hope the example that Ireland has ſet, will ſhortly be followed by an Engliſh Houſe of Lords, and your Grace made a member of that body, to which you will be ſo conſpicuous an ornament.

Your good ſenſe, and real love for your country, taught your Grace to perſevere in the principles of your glorious anceſtors, by adhering to the defender of our religion and laws; and the penetrating wiſdom of your Royal Maſter ſaw you merited your honours ere he conferred them. It is one of the greateſt glories of a Monarch to diſtinguiſh where to beſtow his favours; and the world muſt do our's juſtice, by owning your Grace's titles moſt deſervedly worn.

It is with the greateſt pleaſure imaginable, the friends of liberty ſee you purſuing the ſteps of your noble Father: Your courteous, affable temper, free from pride and oſtentation, makes your name adored in the country,

and enables your Grace to carry what point you pleaſe. The late Lord Wharton will be ſtill remembered by every lover of his country, which never felt a greater ſhock than what his death occaſioned. Their grief had been inconſolable, if Heaven, out of its wonted beneficence to this favourite Iſle, had not tranſmitted all his ſhining qualities to you, and, Phœnix-like, raiſed up one patriot out of the aſhes of another.

That your Grace has a high eſteem for learning, particularly appears by the large progreſs you made therein: And your love for the Muſes ſhews a ſweetneſs of temper, and generous humanity, peculiar to the greatneſs of your ſoul; for ſuch virtues reign not in the breaſt of every man of quality.

Defer no longer then, my Lord, to charm the world with the beauty of your numbers, and ſhew the Poet, as you have done the Orator: convince our unthinking Britons, by what vile arts France loſt her liberty; and teach them to avoid their own misfortunes, as well as to weep over Henry IV. who (if it were poſſible for him to know) would forgive the bold aſſaſſin's hand, for the honour of having his fall celebrated by your Grace's pen.

To be diſtinguiſhed by perſons of your Grace's character is not only the higheſt ambition, but the greateſt reputation to an author; and it is not the leaſt of my vanities, to have it known to the Public, I had your Grace's leave to prefix your name to this Comedy.

I wiſh I were capable to cloath the following ſcenes in ſuch a dreſs as might be worthy to appear before your Grace, and draw your attention as much as your Grace's admirable qualifications do that of all mankind; but the Muſes, like moſt females, are leaſt liberal to their own ſex.

All I dare ſay in favour of this piece, is, that the plot is entirely new, and the incidents wholly owing to my own invention; not borrowed from our own, or tranſlated from the works of any foreign poet; ſo that they have at leaſt the charm of novelty to recommend them. If they are ſo lucky, in ſome leiſure hour, to give your Grace the leaſt diverſion, they will anſwer the utmoſt ambition of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient, moſt devoted, and moſt humble ſervant,

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND.

TO-night we come upon a bold deſign,
To try to pleaſe without one borrow'd line;
Our plot is new and regularly clear,
And not one ſingle tittle from Moliere.
O'er buried poets we with caution tread,
And pariſh ſextons leave to rob the dead.
For you, bright Britiſh *Fair, in hopes to charm ye,*
We bring to-night a lover *from the army;*
You know the ſoldiers *have the ſtrangeſt arts,*
Such a proportion *of prevailing parts,*
You'd think that they rid poſt to womens hearts.
I wonder whence they draw their bold pretence;
We do not chuſe them ſure for our defence:
That plea is both impolitic and wrong,
And only ſuits ſuch dames as want a tongue.
Is it their eloquence and fine addreſs?
The ſoftneſs of their language?——Nothing leſs.
Is it their courage, that they bravely dare
To ſtorm the ſex at once?——Egad! 'tis there:
They act by us as in the rough campaign,
Unmindful of repulſes, charge *again:*
They mine *and* countermine, *reſolv'd to win,*
And, if a breach *is made,—they will* come *in.*
You'll think, by what we have of ſoldiers *ſaid,*
Our female wit was in the ſervice bred:
But ſhe is to the hardy toil a ſtranger,
She loves the cloth indeed, but hates the danger:
Yet to this circle of the brave and gay,
She bid one, for her good intentions ſay,
She hopes you'll not reduce her to half-pay.
As for our play, 'tis Engliſh *humour all:*
Then will you let our manufacture fall?
Would you the honour of our nation raiſe,
Keep Engliſh Credit *up, and* Engliſh Plays.

Dramatis Perſonæ, 1776.

MEN.

	At Drury Lane.	Covent Garden.
Colonel Fainwell, *in love with Miſs Lovely*	Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
Sir Philip Modelove, *an old beau*	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Boothe.
Periwinkle, *a kind of ſilly Virtuoſo*	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Quick.
Tradelove, *a change-broker*	Mr. Hurst.	Mr. Dunstall.
Obadiah Prim, *a quaker, hoſier*	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Shuter.
Freeman, *the Colonel's friend, a merchant*	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Whitefield.
Simon Pure, *a quaking preacher*		Mr. Wewitzer.
Mr. Sackbut, *a vintner*	Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Fearon.

WOMEN.

Miſs Lovely, *a fortune of thirty thouſand pounds*	Miſs Younge.	Miſs Macklin.
Mrs. Prim, *wife to* Prim *the hoſier*	Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. Pitt.
Betty, *ſervant to Miſs Lovely*	Mrs. Love.	Mrs. Evans.

A

BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE *a Tavern.*

Colonel Fainwell *and* Freeman, *over a Bottle.*

Freeman. COME, Colonel, his Majeſty's health. —You are as melancholy as if you were in love! I wiſh ſome of the Beauties of Bath han't ſnapt your heart.

Col. Why faith, Freeman, there is ſomething in't; I have ſeen a lady at Bath, who has kindled ſuch a flame in me, that all the waters there can't quench.

Free. Women, like ſome poiſonous animals, carry their antidote about 'em—Is ſhe not to be had, Colonel?

Col. That's a difficult queſtion to anſwer; however, I reſolve to try: perhaps you may be able to ſerve me; you merchants know one another.—The lady told me herſelf ſhe was under the charge of four perſons.

Free. Odſo! 'tis Miſs Anne Lovely.

Col. The ſame—Do you know her?

Free. Know her! ay,—Faith, Colonel, your condition is more deſperate than you imagine: Why, ſhe is the talk and pity of the whole town: and it is the opinion of the learned, that ſhe muſt die a maid.

Col. Say you ſo? That's ſomewhat odd, in this charitable city.—She's a woman, I hope?

Free. For aught I know,—but it had been as well for her, had Nature made her any other part of the creation. The man who keeps this houſe ſerv'd her father: he is a very honeſt fellow, and may be of uſe to you: we'll ſend for him to take a

glaſs with us: he'll give you her whole hiſtory, and 'tis worth your hearing.

Col. But may one truſt him?

Free. With your life: I have obligations enough upon him, to make him do any thing: I ſerve him with wine. [*Knocks.*

Col. Nay, I know him very well myſelf. I once uſed to frequent a club that was kept here.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Gentlemen, d'ye call?

Free. Ay; ſend up your maſter.

Drawer. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Col. Do you know any of this lady's guardians, Freeman?

Free. I know two of them very well.

Enter Sackbut.

Free. Here comes one will give you an account of them all.—Mr. Sackbut, we ſent for you to take a glaſs with us. 'Tis a maxim among the friends of the bottle, that as long as the maſter is in company, one may be ſure of good wine.

Sack. Sir, you ſhall be ſure to have as good wine as you ſend in.—Colonel, your moſt humble ſervant; you are welcome to town.

Col. I thank you, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. I am as glad to ſee you, as I ſhould a hundred tun of French claret cuſtom-free.—My ſervice to you, Sir, [*Drinks.*] You don't look ſo merry as you uſed to do; ar'n't you well, Colonel?

Free. He has got a woman in his head, landlord: can you help him?

Sack. If 'tis in my power, I ſhan't ſcruple to ſerve my friend.

Col. 'Tis one perquiſite of your calling.

Sack. Ay, at t'other end of the town, where you officers uſe, women are good forcers of trade: a well-cuſtomed houſe, a handſome bar-keeper, with clean obliging drawers, ſoon get the maſter an eſtate; but our citizens ſeldom do any thing but cheat within the walls.—But as to the lady, Colonel, point

you

you at particulars? or have you a good Champagne ſtomach? Are you in full pay, or reduc'd, Colonel?

Col. Reduc'd, reduc'd, landlord!

Free. To the miſerable condition of a lover!

Sack. Piſh! that's preferable to half-pay: a woman's reſolution may break before the peace: puſh her home, Colonel, there's no parlying with the fair ſex.

Col. Were the lady her own miſtreſs, I have ſome reaſons to believe I ſhould ſoon command in chief.

Free. You know Miſs Lovely, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. Know her! Ay, poor Nancy: I have carried her to ſchool many a froſty morning. Alas! if ſhe's the woman, I pity you, Colonel: her father, my old maſter, was the moſt whimſical, out-of-the-way temper'd man I ever heard of, as you will gueſs by his laſt will and teſtament.—This was his only child: and I have heard him wiſh her dead a thouſand times.

Col. Why ſo?

Sack. He hated poſterity, you muſt know, and wiſh'd the world were to expire with himſelf.—He uſed to ſwear, if ſhe had been a boy, he would have qualified him for the opera.

Free. 'Twas a very unnatural reſolution in a father.

Sack. He died worth thirty thouſand pounds, which he left to his daughter, provided ſhe married with the conſent of her guardians; but that ſhe might be ſure never to do ſo, he left her in the care of four men, as oppoſite to each other as the four elements: each has his quarterly rule, and three months in a year ſhe is oblig'd to be ſubject to each of their humours, and they are pretty different, I aſſure you.—She is juſt come from Bath.

Col. 'Twas there I ſaw her.

Sack. Ay, Sir, the laſt quarter was her Beau Guardian's.—She appears in all public places during his reign.

Col. She viſited a lady who boarded in the ſame houſe with me: I liked her perſon, and found an

opportunity to tell her ſo. She replied, ſhe had no objection to mine; but if I could not reconcile contradictions, I muſt not think of her, for that ſhe was condemned to the caprice of four perſons, who never yet agreed in any one thing, and ſhe was obliged to pleaſe them all.

Sack. 'Tis moſt true, Sir: I'll give you a ſhort deſcription of the men, and leave you to judge of the poor lady's condition. One is a kind of virtuoſo, a ſilly half-witted fellow, but poſitive and ſurly, fond of every thing antique and foreign, and wears his cloaths of the faſhion of the laſt century; doats upon travellers, and believes more of Sir John Mandeville than he does of the Bible.

Col. That muſt be a rare odd fellow!

Sack. Another is a change-broker: a fellow that will out-lie the Devil for the advantage of ſtock, and cheat his father that got him in a bargain: he is a great ſtickler for trade, and hates every man that wears a ſword.

Free. He is a great admirer of the Dutch management, and ſwears they underſtand trade better than any nation under the ſun.

Sack. The third is an old beau, that has May in his fancy and dreſs, but December in his face and his heels: he admires all the new faſhions, and thoſe muſt be French; loves operas, balls, maſquerades, and is always the moſt tawdry of the whole company on a birth-day.

Col. Theſe are pretty oppoſite to one another, truly: and the fourth, what is he, landlord?

Sack. A very rigid Quaker, whoſe quarter began this day.—I ſaw Miſs Lovely go in, not above two hours ago,—Sir Philip ſet her down. What think you now, Colonel, is not the poor lady to be pitied?

Col. Ay, and reſcu'd too, landlord.

Free. In my opinion, that's impoſſible.

Col. There is nothing impoſſible to a lover. What would not a man attempt for a fine woman and thirty

thirty thouſand pounds? Beſides, my honour is at ſtake: I promiſed to deliver her, and ſhe bid me win her and wear her.

Sack. That's fair, faith!

Free. If it depended upon knight-errantry, I ſhould not doubt your ſetting free the damſel; but to have avarice, impertinence, hypocriſy, and pride, at once to deal with, requires more cunning than generally attends a man of honour.

Col. My fancy tells me, I ſhall come off with glory. I reſolve to try, however.—Do you know all the guardians, Mr. Sackbut?

Sack. Very well, they all uſe my houſe.

Col. And will you aſſiſt me, if occaſion requires?

Sack. In every thing I can, Colonel.

Free. I'll anſwer for him; and whatever I can ſerve you in, you may depend on. 'I know Mr. 'Periwinkle and Mr. Tradelove; the latter has a 'very great opinion of my intereſt abroad.—I hap- 'pened to have a letter from a correſpondent two 'hours before the news arrived of the French 'King's death: I communicated it to him: upon 'which he bought all the ſtock he could, and what 'with that, and ſome wagers he laid, he told me 'he had got to the tune of five hundred pounds; 'ſo that I am much in his good graces.'

Col. I don't know but you may be of ſervice to me, Freeman.

Free. If I can, command me, Colonel.

'*Col.* Isn't poſſible to find a ſuit of cloaths ready 'made at ſome of theſe ſale-ſhops fit to rig out a 'beau, think you, Mr. Sackbut?

'*Sack.* O hang 'em—No, Colonel, they keep 'nothing ready made that a gentleman would be 'ſeen in; but I can fit you with a ſuit of cloaths, 'if you'd make a figure.—Velvet and gold bro- 'cade——They were pawn'd to me by a French 'count, who had been ſtript at play, and wanted 'money to carry him home; he promiſed to ſend

'for them, but I have not heard any thing of 'him.

'*Free.* He has not fed upon frogs long enough 'yet to recover his loſs: ha, ha!

'*Col.* Ha, ha! Well, the cloaths will do, Mr. 'Sackbut,—tho' we muſt have three or four fellows 'in tawdry liveries: they can be procur'd, I 'hope.

'*Free.* Egad! I have a brother come from the 'Weſt Indies that match you; and, for expedition-'ſake, you ſhall have his ſervants: there's a Black, 'a Tawney-moor, and a Frenchman: they don't 'ſpeak one word of Engliſh, ſo can make no 'miſtake.

'*Col.* Excellent! – Egad! I ſhall look like an 'Indian Prince.'

Col. Firſt I'll attack my Beau Guardian: where lives he?

Sack. Faith ſomewhere about St. James's; tho' to ſay in what ſtreet, I cannot; but any chairman will tell you where Sir Philip Modelove lives.

Free. Oh! you'll find him in the Park at eleven every day; at leaſt I never paſs through at that hour without ſeeing him there.—But what do you intend?

Col. To addreſs him in his own way, and find what he deſigns to do with the lady.

Free. And what then?

Col. Nay, that I can't tell; but I ſhall take my meaſures accordingly.

Sack. Well, 'tis a mad undertaking, in my mind; but here's to your ſucceſs, Colonel. [*Drinks.*

Col. 'Tis ſomething out of the way, I confeſs; but Fortune may chance to ſmile, and I ſucceed. —Come, landlord, let me ſee thoſe cloaths. Freeman, I ſhall expect you'll leave word with Mr. Sackbut, where one may find you upon occaſion; and ſend me my Indian equipage immediately, d'ye hear?

Free. Immediately.

Col.

Col. *Bold was the man who ventur'd firſt to ſea,*
But the firſt vent'ring lovers bolder were.
The path of love's a dark and dang'rous way,
Without a landmark, or one friendly ſtar,
And he that runs the riſque deſerves the fair.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Prim's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſs Lovely, *and her maid* Betty.

Betty. Bleſs me, Madam! why do you fret and teaze yourſelf ſo? This is giving them the advantage with a witneſs.

Miſs Lov. Muſt I be condemned all my life to the prepoſterous humours of other people, and pointed at by every boy in town?——Oh! I could tear my fleſh, and curſe the hour I was born—Isn't it monſtrouſly ridiculous, that they ſhould deſire to impoſe their quaking dreſs upon me at theſe years? When I was a child, no matter what they made me wear, but now——

Betty. I would reſolve againſt it, Madam: I'd ſee 'em hang'd before I'd put on the pinch'd cap again.

Miſs Lov. Then I muſt never expect one moment's eaſe: ſhe has rung ſuch a peal in my ears already, that I ſhan't have the right uſe of them this month.——What can I do?

Betty. What can you *not* do, if you will but give your mind to it? Marry, Madam.

Miſs Lov. What! and have my fortune go to build churches and hoſpitals?

Betty. Why, let it go.——If the Colonel loves you, as he pretends, he'll marry you without a fortune, Madam; and I aſſure you a Colonel's lady is no deſpicable thing: 'a Colonel's poſt will 'maintain you like a gentlewoman, Madam.'

Miſs Lov. So you would adviſe me to give up my own fortune, and throw myſelf upon the Colonel's!

Betty. I would adviſe you to make yourſelf eaſy, Madam.

Miſs Lov. That's not the way, I'm ſure. No,

no,

no, girl, there are certain ingredients to be mingled with matrimony, without which I may as well change for the worſe as the better. When the woman has fortune enough to make the man happy, if he has either honour or good manners, he'll make her eaſy. Love makes but a ſlovenly figure in a houſe where Poverty keeps the door.

Betty. And ſo you reſolve to die a maid, do you, Madam?

Miſs Lov. Or have it in my power to make the man I love maſter of my fortune.

Betty. Then you don't like the Colonel ſo well as I thought you did, Madam, or you would not take ſuch a reſolution.

Miſs Lov. It is becauſe I do like him, Betty, that I do take ſuch a reſolution.

Betty. Why do you expect, Madam, the Colonel can work miracles? Is it poſſible for him to marry you with the conſent of all your guardians?

Miſs Lov. Or he muſt not marry me at all: and ſo I told him; and he did not ſeem diſpleaſed with the news.—He promiſed to ſet me free; and I, on that condition, promiſed to make him maſter of that freedom.

Betty. Well! I have read of enchanted caſtles, ladies deliver'd from the chains of magic, giants kill'd, and monſters overcome; ſo that I ſhall be the leſs ſurprized if the Colonel ſhould conjure you out of the power of your four guardians: if he does, I am ſure he deſerves your fortune.

Miſs Lov. And ſhall have it, girl, if it were ten times as much—For I'll ingenuouſly confeſs to thee, that I do like the Colonel above all the men I ever ſaw:—There's ſomething ſo *jantée* in a ſoldier, a kind of *je ne ſçai quoi* air, that makes them more agreeable than the reſt of mankind.—They command regard, as who ſhall ſay, We are your defenders. We preſerve your beauties from the inſults of rude and unpoliſh'd foes, and ought to be preferr'd before thoſe lazy indolent mortals, who, by dropping into

into their fathers eſtates, ſet up their coaches, and think to rattle themſelves into our affections.

Betty. Nay, Madam, I confeſs that the army has engroſſed all the prettieſt fellows—A laced coat and a feather have irreſiſtible charms.

Miſs Lov. But the Colonel has all the beauties of the mind as well as the body.—O all ye Powers that favour happy lovers, grant that he may be mine! Thou God of Love, if thou be'ſt aught but name, aſſiſt my Fainwell!

Point all thy darts to aid his juſt deſign,
And make his plots as prevalent as thine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE *the Park.*

Enter Colonel finely dreſt, three footmen after him.

Col. SO, now if I can but meet this beau!—Egad! methinks, I cut a ſmart figure, and have as much of the tawdry air as any Italian Count or French Marquée of them all.—Sure I ſhall know this Knight again—Ah! yonder he ſits, making love to a maſk, i'faith, I'll walk up the Mall, and come down by him. [*Exit.*

Scene draws, and diſcovers Sir Philip *upon a bench, with a woman maſk'd.*

Sir Phil. Well, but, my dear, are you really conſtant to your keeper?

Wom. Yes, really, Sir,—Hey day! Who comes yonder? He cuts a mighty figure.

Sir Phil. Ha! a ſtranger, by his equipage keeping ſo cloſe at his heels.—He has the appearance of a man of quality—Poſitively French, by his dancing air.

Wom. He croſſes, as if he meant to ſit down here.—

Sir Phil. He has a mind to make love to thee, child.

Enter

Enter Colonel.

Wom. It will be to no purpoſe if he does.

Sir Phil. Are you reſolved to be cruel then?

Col. You muſt be very cruel indeed, if you can deny any thing to ſo fine a gentleman, Madam. [*Takes out his watch.*

Wom. I never mind the outſide of a man.

Col. And I'm afraid thou art no judge of the inſide.

Sir Phil. I am poſitively of your mind, Sir; for creatures of her function ſeldom penetrate beyond the pocket.

Wom. Creatures of your compoſition have, indeed, generally more in their pockets than in their heads. [*Aſide.*

Sir Phil. Pray what ſays your watch? mine is down. [*Pulling out his watch.*

Col. I want thirty-ſix minutes of twelve, Sir.—

[*Puts up his watch, and takes out his ſnuff-box.*

Sir Phil. May I preſume, Sir?

Col. Sir, you honour me. [*Preſenting the box.*

Sir Phil. He ſpeaks good Engliſh—tho' he muſt be a foreigner. [*Aſide.*]—This ſnuff is extremely good—and the box prodigious fine: the work is French, I preſume, Sir.

Col. I bought it in Paris, Sir.——I do think the workmanſhip pretty neat.

Sir Phil. Neat! 'tis exquiſitely fine. Sir. Pray, Sir, if I may take the liberty of enquiring—what country is ſo happy to claim the birth of the fineſt gentleman in the univerſe? France, I preſume.

Col. Then you don't think me an Engliſhman?

Sir Phil. No, upon my ſoul, don't I.

Col. I am ſorry for't.

Sir Phil. Impoſſible you ſhould wiſh to be an Engliſhman! Pardon me, Sir, this iſland could not produce a perſon of ſuch alertneſs.

Col. As this mirror ſhews you, Sir.

[*Puts up a pocket-glaſs to* Sir Philip's *face.*

Wom. Coxcombs! I'm ſick to hear them praiſe one

one another. One ſeldom gets any thing by ſuch animals; not even a dinner, unleſs one can dine upon ſoup and celery.

Sir Phil. O gad, Sir!—Will you leave us, Madam? Ha, ha!

Col. She fears 'twill be only loſing time to ſtay here, ha, ha!—I know not how to diſtinguiſh you, Sir; but your mien and addreſs ſpeak you right honourable.

Sir Phil. Thus great ſouls judge of others by themſelves—I am only adorn'd with knighthood: that's all, I aſſure you, Sir: my name is Sir Philip Modelove.

Col. Of French extraction?

Sir Phil. My father was French.

Col. One may plainly perceive it—There is a certain gaiety peculiar to my nation (for I will own myſelf a Frenchman) which diſtinguiſhes us every where.—A perſon of your figure would be a vaſt addition to a coronet.

Sir Phil. I muſt own I had the offer of a barony about five years ago, but I abhorr'd the fatigue which muſt have attended it.—I could never yet bring myſelf to join with either party.

Col. You are perfectly in the right, Sir Philip—a fine perſon ſhould not embark himſelf in the ſlovenly concern of politics: Dreſs and pleaſure are objects proper for the ſoul of a fine gentleman.

Sir Phil. And love———

Col. Oh! that's included under the article of pleaſure.

Sir Phil. Parbleu! il eſt un Homme d'Eſprit, I muſt embrace you—[*Riſes and embraces.*]—'Your ſenti-
'ments are ſo agreeable to mine, that we appear to
'have but one ſoul, for our ideas and conception
'are the ſame.

'*Col.* I ſhould be ſorry for that. [*Aſide.*]—You
'do me too much honour, Sir Philip.

'*Sir Phil.* Your vivacity and *jantée* mien aſſured
'me at firſt ſight there was nothing of this

'foggy

'foggy iſland in your compoſition.' May I crave your name, Sir?

Col. My name is La Fainwell, Sir, at your ſervice.

Sir Phil. The La Fainwells are French, I know; tho' the name is become very numerous in Great Britain of late years——I was ſure you was French the moment I laid my eyes upon you; I could not come into the ſuppoſition of your being an Engliſhman: This iſland produces few ſuch ornaments.

Col. Pardon me, Sir Philip, this iſland has two things ſuperior to all nations under the ſun.

Sir Phil. Ah! what are they?

Col. The ladies, and the laws.

Sir Phil. The laws, indeed, do claim a preference of other nations—but, by my ſoul, there are fine women every where.—I muſt own I have felt their power in all countries.

'*Col.* There are ſome finiſh'd beauties, I confeſs, 'in France, Italy, Germany, nay, even in Hol-'land, *mais elles ſont bien rare:* But *les Belles An-'gloiſes.*' Oh, Sir Philip, where find we ſuch women! ſuch ſymmetry of ſhape! ſuch elegancy of dreſs! ſuch regularity of features! ſuch ſweetneſs of temper! ſuch commanding eyes! and ſuch bewitching ſmiles!

'*Sir Phil.* Ah! *parbleu, vous êtes attrapé!*

'*Col. Non, je vous aſſure, Chevalier.*—But I de-'clare there is no amuſement ſo agreeable to my '*goût*, as the converſation of a fine woman.—— 'I could never be prevailed upon to enter into what 'the vulgar calls the pleaſure of the bottle.

'*Sir Phil.* My own taſte, *poſitivement!*—A ball, 'or a maſquerade, is certainly preferable to all 'the productions of the vineyard.

'*Col.* Infinitely! I hope the people of quality in 'England will ſupport that branch of pleaſure, 'which was imported with their peace, and ſince 'naturaliz'd by the ingenious Mr. *Heidegger.*

'*Sir Phil.* The ladies aſſure me it will become 'part of the conſtitution—upon which I ſubſcrib'd

'a

'a hundred guineas.—It will be of great ſervice to 'the public, at leaſt to the company of ſurgeons; 'and the city in general.

'*Col.* Ha, ha! it may help to ennoble the blood 'of the city.' Are you married, Sir Philip?

Sir Phil. No; nor do I believe I ever ſhall enter into that honourable ſtate: I have an abſolute *tendre* for the whole ſex.

Col. That's more than they have for you, I dare ſwear. [*Aſide.*

'*Sir Phil.* And I have the honour to be very 'well with the ladies, I can aſſure you, Sir; and 'I won't affront a million of fine women to make 'one happy.

'*Col.* Nay, marriage is reducing a man's taſte to 'a kind of half pleaſure; but then it carries the 'bleſſings of peace along with it: one goes to ſleep 'without fear, and wakes without pain.

'*Sir Phil.* There's ſomething of that in't: a wife 'is a very good diſh for an Engliſh ſtomach—but 'groſs feeding, for nicer palates, ha, ha, ha!'

Col. I find I was very much miſtaken—I imagined, you had been married to that young lady whom I ſaw in the chariot with you this morning in Gracechurch-ſtreet.

Sir Phil. Who, Nancy Lovely? I am a piece of a guardian to that lady: You muſt know, her father, I thank him, joined me with three of the moſt prepoſterous old fellows—that, upon my ſoul, I am in pain for the poor girl:—ſhe muſt certainly lead apes, as the ſaying is: ha, ha!

Col. That's pity, Sir Philip. If the lady would give me leave, I would endeavour to avert that curſe.

'*Sir Phil.* As to the lady, ſhe'd gladly be rid of 'us at any rate, I believe; but here's the miſchief: 'he who marries Miſs Lovely, muſt have the con'ſent of us all four—or not a penny of her por'tion.—For my part, I ſhall never approve of any 'but a man of figure——and the reſt are not only 'averſe to cleanlineſs, but have each a peculiar

'taſte

' taſte to gratify.'—For my part, I declare I would prefer you to all the men I ever ſaw.

Col. And I her to all women——

Sir Phil. I aſſure you, Mr. Fainwell, I am for marrying her, for I hate the trouble of a guardian, eſpecially among ſuch wretches; but reſolve never to agree to the choice of any one of them—and I fancy they'll be even with me, for they never came into any propoſal of mine yet.

Col. I wiſh I had your leave to try them, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. With all my ſoul, Sir: I can refuſe a perſon of your appearance nothing.

Col. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.

Sir Phil. But do you really like matrimony?

Col. I believe I could with that lady.

Sir Phil. The only point in which we differ.—But you are maſter of ſo many qualifications, that I can excuſe one fault: for I muſt think it a fault in a fine gentleman; and that you are ſuch, I'll give it under my hand.

Col. I wiſh you'd give me your conſent to marry Miſs Lovely under your hand, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. I'll do't, if you'll ſtep into St. James's Coffee-Houſe, where we may have pen and ink—tho' I can't foreſee what advantage my conſent will be to you, without you could find a way to get the reſt of the guardians.—But I'll introduce you, however: She is now at a quaker's, where I carried her this morning, when you ſaw us in Gracechurch-ſtreet.—I aſſure you ſhe has an odd *ragoût* of guardians, as you will find when you hear the characters, which I'll endeavour to give you as we go along.—Hey! Pierre, Jaque, Renno.—Where are you all, ſcoundrels?——Order the chariot to St. James's Coffee-Houſe.

Col. Le Noir, la Brun, la Blanc.—Morbleu, où ſont ces coquins là? Allons, Monſieur le Chevalier.

Sir Phil. Ah! *Pardonnez moi, Monſieur.*

Col. Not one ſtep, upon my ſoul, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil.

Sir Phil. The beſt bred man in Europe, poſitively. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Obadiah Prim's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſs Lovely, *followed by* Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. Then thou wilt not obey me: And thou doſt really think thoſe fallals become thee?

Miſs Lov. I do, indeed.

Mrs. Prim. Now will I be judged by all ſober people, if I don't look more like a modeſt woman than thou doſt, Anne.

Miſs Lov. More like a hypocrite you mean, Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. Ah! Anne, Anne, that wicked Philip Modelove will undo thee.—Satan ſo fills thy heart with pride, during the three months of his guardianſhip, that thou becomeſt a ſtumbling-block to the upright.

Miſs Lov. Pray who are they? Are the pinch'd cap and formal hood the emblems of ſanctity? Does your virtue conſiſt in your dreſs, Mrs. Prim?

Mrs. Pr. It doth not conſiſt in cut hair, ſpotted face, and a bare neck.—Oh the wickedneſs of the generation! the primitive women knew not the abomination of hoop'd petticoats.

Miſs Lov. No; nor the abomination of cant neither. Don't tell me, Mrs. Prim, don't.—I know you have as much pride, vanity, ſelf-conceit, and ambition among you, couched under that formal habit, and ſanctified countenance, as the proudeſt of us all; but the world begins to ſee your prudery.

Mrs. Pr. Prudery! What! do they invent new words as well as new faſhions? Ah! poor fantaſtic age, I pity thee.—Poor deluded Anne, which doſt thou think moſt reſembleſt the ſaint, and which the ſinner, thy dreſs or mine? Thy naked boſom allureth the eye of the bye-ſtander—encourageth the frailty of human nature—and corrupteth the ſoul with evil longings.

Miſs Lov. And pray who corrupted your ſon To-

bias with evil longings? Your maid Tabitha wore a handkerchief, and yet he made the ſaint a ſinner.

Mrs. Pr. Well, well, ſpit thy malice. I confeſs Satan did buffet my ſon Tobias, and my ſervant Tabitha: the evil ſpirit was at that time too ſtrong, and they both became ſubject to its workings—not from any outward provocation,—but from an inward call:—he was not tainted with the rottenneſs of the faſhions, nor did his eyes take in the drunkenneſs of beauty.

Miſs Lov. No! that's plainly to be ſeen.

Mrs. Pr. Tabitha is one of the faithful: he fell not with a ſtranger.

Miſs Lov. So! Then you hold wenching no crime, provided it be within the pale of your own tribe.——You are an excellent caſuiſt, truly!

Enter Obadiah Prim.

Ob. Pr. Not ſtripp'd of thy vanity yet, Anne! Why doſt thou not make her put it off, Sarah?

Mrs. Pr. She will not do it.

Ob. Pr. Verily, thy naked breaſts troubleth my outward man: I pray thee hide 'em, Anne: put on an handkerchief, Anne Lovely.

Miſs Lovely. I hate handkerchiefs when 'tis not cold weather, Mr. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. I have ſeen thee wear a handkerchief, nay, and a maſk to boot, in the middle of July.

Miſs Lov. Ay, to keep the ſun from ſcorching me.

Ob. Pr. If thou could'ſt not bear the ſun-beams, how doſt thou think man can bear thy beams? Thoſe breaſts inflame deſire: let them be hid, I ſay.

Miſs Lov. Let me be quiet, I ſay.—Muſt I be tormented thus for ever?—'Sure no woman's con-'dition ever equalled mine! Foppery, Folly, Ava-'rice and Hypocriſy are, by turns, my conſtant 'companions—and I muſt vary ſhapes as often as 'a player'—I cannot think my father meant this tyranny! No, you uſurp an authority which he never intended you ſhould take.

Ob.

Ob. Pr. Hark thee, doſt thou call good counſel tyranny? Do I, or my wife, tyrannize, when we deſire thee in all love to put off thy tempting attire and veil thy provokers to ſin?

Miſs Lov. Deliver me, good Heaven! or I ſhall go diſtracted. [*Walks about.*

Mrs. Pr. So! now thy pinners are toſt, and thy breaſts pulled up!——verily they were ſeen enough before.——Fie upon the filthy taylor who made thy ſtays.

Miſs Lov. I wiſh I were in my grave! Kill me rather than treat me thus.

Ob. Pr. Kill thee! ha, ha! thou thinkeſt thou art acting ſome lewd play ſure: — Kill thee! Art thou prepared for death, Anne Lovely? No, no, thou would'ſt rather have a huſband, Anne:——Thou wanteſt a gilt coach, with ſix lazy fellows behind, to ſtant it in the ring of vanity, among the princes and rulers of the land——who pamper themſelves with the fatneſs thereof; but I will take care that none ſhall ſquander away thy father's eſtate: thou ſhalt marry none ſuch, Anne.

Miſs Lov. Would you marry me to one of your own canting ſect?

Ob. Pr. Yea, verily, no one elſe ſhall ever get my conſent, I do aſſure thee, Anne.

Miſs Lov. And I do aſſure thee, Obadiah, that I will as ſoon turn Papiſt, and die in a convent.

Mrs. Pr. O wickedneſs!

Miſs Lov. O ſtupidity!

Ob. Pr. O blindneſs of heart!

Miſs Lov. Thou blinder of the world, don't provoke me—leſt I betray your ſanctity, and leave your wife to judge of your purity:——What were the emotions of your ſpirit — when you ſqueez'd Mary by the hand laſt night in the pantry,——when ſhe told you, you buſs'd ſo filthily? Ah! you had no averſions to naked boſoms, when you begged her to ſhew you a little, little, little bit

bit of her delicious boſom : ——Don't you remember thoſe words, Mr. Prim ?

Mrs. Pr. What does ſhe ſay, Obadiah ?

Ob. Pr. She talketh unintelligibly, Sarah. Which way did ſhe hear this ? This ſhould not have reach'd the ears of the wicked ones : —Verily it troubleth me. [*Aſide.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Philip Modelove, whom they call Sir Phĭlip, is below, and ſuch another with him, ſhall I ſend them up ?

Ob. Pr. Yea. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Philip *and* Colonel.

Sir Phil. How doſt thou do, Friend Prim ? Odſo! my She friend here too ! What are you documenting Miſs Nancy ? reading her a lecture upon the pinch'd coif, I warrant ye !

Mrs. Pr. I am ſure thou did'ſt never read her any lecture that was good.——My fleſh riſeth ſo at theſe wicked ones, that prudence adviſeth me to withdraw from their ſight. [*Exit.*

Col. Oh ! that I could find means to ſpeak with her ! How charming ſhe appears ! I wiſh I could get this letter into her hand. [*Aſide.*

Sir Phil. Well, Miſs Cockey, I hope thou haſt got the better of them.

Miſs Lov. The difficulties of my life are not to be ſurmounted, Sir Philip.—I hate the impertinence of him, as much as the ſtupidity of the other. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Verily, Philip, thou wilt ſpoil this maiden.

Sir Phil. I find we ſtill differ in opinion ; but that we may none of us ſpoil her, prithee, Prim, let us conſent to marry her.——I have ſent for our brother guardians to meet me here about this very thing.—Madam, will you give me leave to recommend a huſband to you ? — Here's a gentleman, whom, in my mind, you can have no objection to.

[*Preſents the Colonel to her, ſhe looks another way.*

Miſs

Miſs Lov. Heaven deliver me from the formal, and the fantaſtic fool!

Col. A fine woman,———a fine horſe, and fine equipage, are the fineſt things in the univerſe: And if I am ſo happy to poſſeſs you, Madam, I ſhall become the envy of mankind, as much as you outſhine your whole ſex.

[*As he takes her hand to kiſs it, ſhe endeavours to put a letter into it; ſhe lets it drop*—Prim *takes it up.*

Miſs Lov. I have no ambition to appear conſpicuouſly ridiculous, Sir. [*Turning from him.*

Col. So fail the hopes of Fainwell.

Miſs Lov. Ha! Fainwell! 'tis he! What have I done? Prim has the letter, and it will be diſcover'd. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Friend, I know not thy name, ſo cannot call thee by it; but thou ſeeſt thy letter is unwelcome to the maiden, ſhe will not read it.

Miſs Lov. Nor ſhall you; [*Snatches the letter.*] I'll tear it in a thouſand pieces, and ſcatter it, as I will the hopes of all thoſe that any of you ſhall recommend to me. [*Tears the letter.*

Sir Phil. Ha! Right woman, faith!

Col. Excellent woman! [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Friend, thy garb favoureth too much of the vanity of the age for my approbation; nothing that reſembleth Philip Modelove ſhall I love, mark that—— therefore, friend Philip, bring no more of thy own apes under my roof.

Sir Phil. I am ſo entirely a ſtranger to the monſters of thy breed, that I ſhall bring none of them I am ſure.

Col. I am likely to have a pretty taſk by that time I have gone thro' them all; but ſhe's a city worth taking, and 'egad I'll carry on the ſiege: if I can but blow up the out-works, I fancy I am pretty ſecure of the town. [*Aſide.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Toby Periwinkle and Thomas Tradelove demand to ſee thee. [*To* Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. Bid them come up.

Miſs Lov. Deliver me from ſuch an inundation of noiſe and nonſenſe. Oh Fainwell! whatever thy contrivance be, proſper it Heaven;—'but oh! 'I fear thou never canſt redeem me.' [*Exit.*

Sir Phil. Sic tranſit gloria mundi.

Enter Mr. Periwinkle *and* Tradelove.

Theſe are my brother guardians, Mr. Fainwell.—pr'ythee obſerve the creatures. [*Aſide to* Col.

Trade. Well, Sir Philip, I obey your ſummons.

Per. Pray, what have you to offer for the good of Miſs Lovely, Sir Philip?

Sir Phil. Firſt I deſire to know what you intend to do with that lady? Muſt ſhe be ſent to the Indies for a venture—or live an old maid, and then be enter'd amongſt your curioſities, and ſhewn for a monſter, Mr. Periwinkle?

Col. Humph, curioſities, that muſt be the virtuoſo. [*Aſide.*

Per. Why, what wou'd you do with her?

Sir Phil. I would recommend this gentleman to her for a huſband, Sir — a perſon whom I have pick'd out from the whole race of mankind.

Ob. Pr. I would adviſe thee to ſhuffle him again with the reſt of mankind, for I like him not.

Col. Pray, Sir, without offence to your formality, what may be your objections?

Ob. Pr. Thy perſon; thy manners; thy dreſs; thy acquaintance;—thy every thing, friend.

Sir Phil. You are moſt particularly obliging, friend, ha, ha!

Trade. What buſineſs do you follow, pray, Sir?

Col. Humph, by that queſtion he muſt be the broker. [*Aſide.*]—Buſineſs, Sir! the buſineſs of a gentleman.

Trad. That is as much as to ſay, you dreſs fine, feed high, lie with every woman you like, and pay your ſurgeon's bills better than your taylor's, or your butcher's.

Col. The court is much obliged to you, Sir, for your character of a gentleman.

Trad.

Trad. The court, Sir! What would the court do without us citizens?

Sir Phil. Without your wives and daughters, you mean, Mr. Tradelove.

Per. Have you ever travell'd, Sir?

Col. That queſtion muſt not be anſwer'd now — In books I have, Sir.

Per. In books! That's fine travelling indeed! — Sir Philip, when you preſent a perſon I like, he ſhall have my conſent to marry Miſs Lovely; 'till when, your ſervant. [*Exit.*

Col. I'll make you like me before I have done with you, or I am miſtaken. [*Aſide.*

Trad. And when you can convince me that a beau is more uſeful to my country than a merchant, you ſhall have mine; 'till then you muſt excuſe me. [*Exit.*

Col. So much for trade—I'll fit you too. [*Aſide.*

Sir Phil. In my opinion, this is very inhuman treatment, as to the Lady, Mr. Prim.

Ob. Pr. Thy opinion and mine happen to differ as much as our occupations, friend: buſineſs requireth my preſence, and folly thine; and ſo I muſt bid thee farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir Phil. Here's breeding for you, Mr. Fainwell!—Gad take me.

Half my eſtate I'd give to ſee 'em bit.

Col. *I hope to bite you all, if my plot hit.* [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE *the Tavern.*

Sackbut *and the* Colonel *in an Egyptian dreſs.*

Sack. A Lucky beginning, Colonel——you have got the old beau's conſent.

Col. Ay, he's a reaſonable creature; but the other three will require ſome pains. — Shall I paſs upon him, think you? 'Egad, in my mind, I look as antique as if I had been preſerved in the Ark.

Sack. Paſs upon him! ay, ay, as roundly as

white wine daſh'd with ſack does for mountain and ſherry, if you have aſſurance enough—

Col. I have no apprehenſion from that quarter; aſſurance is the cockade of a ſoldier.

Sack. Ay, but the aſſurance of a ſoldier differs much from that of a traveller.—Can you lye with a good grace?

Col. As heartily, when my miſtreſs is the prize, as I would meet the foe when my country call'd, and king commanded: ſo don't you fear that part: if he don't know me again, I am ſafe.—I hope he'll come.

Sack. I wiſh all my debts would come as ſure: I told him you had been a great traveller, had many valuable curioſities, and was a perſon of a moſt ſingular taſte: he ſeem'd tranſported, and begg'd me to keep you till he came.

Col. Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away.—Let's have a bottle of ſack, landlord, our anceſtors drank ſack.

Sack. You ſhall have it.

Col. And whereabouts is the trap-door you mentioned?

Sack. There's the conveyance, Sir. [*Exit.*

Col. Now, if I ſhould cheat all theſe roguiſh guardians, and carry off my miſtreſs in triumph, it would be what the French call a *grand coup d'eclat*.—Odſo! here comes Periwinkle.——— Ah! duce take this beard; pray Jupiter it does not give me the ſlip, and ſpoil all.

Enter Sackbut *with wine, and* Periwinkle *following.*

Sack. Sir, this gentleman hearing you have been a great traveller, and a perſon of fine ſpeculation, begs leave to take a glaſs with you: he is a man of a curious taſte himſelf.

Col. The gentleman has it in his face and garb; Sir, you are welcome.

Per. Sir, I honour a traveller and men of your enquiring diſpoſition; the oddneſs of your habit

pleaſes

pleaſes me extremely: 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

Col. 'Tis very antique, Sir:—this habit once belonged to the famous Claudius Ptolemeus, who lived in the year one hundred and thirty-five.

Sack. If he keeps up to the ſample, he ſhall lye with the devil for a bean-ſtack, and win it every ſtraw. [*Aſide.*

Per. A hundred and thirty-five! why, that's prodigious now!—Well, certainly 'tis the fineſt thing in the world to be a traveller.

Col. For my part I value none of the modern faſhions a fig leaf.

Per. No more don't I, Sir: I had rather be the jeſt of a fool, than his favourite.—I am laugh'd at here for my ſingularity.—This coat, you muſt know, Sir, was formerly wore by that ingenious and very learned perſon, Mr. John Tradeſcant of Lambeth.

Col. John Tradeſcant! Let me embrace you, Sir—John Tradeſcant was my uncle, by my mother's-ſide; and I thank you for the honour you do his memory: he was a very curious man indeed.

Per. Your uncle, Sir—Nay, then 'tis no wonder that your taſte is ſo refined; why you have it in your blood.—My humble ſervice to you, Sir; to the immortal memory of John Tradeſcant, your never-to-be-forgotten uncle. [*Drinks.*

Col. Give me a glaſs, landlord.

Per. I find you are primitive, even in your wine: Canary was the drink of our wiſe forefathers; 'tis balſamic, and ſaves the charge of 'pothecaries cordials—Oh! that I had lived in your uncle's days! or rather, that he were now alive;—Oh! how proud he'd be of ſuch a nephew!

Sack. Oh pox! that would have ſpoil'd the jeſt. [*Aſide.*

Per. A perſon of your curioſity muſt have collected many rarities.

Col. I have ſome, Sir, which are not yet come aſhore; as, an Egyptian idol.

Per. Pray what may that be?

Col. It is, Sir, a kind of an ape, which they formerly worſhipp'd in that country: I took it from the breaſt of a female mummy.

Per. Ha, ha! our women retain part of their idolatry to this day, for many an ape lies on a lady's breaſt, ha, ha!——

Sack. A ſmart old thief. [*Aſide.*

Col. Two tuſks of an Hippotamus, two pair of Chineſe nut-crackers, and one Egyptian mummy.

Per. Pray, Sir, have you never a crocodile?

Col. Humph! the boatſwain brought one with a deſign to ſhew it, but touching at Rotterdam, and hearing it was no rarity in England, he ſold it to a Dutch poet.

Sack. The devil's in that nation, it rivals us in every thing.

Per. I ſhould have been very glad to have ſeen a living crocodile.

Col. My genius led me to things more worthy of regard.—'Sir, I have ſeen the utmoſt limits of this 'globular world; I have ſeen the ſun riſe and ſet; 'know in what degree of heat he is at noon, to the 'breadth of a hair, and what quantity of combuſ-'tibles he burns in a day, and how much of it 'turns to aſhes, and how much to cinders.

'*Per.* To cinders! You amaze me, Sir: I never 'heard that the ſun conſum'd any thing.—Deſ-'cartes tells us——

'*Col.* Deſcartes, with the reſt of his brethren, 'both ancient and modern, knew nothing of the 'matter.——I tell you, Sir, that Nature admits an 'annual decay, tho' imperceptible to vulgar eyes.— 'Sometimes his rays deſtroy below, ſometimes above. '—You have heard of blazing comets, I ſuppoſe.

'*Per.* Yes, yes, I remember to have ſeen one, 'and our aſtrologers tell us of another which will 'happen very quickly.

'*Col.* Thoſe comets are little iſlands bordered on 'the ſun, which at certain times are ſet on fire by

'that

'luminous body's moving over them perpendicu-
'larly, which will one day occaſion a general con-
'flagration.

'*Sack.* One need not ſcruple the Colonel's ca-
pacity, faith! [*Aſide.*

'*Per.* This is marvellous ſtrange! Theſe cinders
'are what I never read of in any of our learned
'diſſertations.

'*Col.* I don't know how the Devil you ſhould.
[*Aſide.*

'*Sack.* He has it at his fingers ends: one would
'ſwear he had learn'd to lye at ſchool, he does it
'ſo cleverly. [*Aſide.*

'*Per.* Well! you travellers ſee ſtrange things!
'Pray, Sir, have you any of thoſe cinders?

'*Col.* I have, among my other curioſities.

'*Per.* Oh, what have I loſt for want of travel-
'ling! Pray, what have you elſe?

'*Col.* Several things worth your attention.—I
'have a muff made of the feathers of thoſe geeſe
'that ſav'd the Roman Capitol.

'*Per.* Is't poſſible?

'*Sack.* Yes, if you are ſuch a gander as to be-
'lieve him. [*Aſide.*

'*Col.* I have an Indian leaf, which, open, will
'cover an acre of land, yet folds up in ſo little a
'compaſs, you may put it into your ſnuff-box.

'*Sack.* Humph! That's a thunderer. [*Aſide.*

'*Per.* Amazing!

'*Col.* Ah! mine is but a little one; I have ſeen
'ſome of them that would cover one of the Car-
'ribee Iſlands.

'*Per.* Well, if I don't travel before I die, I ſhan't
'reſt in my grave——Pray, what do the Indians
'with them?

'*Col.* Sir, they uſe them in their wars for tents,
'the old women for riding-hoods, the young for
'fans and umbrellas.

'*Sack.* He has a fruitful invention. [*Aſide.*

'*Per.* I admire our Eaſt-India Company imports

'none of them; they would certainly find their 'account in them.

'*Col.* Right, if they could find the leaves. [*Aſide.*' ———Look ye, Sir, do you ſee this little phial?

Per. Pray you what is it?

Col. This is call'd *Poluſloſboio.*

Per. Poluſloſboio!——It has a rumbling ſound.

Col. Right, Sir; it proceeds from a rumbling nature.———This water was part of thoſe waves which bore Cleopatra's veſſel when ſhe ſail'd to meet Anthony.

Per. Well, of all that ever travelled, none had a taſte like you.

Col. But here's the wonder of the world.—This, Sir, is called *Zona*, or *Moros Muſphonon*; the virtues of this are ineſtimable.

Per. Moros Muſphonon! What in the name of wiſdom can that be?—to me it ſeems a plain belt.

Col. This girdle has carried me all the world over.

Per. You have carried it, you mean.

Col. I mean as I ſay, Sir.—Whenever I am girded with this, I am inviſible; and by turning this little ſcrew, can be in the court of the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, and King George, in as little time as your cook can poach an egg.

Per. You muſt pardon me, Sir, I can't believe it.

Col. If my landlord pleaſes, he ſhall try the experiment immediately.

Sack. I thank you kindly, Sir; but I have no inclination to ride poſt to the Devil.

Col. No, no, you ſhan't ſtir a foot, I'll only make you inviſible.

Sack. But if you could not make me viſible again.

Per. Come, try it upon me, Sir, I am not afraid of the Devil, nor all his tricks.——'Sbud, I'll ſtand 'em all.

Col. There, Sir, put it on.———Come, landlord, you and I muſt face the eaſt. [*They turn about.*] Is it on, Sir?

Per.

Per. 'Tis on. [*They turn about again.*

Sack. Heaven protect me! Where is he?

Per. Why here, juſt where I was.

Sack. Where, where, in the name of virtue? Ah, poor Mr. Periwinkle!—Egad, look to't, you had beſt, Sir; and let him be ſeen again, or I ſhall have you burnt for a wizard.

Col. Have patience, good landlord.

Per. But really don't you ſee me now?

Sack. No more than I ſee my grandmother, that died forty years ago.

Per. Are you ſure you don't lie? Methinks I ſtand juſt where I did, and ſee you as plain as I did before.

Sack. Ah! I wiſh I could ſee you once again.

Col. Take off the girdle, Sir. [*He takes it off.*

Sack. Ah, Sir, I am glad to ſee you with all my heart. [*Embraces him.*

Per. This is very odd; certainly there muſt be ſome trick in't.—Pray, Sir, will you do me the favour to put it on yourſelf?

Col. With all my heart.

Per. But firſt I'll ſecure the door.

Col. You know how to turn the ſcrew, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. Yes, yes,—Come, Mr. Periwinkle, we muſt turn full eaſt.

[*They turn, the Colonel ſinks down a trap-door.*

Col. 'Tis done, now turn. [*They turn.*

Per. Ha! mercy upon me; my fleſh creeps upon my bones.—This muſt be a conjurer, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. He is the Devil, I think.

Per. Oh, Mr. Sackbut, why do you name the Devil, when perhaps he may be at your elbow?

Sack. At my elbow! Marry, heaven forbid!

Col. Are you ſatisfied? [*From under the ſtage.*

Per. Yes, Sir, yes——How hollow his voice ſounds!

Sack. Yours ſeem'd juſt the ſame—Faith, I wiſh this girdle were mine, I'd ſell wine no more. Hark

ye, Mr. Periwinkle, [*Takes him aſide till the Colonel riſes again.*] if he would ſell this girdle, you might travel with great expedition.

Col. But it is not to be parted with for money.

Per. I am ſorry for't, Sir; becauſe I think it the greateſt curioſity I ever heard of.

Col. By the advice of a learned phyſiognomiſt in Grand Cairo, who conſulted the lines in my face, I returned to England, where he told me I ſhould find a rarity in the keeping of *four* men, which I was born to poſſeſs for the benefit of mankind; and the *firſt* of the *four* that gave me his conſent, I ſhould preſent him with this girdle—— Till I have found this jewel, I ſhall not part with the girdle.

Per. What can that rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

Col. Yes, Sir: he called it a chaſte, beautiful, unaffected woman.

Per. Piſh! women are no rarities — I never had any great taſte that way. I married, indeed, to pleaſe my father, and I got a girl to pleaſe my wife; but ſhe and the child (thank Heaven) died together—Women are the very geugaws of the creation; play-things for boys, who, when they write man, they ought to throw aſide.

Sack. A fine lecture to be read to a circle of ladies! [*Aſide.*

Per. What woman is there, dreſt in all the pride and foppery of the times, can boaſt of ſuch a foretop as the cockatto?

Col. I muſt humour him—[*Aſide.*]—Such a ſkin as the Lizzard?

Per. Such a ſhining breaſt as the Humming Bird?

Col. Such a ſhape as the Antelope?

Per. Or, in all the artful mixture of their various dreſſes, have they half the beauty of one box of butterflies?

Col. No, that muſt be allow'd—For my part, if it were not for the benefit of mankind, I'd have

nothing to do with them, for they are as indifferent to me as a ſparrow or a fleſh-fly.

Per. Pray, Sir, what benefit is the world to reap from this lady?

Col. Why, Sir, ſhe is to bear me a ſon, who ſhall revive the art of embalming, and the old Roman manner of burying the dead; and for the benefit of poſterity, he is to diſcover the longitude, ſo long ſought for in vain.

Per. Od! theſe are valuable things, Mr. Sackbut!

Sack. He hits it off admirably, and t'other ſwallows it like ſack and ſugar—[*Aſide.*]—Certainly this lady muſt be your ward, Mr. Periwinkle, by her being under the care of *four* perſons.

Per. By the deſcription it ſhould——'Egad, if I could get that girdle, I'd ride with the ſun, and make the *tour* of the world in *four and twenty* hours. [*Aſide.*] And are you to give that girdle to the *firſt* of the *four* guardians that ſhall give his conſent to marry that lady, ſay you, Sir?

Col. I am ſo order'd, when I can find him.

Per. I fancy I know the very woman—her name is Anne Lovely?

Col. Excellent!—He ſaid, indeed, that the firſt letter of her name was *L.*

Per. Did he really?—Well, that's prodigiouſly amazing, that a perſon in Grand Cairo ſhould know any thing of my ward.

Col. Your ward!

Per. To be plain with you, Sir; I am one of thoſe *four* guardians.

Col. Are you indeed, Sir? I am tranſported to find the man who is to poſſeſs this *Moros Moſphonon* is a perſon of ſo curious a taſte—Here is a writing drawn up by that famous Egyptian, which if you will pleaſe to ſign, you muſt turn your face full north, and the girdle is your's.

Per. If I live till this boy is born, I'll be embalm'd, and ſent to the Royal Society when I die.

Col. That you ſhall moſt certainly.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's Mr. Staytape, the taylor, enquires for you, Colonel.

Col. Who do you ſpeak to, you ſon of a whore?

Per. Ha! Colonel. [*Aſide.*

Col. Confound the blundering dog! [*Aſide.*

Draw. Why, to Colonel——

Sack. Get you out, you raſcal.

[*Kicks him out, and goes after him.*

Draw. What the devil is the matter?

Col. This dog has ruin'd all my ſchemes, I ſee by Periwinkle's looks. [*Aſide.*

Per. How finely I ſhould have been chous'd—Colonel, you'll pardon me that I did not give you your title before—it was pure ignorance, faith it was—Pray—hem, hem! Pray, Colonel, what poſt had this learned Egyptian in your regiment?

Col. A pox of your ſneer. [*Aſide*] I don't underſtand you, Sir.

Per. No, that's ſtrange! I underſtand you, Colonel—An Egyptian of Grand Cairo! ha, ha, ha!—I am ſorry ſuch a well-invented tale ſhould do you no more ſervice—We old fellows can ſee as far into a millſtone as them that pick it—I am not to be trick'd out of my truſt—mark that.

Col. The Devil! I muſt carry it off, I wiſh I were fairly out. [*Aſide.*] Look ye, Sir, you may make what jeſt you pleaſe—but the ſtars will be obey'd, Sir, and, depend upon't, I ſhall have the lady, and you none of the girdle.—'Now for Mr. Freeman's 'part of the plot.' [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

Per. The ſtars! ha, ha!—No ſtar has favoured you, it ſeems—The girdle! ha, ha, ha! none of your Legerdemain tricks can paſs upon me—Why, what a pack of trumpery has this rogue picked up—His *Pagod*, *Poluſtoſboio*, his *Zonos*, *Moros Muſphonons*, and the Devil knows what—But I'll take care—Ha, gone!—Ay, 'twas time to ſneak off.—Soho! the houſe! [*Enter* Sackbut.] Where is this trickſter? Send for a conſtable, I'll have this raſcal before the Lord Mayor;

Mayor; I'll Grand Cairo him, with a pox to him —I believe you had a hand in putting this impoſture upon me, Sackbut.

Sackbut. Who I, Mr. Periwinkle? I ſcorn it; I perceiv'd he was a cheat, and left the room on purpoſe to ſend for a conſtable to apprehend him, and endeavour to ſtop him when he went out—But the rogue made but one ſtep from the ſtairs to the door, call'd a coach, leap'd into it, and drove away like the Devil, as Mr. Freeman can witneſs, who is at the bar, and deſires to ſpeak with you: he is this minute come to town.

Per. Send him in. [*Exit* Sackbut.] What a ſcheme this rogue has laid! How I ſhould have been laugh'd at, had it ſucceeded! [*Enter* Freeman *booted and ſpurr'd.*] Mr. Freeman, 'your dreſs 'commands your welcome to town, what will you 'drink?' I had like to have been impos'd upon by the verieſt raſcal——

Free. I am ſorry to hear it—The dog flew for't: he had not ſcap'd me, if I had been aware of him; Sackbut ſtruck at him, but miſs'd his blow, or he had done his buſineſs for him.

Per. I believe you never heard of ſuch a contrivance, Mr. Freeman, as this fellow had found out.

Free. Mr. Sackbut has told me the whole ſtory, Mr. Periwinkle; but now I have ſomething to tell you of much more importance to yourſelf.——I happen'd to lie one night at Coventry, and knowing your uncle Sir Toby Periwinkle, I paid him a viſit, and, to my great ſurprize, found him dying.

Per. Dying!

Free. Dying, in all appearance; the ſervants weeping, the room in darkneſs; the 'pothecary, ſhaking his head, told me the doctors had given him over; and then there are ſmall hopes, you know.

Per. I hope he has made his will—he always told me he would make me his heir.

Free. I have heard you ſay as much, and there-

fore reſolved to give you notice. I ſhould think it would not be amiſs if you went down to-morrow morning.

Per. It is a long journey, and the roads very bad.

Free. But he has a great eſtate, and the land very good —— Think upon that.

Per. Why that's true, as you ſay; I'll think upon it: In the mean time, I give you many thanks for your civility, Mr. Freeman, and ſhould be glad of your company to dine with me.

Free. I am oblig'd to be at Jonathan's Coffee-Houſe at two, and now it is half an hour after one; if I diſpatch my buſineſs, I'll wait on you; I know your hour.

Per. You ſhall be very welcome, Mr. Freeman, and ſo your humble ſervant. *Exit.*

Re-enter Colonel *and* Sackbut.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! I have done your buſineſs, Colonel, he has ſwallow'd the bait.

Col. I overheard all, though I am a little in the dark: I am to perſonate a highwayman, I ſuppoſe—that's a project I am not fond of; for though I may fright him out of his conſent, he may fright me out of my life, when he diſcovers me, as he certainly muſt in the end.

Free. No, no, I have a plot for you without danger, but firſt we muſt manage Tradelove—Has the taylor brought your cloaths?

Sack. Yes, pox take the thief.

Free. Well, well, no matter, I warrant we have him yet—But now you muſt put on the Dutch merchant.

Col. The duce of this trading plot—I wiſh he had been an old ſoldier, that I might have attack'd him in my own way, heard him fight over all the battles of the late war —— But for trade, by Jupiter, I ſhall never do it.

Sack. Never fear, Colonel: Mr. Freeman will inſtruct you.

Free. You'll ſee what others do: the Coffee-Houſe will inſtruct you. *Col.*

Col. I muſt venture, however— 'But I have a 'farther plot in my head upon Tradelove, which 'you muſt aſſiſt me in, Freeman: you are in credit 'with him, I heard you ſay.

'*Free.* I am, and will ſcruple nothing to ſerve 'you, Colonel.

'*Col.* Come along then.'—Now for the Dutchman — Honeſt Ptolomy. By your leave.

Now muſt bob-wig and buſineſs come in play;
A thirty-thouſand pound girl leads the way.

ACT IV. SCENE *Jonathan's Coffee-houſe, in 'Change-alley.*

A crowd of people with rolls of paper and parchment in their hands; a bar, and coffee boys waiting.

Enter Tradelove *and* Stock-Jobbers, *with Rolls of Paper and Parchment.*

'*1ſt Stock.* SOuth-ſea at ſeven eights; who buys? '*2d Stock.* South-Sea bonds due at 'Michaelmas, 1718. Claſs lottery-tickets.

'*3d Stock.* Eaſt-India bonds.

'*4th Stock.* What all ſellers and no buyers? gen-'tlemen, I'll buy a thouſand pound for Tueſday 'next, at three-fourths.

'*Coff. Boy.* Freſh coffee, gentlemen, freſh coffee.'

Trade. Hark ye, Gabriel, you'll pay the difference of that ſtock we tranſacted for t'other day?

Gab. Ay, Mr. Tradelove, here's a note for the money 'upon the Sword-blade company.'

Gives him a Note.

'*Coff. Boy.* Bohea tea, gentlemen?'

'*Enter a Man.*

'*Man.* Is Mr. Smuggle here?

'*1ſt Coff. Boy.* Mr. Smuggle's not here, Sir: 'you'll find him at the books.

'*2d Stock.* Ho! here comes two Sparks from 't'other end of the town: what news bring they?'

Enter

Enter two Gentlemen.

Trade. I would fain bite the ſpark in the brown coat: he comes very often into the alley, but never employs a broker.

Enter Colonel *and* Freeman.

'*2d Stock.* Who does any thing in the civil-liſt 'lottery, or Caco? Zounds, where are all the 'Jews this afternoon? Are you a bull or a bear 'to-day, Abraham?

'*3d Stock.* A bull, faith —— but I have a good 'putt for next week.'

Trade. Mr. Freeman, your ſervant! Who is that Gentleman?

Free. A Dutch merchant juſt come to England; but hark ye, Mr. Tradelove—I have a piece of news will get you as much as the French King's death did, if you are expeditious.

Free. [*Shewing him a letter.*] Read there: I received it juſt now from one that belongs to the Emperor's Miniſter.

Trade. [Reads.] *Sir, as I have many obligations to you, I cannot miſs any opportunity to ſhew my gratitude: this moment my Lord has receiv'd a private expreſs, that the Spaniards have rais'd their ſiege from before Cagliari; if this proves any advantage to you, it will anſwer both the ends and wiſhes of, Sir, your moſt obliged humble Servant,*

Henricus Duſſeldrop.

Poſtſcript.

In two or three hours the news will be public.

May one depend upon this, Mr. Freeman?

[*Aſide to* Freeman.

Free. You may—I never knew this perſon ſend me a falſe piece of news in my life.

Trade. Sir, I am much obliged to you: 'egad 'tis rare news.—Who ſells South-Sea for next week?

Stock-Job. [*All together.*] I ſell; I, I, I, I, I ſell.

1ſt Stock. I'll ſell 5000l. for next week, at five-eights.

2d Stock. —— I'll ſell ten thouſand, at five-eighths, for the ſame time.

Trade.

Trade. Nay, nay, hold, hold, not all together, Gentlemen: I'll be no bull, I'll buy no more than I can take: Will you ſell ten thouſand pounds at a half, for any day next week, except Saturday?

1ſt Stock. I'll ſell it you, Mr. Tradelove.

Free. [*Whiſpers to one of the Gentlemen.*]

Gent. [*Aſide.*] The Spaniards rais'd the ſiege of Cagliari! I don't believe one word of it.

2d Gent. Rais'd the ſiege! as much as you have rais'd the monument.

Free. 'Tis rais'd, I aſſure you, Sir.

2d Gent. What will you lay on't?

Free. What you pleaſe.

1ſt Gent. Why, I have a Brother upon the ſpot, in the Emperor's ſervice: I am certain if there were any ſuch thing, I ſhould have had a letter.

'*2d Stock.* How's this? the ſiege of Cagliari 'rais'd?—I wiſh it may be true, 'twill make buſi-'neſs ſtir, and ſtocks riſe.

'*1ſt Stock.* Tradelove's a cunning fat bear: if this 'news proves true, I ſhall repent I ſold him the five 'thouſand pounds.—Pray, Sir, what aſſurance have 'you that's the ſiege is rais'd?

'*Free.* There is come an expreſs to the Emperor's 'miniſter.

'*2d Stock.* I'll know that preſently.'

1ſt Gent. Let it come where it will, I'll hold you fifty pounds 'tis falſe.

Free. 'Tis done.

2d Gent. I'll lay you a brace of hundreds upon the ſame.

Free. I'll take you.

'*4th Stock.* 'Egad, I'll hold twenty pieces 'tis 'not rais'd, Sir.

'*Free.* Done with you too.'

Trade. I'll lay any man a brace of thouſands the ſiege is rais'd.

Free. The Dutch merchant is your man to take in. [*Aſide to* Tradelove.

Trade. Does he not know the news?

Free.

Free. Not a ſyllable; if he did, he would bet a hundred thouſand pounds as ſoon as one penny — he's plaguy rich, and a mighty man at wagers.

[*To* Tradelove.

Trade. Say you ſo?—'Egad, I'll bite him, if poſſible:—Are you from Holland, Sir?

Col. Ya, Mynheer.

Trade. Had you the news before you came away?

Col. What believe you, Mynheer?

Trade. What do I believe? Why, I believe that the Spaniards have actually rais'd the ſiege of Cagliari.

Col. Wat Duyvel's news is dat? 'Tis niet waer, Mynheer——'tis no true, Sir!

Trade. 'Tis ſo true, Mynheer, that I'll lay you two thouſand pounds upon it.—You are ſure the letter may be depended upon, Mr. Freeman?

Free. Do you think I would venture my money if I were not ſure of the truth of it?

[*Aſide to* Tradelove.

Col. Two duyſend pound, Mynheer, 'tis gadaen —dis gentleman ſal hold de gelt.

[*Gives* Freeman *money.*

Trade. With all my heart—this binds the wager.

Free. You have certainly loſt, Mynheer, the ſiege is rais'd indeed.

Col. 'Ik geloy't niet, Mynheer Freeman,' ik ſal ye dubbled honden, if you pleaſe.

Free. I am let into the ſecret, therefore won't win your money.

Trade. Ha, ha, ha! I have ſnapt the Dutchman, faith, ha, ha! this is no ill day's work.—Pray, may I crave your name, Mynheer?

Col. Myn Naem, Mynheer! myn naem is Jan van Timtamtirelereletta Heer Fainwell.

Trade. Zounds, 'tis a dam'd long name, I ſhall never remember it—Myn Heer van, Tim, Tim, Tim,—What the Devil is it?

Free. Oh! never heed: I know the Gentleman, and will paſs my word for twice the ſum.

Trade.

Trade. That's enough.

Col. You'll hear of me ſooner than you'll wiſh, old gentleman, I fancy. [*Aſide.*] You'll come to Sackbut's, Freeman. [*Exit.*

Free. Immediately. [*Aſide to the* Colonel.

'1*ſt Man.* Humphry Hump here?

'2*d Boy.* Mr. Humphry Hump is not here; 'you'll find him upon the Dutch walk.'

Trade. Mr. Freeman, I give you many thanks for your kindneſs——

Free. I fear you'll repent when you know all. [*Aſide.*

Trade. Will you dine with me?

Free. I'm engag'd at Sackbut's; adieu. [*Exit.*

Trade. Sir, your humble ſervant. Now I'll ſee what I can do upon 'Change with my news. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Tavern.*

Enter Freeman *and* Colonel.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! The old fellow ſwallowed the bait as greedily as a gudgeon.

Col. I have him, faith, ha, ha, ha!—His two thouſand pound's ſecure——If he would keep his money, he muſt part with the lady, ha, ha!——

'What came of your two friends? they perform'd 'their part very well: you ſhould have brought 'em to take a glaſs with us.

'*Free.* No matter, we'll drink a bottle together 'another time.—I did not care to bring them 'hither: there's no neceſſity to truſt them with 'the main ſecret, you know, Colonel.

'*Col.* Nay, that's right, Freeman.'

Enter Sackbut.

Sack. Joy, joy, Colonel! the luckieſt accident in the world.

Col. What ſay'ſt thou?

Sack. This letter does your buſineſs.

Col. [*Reads.*] To Obadiah Prim, hoſier, near the building call'd the Monument, in London.

Free. A letter to Prim! How came you by it?

Sack. Looking over the letters our poſt-woman brought

brought, as I always do, to ſee what letters are directed to my houſe (for ſhe can't read, you muſt know) I 'ſpy'd this directed to Prim, ſo paid for it among the reſt. I have given the old jade a pint of wine on purpoſe to delay time, till you ſee if the letter be of any ſervice; then I'll ſeal it up again, and tell her I took it by miſtake.—I have read it, and fancy you'll like the project. — Read, read, Colonel.

Col. [Reads.] *Friend* Prim, *there is arrived from* Penſylvania *one* Simon Pure, *a leader of the faithful, who hath ſojourned with us eleven days, and hath been of great comfort to the brethren.——He intendeth for the quarterly meeting in* London; *I have recommended him to thy houſe. I pray thee treat him kindly, and let thy wife cheriſh him, for he's of weakly conſtitution—he will depart from us the third day; which is all from thy friend in the faith.* Aminadab Holdfaſt. Ha, ha, excellent! I underſtand you, landlord: I am to perſonate this Simon Pure, am I not?

Sack. Don't you like the hint?

Col. Admirably well!

Free. 'Tis the beſt contrivance in the world, if the right Simon gets not there before you——

Col. No, no, the quakers never ride poſt: 'he 'can't be here before to-morrow at ſooneſt: do 'you ſend and buy me a quaker's dreſs, Mr. Sack-'but; and' ſuppoſe, *Freeman*, you ſhould wait at the Briſtol coach, that if you ſee any ſuch perſon, you might contrive to give me notice.——

Free. I will—the country dreſs and boots, are they ready?

Sack. Yes, yes, every thing, Sir.

Free. 'Bring 'em in then.—[*Exit* Sack.]' Thou muſt diſpatch Periwinkle firſt——remember his uncle, Sir Toby Periwinkle, is an old batchelor of ſeventy-five—that he has ſeven hundred a year, moſt in abbey land—that he was once in love with your mother, ſhrewdly ſuſpected by ſome to be your father.—That you have been thirty years his ſteward,—

ſteward — and ten years his gentleman — remember to improve theſe hints.

Col. Never fear, let me alone for that——but what's the ſteward's name?

Free. His name is Pillage.

Col. Enough——' [*Enter* Sackbut *with cloaths.*]' Now for the country put —— [*Dreſſes.*

Free. 'Egad, landlord, thou deſerveſt to have the firſt night's lodging with the lady for thy fidelity: —what ſay you, Colonel, ſhall we ſettle a club here? you'll make one?

Col. Make one! I'll bring a ſet of honeſt officers, that will ſpend their money as freely to the King's health, as they would their blood in his ſervice.

Sack. I thank you, Colonel: here! here! [*Bell rings.* [*Exit* Sackbut.

Col. ' So, now for my boots. [*puts on boots.*]' Shall I find you here, Freeman, when I come back?

Free. Yes,——or I'll leave word with Sackbut, where he may ſend for me.—Have you the writings, the will————and every thing?

Col. All, all!—— [*Enter* Sackbut.

Sack. Zounds! Mr. Freeman! yonder is Tradelove in the damned'ſt paſſion in the world.—He ſwears you are in the houſe — he ſays you told him you were to dine here.

Free. I did ſo, ha, ha, ha! he has found himſelf bit already.——

Col. The devil! he muſt not ſee me ' in this dreſs' now.

Sack. I told him I expected you here, but you were not come yet ——

Free. Very well—make you haſte out, Colonel, and let me alone to deal with him: Where is he?

Sack. In the King's Head.

' *Col.* You remember what I told you?'

Free. Ay, ay, very well. Landlord, let him know I am come in——and now, Mr. Pillage, ſucceſs attend you. [*Exit* Sack.

Col. Mr. Proteus rather——

From changing ſhape, and imitating Jove,
I draw the happy omens of my love.

I'm

I'm not the firſt young brother of the blade,
Who made his fortune in a maſquerade. [*Exit* Col.

Enter Tradelove.

Free. Zounds! Mr. Tradelove, we're bit it ſeems.

Trade. Bit, do you call it, Mr. Freeman! I am ruin'd.——Pox on your news.

Free. Pox on the raſcal that ſent it me.——

Trade. Send it you! Why Gabriel Skinflint has been at the miniſter's, and ſpoke with him, and he has aſſur'd him 'tis every ſyllable falſe: he received no ſuch expreſs.

Free. I know it: I this minute parted with my friend, who proteſted he never ſent me any ſuch letter.—Some roguiſh ſtock-jobber has done it on purpoſe to make me loſe my money, that's certain: I wiſh I knew who he was, I'd make him repent it—I have loſt 300*l.* by it.

Trade. What ſignifies your three hundred pounds to what I have loſt? There's two thouſand pounds to that Dutchman with a curſed long name, beſides the ſtock I bought? the devil! I could tear my fleſh—I muſt never ſhew my face upon 'Change more;——for, by my ſoul, I can't pay it.

Free. I am heartily ſorry for it! What can I ſerve you in? Shall I ſpeak to the Dutch merchant, and try to get you time for the payment?

Trade. Time! Ads'heart! I ſhall never be able to look up again.

Free. I am very much concern'd that I was the occaſion, and wiſh I could be an inſtrument of retrieving your misfortune; for my own, I value it not. Adſo, a thought comes into my head, that, well improv'd, may be of ſervice.

Trade. Ah! there's no thought can be of any ſervice to me, without paying the money, or running away.

Free. How do we know? What do you think of my propoſing Miſs Lovely to him? He is a ſingle man——and I heard him ſay he had a mind to marry an Engliſh woman——nay, more than that, he ſaid ſome-

body

body told him you had a pretty ward—he wiſh'd you had betted her inſtead of your money.

Trade. Ay, but he'd be hang'd before he'd take her inſtead of the money: the Dutch are too covetous for that; beſides, he did not know that there were three more of us, I ſuppoſe.

Free. So much the better; you may venture to give him your conſent, if he'll forgive you the wager: It is not your buſineſs to tell him that your conſent will ſignify nothing.

Trade. That's right, as you ſay; but will he do it, think you?

Free. I can't tell that; but I'll try what I can do with him.——'He has promis'd to meet me here an 'hour hence; I'll feel his pulſe, and let you know: 'If I find it feaſible, I'll ſend for you; if not, you 'are at liberty to take what meaſures you pleaſe.'

Trade. You muſt extol her beauty, double her portion, and tell him I have the entire diſpoſal of her, and that ſhe can't marry without my conſent —— and that I am a covetous rogue, and will never part with her without a valuable conſideration.

Free. Ay, ay, let me alone for a lye at a pinch.

Trade. 'Egad, if you can bring this to bear, Mr. Freeman, I'll make you whole again: I'll pay the three hundred pounds you loſt, with all my ſoul.

Free. Well, I'll uſe my beſt endeavours.——— Where will you be?

Trade. At home: pray Heaven you proſper!—If I were but the ſole truſtee now, I ſhould not fear it. Who the devil would be a guardian,

If, when caſh runs low, our coffers t'enlarge,
We can't, like other ſtocks, transfer our charge?

[Exit.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—he has it. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to* Periwinkle's *Houſe.*

Enter Periwinkle *on one ſide, and* Footmen *on t'other.*

Foot. A gentleman from Coventry enquires for you, Sir.

Per.

Per. From my uncle, I warrant you: bring him up.——This will ſave me the trouble, as well as the expence of a journey.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Is your name Periwinkle, Sir?

Per. It is, Sir.

Col. I am ſorry for the meſſage I bring.—My old maſter, whom I ſerved theſe forty years, claims the ſorrow due from a faithful ſervant to an indulgent maſter. [*Weeps.*

Per. By this I underſtand, Sir, my uncle, Sir Toby Periwinkle, is dead.

Col. He is, Sir, and he has left you heir to ſeven hundred a year, in as good abbey land as ever paid Peter-Pence to Rome.——I wiſh you long to enjoy it, but my tears will flow when I think of my benefactor.—[*Weeps.*] Ah! he was a good man—he has not left many of his fellows——the poor lament him ſorely.

Per. I pray, Sir, what office bore you?

Col. I was his ſteward, Sir.

Per. I have heard him mention you with much reſpect; your name is——

Col. Pillage, Sir.

Per. Ay, Pillage, I do remember he called you Pillage.——Pray, Mr. Pillage, when did my uncle die?

Col. Monday laſt, at four in the morning. About two he ſign'd his will, and gave it into my hands, and ſtrictly charg'd me to leave Coventry the moment he expired; and deliver it to you with what ſpeed I could: I have obey'd him, Sir, and there is the will. [*Gives it to* Per.

Per. 'Tis very well, I'll lodge it in the Commons.

Col. There are two things which he forgot to inſert, but charg'd me to tell you, that he deſir'd you'd perform them as readily as if you had found them written in the will, which is to remove his corpſe, and bury him by his father at St. Paul's Covent Garden, and to give all his ſervants mourning.

Per.

Per. That will be a conſiderable charge; a pox of all modern faſhions. [*Aſide.*] Well! it ſhall be done. Mr. Pillage, I will agree with one of death's faſhion-mongers, call'd an undertaker, to go down, and bring up the body.

Col. I hope, Sir, I ſhall have the honour to ſerve you in the ſame ſtation I did your worthy uncle: I have not many years to ſtay behind him, and would gladly ſpend them in the family, where I was brought up.——[*Weeps.*] He was a kind and tender maſter to me.

Per. Pray don't grieve, Mr. Pillage, you ſhall hold your place, and every thing elſe which you held under my uncle—You make me weep to ſee you ſo concern'd. [*Weeps.*] He liv'd to a good old age, and we are all mortal.

Col. We are ſo, Sir, and therefore I muſt beg you to ſign this leaſe: You'll find Sir Toby has taken particular notice of it in his will———I could not get it time enough from the lawyer, or he had ſign'd it before he died. [*Gives him a paper.*

Per. A leaſe! for what?

Col. I rented a hundred a year of Sir Toby upon leaſe, which leaſe expires at Lady-day next. I deſire to renew for twenty years——that's all, Sir.

Per. Let me ſee. [*Looks over the leaſe.*

'*Col.* Matters go ſwimmingly, if nothing in-'tervene. [*Aſide.*'

Per. Very well—Let's ſee what he ſays in his will about it.

[*Lays the leaſe upon the table, and looks on the will.*

'*Col.* He's very wary, yet I fancy I ſhall be too 'cunning for him.' [*Aſide.*

Per. Ho, here it is—*The farm lying—now in poſſeſſion of* Samuel Pillage—*ſuffer him to renew his leaſe—at the ſame rent.*——Very well, Mr. Pillage. I ſee my uncle does mention it, and I'll perform his will. Give me the leaſe.—[Col. *gives it him, he looks upon it, and lays it upon the table.*] Pray you ſtep to the door, and call for a pen and ink, Mr. Pillage.

Col. I have a pen and ink in my pocket, Sir, [*Pulls out an ink-horn.*] I never go without that.

Per. I think it belongs to your profeſſion.—[*He looks upon the pen, while the* Col. *changes the leaſe, and lays down the contract.*] I doubt this is but a ſorry pen, tho' it may ſerve to write my name. [*Writes.*

Col. Little does he think what he ſigns. [*Aſide.*

Per. There is your leaſe, Mr. Pillage [*Gives him the paper.*] Now I muſt deſire you to make what haſte you can down to Coventry, and take care of every thing, and I'll ſend down the undertaker for the body; do you attend it up, and whatever charge you are at, I'll repay you.

Col. You have paid me already, I thank you, Sir. [*Aſide.*

Per. Will you dine with me?

Col. I would rather not: there are ſome of my neighbours which I met as I came along, who leave the town this afternoon, they told me, and I ſhould be glad of their company down.

Per. Well, well, I won't detain you.

Col. I don't care how ſoon I am out. [*Aſide.*

Per. I will give orders about mourning.

Col. You will have cauſe to mourn, when you know your eſtate imaginary only. [*Aſide.*

'You'll find your hopes and care alike are vain,
'In ſpite of all the caution you have ta'en:
'Fortune rewards the faithful lover's pain.' [Exit.

Per. Seven hundred a year! I wiſh he had died ſeventeen years ago:—What a valuable collection of rarities might I have had by this time!—I might have travell'd over all the known parts of the globe, and made my own cloſet rival the Vatican at Rome———Odſo, I have a good mind to begin my travels now———let me ſee—I am but ſixty! My father, grandfather, and great grandfather, reach'd ninety odd;—I have almoſt forty years good:—Let me conſider! what will ſeven hundred a year amount to in——ay! in thirty

years, I'll ſay but thirty——thirty times ſeven, is ſeven times thirty——that is——juſt twenty-one thouſand pounds—'tis a great deal of money——I may very well reſerve ſixteen hundred of it for a collection of ſuch rarities as will make my name famous to poſterity —— I would not die like other mortals, forgotten in a year or two, as my uncle will be————No,

With Nature's curious works I'll raiſe my fame,
That men, till doom's-day, may repeat my name.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Tavern:* Freeman *and* Tradelove *over a bottle.*

Trade. Come, Mr. Freeman, here's Mynheer Jan Van Tim, Tam, Tam——I ſhall never think of that Dutchman's name—

Free. Mynheer Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell.

Trade. Ay, Heer Van Fainwell: I never heard ſuch a confounded name in my life—here's his health, I ſay.

Free. With all my heart.

Trade. Faith I never expected to have found ſo generous a thing in a Dutchman.

Free. Oh, he has nothing of the Hollander in his temper —— except an antipathy to monarchy.——As ſoon as I told him your circumſtances, he reply'd, he would not be the ruin of any man for the world—and immediately made this propoſal himſelf.———Let him take what time he will for the payment, ſaid he; or if he'll give me his word, I'll forgive him the debt.

Trade. Well, Mr. Freeman, I can but thank you.—'Egad you have made a man of me again! and if ever I lay a wager more, may I rot in a gaol.

Free. I aſſure you, Mr. Tradelove, I was very much concern'd, becauſe I was the occaſion—— tho' very innocently, I proteſt.

Trade. I dare ſwear you was, Mr. Freeman.

'*Enter* a Fidler.

'*Fid.* Pleaſe to have a leſſon of muſic, or a ſong, 'gentlemen?

'*Free.* Song! ay, with all our hearts: have 'you a very merry one?

'*Fid.* Yes, Sir, my wife and I can give you a 'merry dialogue. [*Here is the ſong.*

'*Trade.* 'Tis very pretty, faith!

'*Free.* There's ſomething for you to drink, 'friend: go; loſe no time.

'*Fid.* I thank you, Sir. [*Exit.*'

Enter Colonel, *dreſſed for the Dutch merchant.*

Col. Ha, Mynheer Tradelove, Ik been ſorry voor your troubles—maer Ik ſal you eaſie maken, Ik will de gelt nie hebben———

Trade. I ſhall for ever acknowledge the obligation, Sir.

Free. But you underſtand upon what condition, Mr. Tradelove; Miſs Lovely.

Col. Ya, de frow ſal al te regt ſetten, Mynheer.

Trade. With all my heart, Mynheer: you ſhall have my conſent to marry her freely———

Free. Well, then, as I am a party concern'd between you, Mynheer Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell ſhall give you a diſcharge of your wager under his own hand,———and you ſhall give him your conſent to marry Miſs Lovely under yours,———that is the way to avoid all manner of diſputes hereafter.

Col. Ya, Weeragtig.

Trade. Ay, ay, ſo it is, Mr. Freeman: I'll give it under mine this minute. [*Sits down to write.*

Col. And ſo Ik ſal. [*Does the ſame.*

Free. So ho, the houſe, '[*Enter drawer.*] Bid 'your maſter come up———I'll ſee there be wit-'neſſes enough to the bargain. [*Aſide.*'

Enter Sackbut.

Sack. Do you call, gentlemen?

Free. Ay, Mr. Sackbut, we ſhall want your hand here———

Trade.

Trade. There, Mynheer, there's my conſent as amply as you can deſire; but you muſt inſert your own name, for I know not how to ſpell it: I have left a blank for it. [*Gives the* Colonel *a Paper.*

Col. Ya Ik ſal dat well doen———

Free. Now, Mr. Sackbut, you and I will witneſs it. [*They write.*

Col. Daer, Mynheer Tradelove, is your diſcharge. [*Gives him a paper.*

Trade. Be pleaſed to witneſs this receipt too, gentlemen. [Freemen *and* Sackbut *put their hands.*

Free. Ay, ay, that we will.

Col. Well, Mynheer, ye moſt meer doen, ye moſt Myn voorſprach to de Frow Syn.

Free. He means, you muſt recommend him to the lady.———

Trade. That I will, and to the reſt of my brother guardians.

Col. Wat voor, de duyvel heb you meer guardians.

Trade. Only *three*, Mynheer.

'*Col.* What donder heb ye Myn betrocken 'Mynheer? —— Had Ik dat gewoeten, Ik ſoude 'eaven met you geweeſt Syn.'

Sack. But Mr. Tradelove is the principal, and he can do a great deal with the reſt, Sir.

Free. And he ſhall uſe his intereſt, I promiſe you, Mynheer.

Trad. I will ſay all that ever I can think on to recommend you, Mynheer; and if you pleaſe, I'll introduce you to the lady.

Col. Well, dat is waer—Maer ye muſt firſt ſpreken of Myn to de Frow, and to oudere Gentlemen.

Free. Ay, that's the beſt way — and then I and the Heer Van Fainwell will meet you there.

Trade. I will go this moment, upon honour——Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.——My ſpeaking will do you little good, Mynheer: ha, ha! we have bit you, faith: ha, ha!

Well—my debt's diſcharged, and as for Nan,
He has my conſent—to get her, if he can. [Exit.

Col. Ha, ha, ha! this was a maſter-piece of contrivance, Freeman.

Free. He hugs himſelf with his ſuppoſed good fortune, and little thinks the luck's on our ſide!—But come, purſue the fickle Goddeſs while ſhe's in the mood——Now for the quaker.

Col. That's the hardeſt taſk.

Of all the counterfeits perform'd by man,
A ſoldier makes the ſimpleſt Puritan. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE Prim's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Prim *and* Miſs Lovely, *in Quakers' Dreſſes, meeting.*

Mrs. Pr. SO, now I like thee, Anne: art thou not better without thy monſtrous hoop-coat and patches?—If Heaven ſhould make thee ſo many black ſpots upon thy face, wou'd it not fright thee, Anne?

Miſs Lov. If it ſhould turn your inſide outward, and ſhow all the ſpots of your hypocriſy, 'twou'd fright me worſe!

Mrs. Pr. My hypocriſy! I ſcorn thy words, Anne: I lay no baits.

Miſs Lov. If you did, you'd catch no fiſh.

Mrs. Pr. Well, well, make thy jeſts — but I'd have thee to know, Anne, that I could have catch'd as many fiſh (as thou call'ſt them) in my time, as ever thou did'ſt with all thy fool-traps about thee—If admirers be thy aim, thou wilt have more of them in this dreſs than the other — The men, take my word for't, are moſt deſirous to ſee what we are moſt careful to conceal.

Miſs Lov. Is that the reaſon of your formality, Mrs. Prim? Truth will out: I ever thought, indeed, there was more deſign than godlineſs in the pinch'd cap.

Mrs. Pr. Go, thou art corrupted with reading lewd plays, and filthy romances—good for nothing but

but to lead youth into the high road of fornication. —— Ah! I wiſh thou art not already too familiar with the wicked ones.

Miſs Lov. Too familiar with the wicked ones! Pray no more of thoſe freedoms, Madam —— I am familiar with none ſo wicked as yourſelf —— How dare you thus talk to me! you, you, you, unworthy woman you. [*Burſts into tears.*

Enter Tradelove.

Trade. What in tears, Nancy? What have you done to her, Mrs. Prim, to make her weep?

Miſs Lov. Done to me! I admire I keep my ſenſes among you;—but I will rid myſelf of your tyranny, if there be either law or juſtice to be had: —— I'll force you to give me up my liberty.

Mrs. Prim. Thou haſt more need to weep for thy ſins, Anne—Yea, for thy manifold ſins.

Miſs Lov. Don't think that I'll be ſtill the fool which you have made me. — No, I'll wear what I pleaſe—go when and where I pleaſe—and keep what company I think fit, and not what you ſhall direct—I will.

Trade. For my part, I do think all this very reaſonable, Miſs Lovely—'tis fit you ſhould have your liberty, and for that very purpoſe I am come.

Enter Mr. Periwinkle *and* Obadiah Prim, *with a letter in his hand.*

Per. I have bought ſome black ſtockings of your huſband, Mrs. Prim, but he tells me the glover's trade belongs to you; therefore I pray you look me out five or ſix dozen of mourning gloves, ſuch as are given at funerals, and ſend them to my houſe.

Ob. Pr. My friend Periwinkle has got a good wind-fall to-day—ſeven hundred a year.

Mrs. Pr. I wiſh thee joy of it, neighbour.

Trade. What, is Sir Toby dead then?

Per. He is! You'll take care, Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. Yea, I will, neighbour.

Ob. Pr. This letter recommendeth a ſpeaker; 'tis from Aminadab Holdfaſt of Briſtol: peradventure

he will be here this night; therefore, Sarah, do thou take care for his reception———

[*Gives her the letter.*

Mrs. Pr. I will obey thee. [*Exit.*

Ob. Pr. What art thou in the dumps for, Anne?

Trade. We muſt marry her, Mr. Prim.

Ob. Pr. Why truly, if we could find a huſband worth having, I ſhould be as glad to ſee her married as thou would'ſt, neighbour.

Per. Well ſaid, there are but few worth having.

Trade. I can recommend you a man now, that I think you can none of you have an objection to!

Enter Sir Philip Modelove.

Per. You recommend? Nay, whenever ſhe marries, I'll recommend the huſband———

Sir Phil. What muſt it be, a whale or a rhinoceros, Mr. Periwinkle? ha, ha, ha!—Mr. Tradelove, I have a bill upon you, [*Gives him a paper*] and have been ſeeking for you all over the town.

Trade. I'll accept it, Sir Philip, and pay it when due.———

Per. He ſhall be none of the fops at your end of the town, with full perukes and empty ſkulls, —nor yet any of your trading gentry, who puzzle the heralds to find arms for their coaches.—No, he ſhall be a man famous for travels, ſolidity, and curioſity —— one who has ſearched into the profundity of nature! When Heaven ſhall direct ſuch a one, he ſhall have my conſent, becauſe it may turn to the benefit of mankind.

Miſs Lov. The benefit of mankind! What, would you anatomize me?

Sir Phil. Ay, ay, Madam, he would diſſect you.

Trade. Or, pore over you through a microſcope, to ſee how your blood circulates from the crown of your head to the ſole of your foot— ha, ha! but I have a huſband for you, a man that knows how to improve your fortune; one that trades to the four corners of the globe.

Miſs

Miſs Lov. And would ſend me for a venture perhaps.

Trade. One that will dreſs you in all the pride of Europe, Aſia, Africa, and America——a Dutch merchant, my girl.

Sir Phil. A Dutchman! ha, ha! there's a huſband for a fine lady.—Ya Frow, will you meet myn Slapen—ha, ha! he'll learn you to talk the language of the hogs, Madam, ha, ha!

Trade. He'll learn you that one merchant is of more ſervice to a nation than fifty coxcombs.—The Dutch know the trading intereſt to be of more benefit to the ſtate, than the landed.

Sir Phil. but what is either intereſt to a lady?

Trade. 'Tis the merchant makes the *belle.*—How would the ladies ſparkle in the box without the merchant? The Italian diamond! The French brocade! The Italian fan! The Flanders lace! The fine Dutch holland! How would they vent their ſcandal over their tea-tables? And where would your beaux have Champagne to toaſt their miſtreſſes, were it not for the merchant.

Ob. Pr. Verily, neighbour Tradelove, thou doſt waſte thy breath about nothing—All that thou haſt ſaid tendeth only to debauch youth, and fill their heads with the pride and luxury of this world.—The merchant is a very great friend to Satan, and ſendeth as many to his dominions as the Pope.

Per. Right, I ſay knowledge makes the man.

Ob. Pr. Yea, but not thy kind of knowledge—it is the knowledge of truth. —— Search thou for the light within, and not for baubles, friend.

Miſs Lov. Ah, ſtudy your country's good, Mr. Periwinkle, and not her inſects.—Rid you of your home-bred monſters, before you fetch any from abroad.—I dare ſwear you have maggots enough in your own brain to ſtock all the Virtuoſo's in Europe with butterflies.

Sir Phil. By my ſoul, Miſs Nancy's a wit.

Ob. Pr. That is more than ſhe can ſay by thee, friend.

friend.—Look ye, it is in vain to talk, when I meet a man worthy of her, ſhe ſhall have my leave to marry him.

Miſs Lov. Provided he be of the faithful.——— Was there ever ſuch a ſwarm of caterpillars to blaſt the hopes of a woman! [*Aſide.*] Know this, that you contend in vain: I'll have no huſband of your chuſing, nor ſhall you lord it over me long.—I'll try the power of an Engliſh ſenate—Orphans have been redreſs'd, and wills ſet aſide—and none did ever deſerve their pity more.—Oh Fainwell! where are thy promiſes to free me from theſe vermin? 'Alas! the taſk was more difficult than he 'imagin'd!

'*A harder taſk than what the poets tell*
'*Of yore, the fair Andromeda befel*;
'*She but one monſter fear'd, I've four to fear,*
'*And ſee no Perſeus, no deliv'rer near.*' [Exit.

Enter Servant, and whiſpers to Prim.

Per. The woman is mad. [*Exit.*

Sir Phil. So you are all, in my opinion. [*Exit.*

Serv. One Simon Pure enquireth for thee.

Ob. Pr. Friend Tradelove, buſineſs requireth my preſence.

Trade. Oh, I ſhan't trouble you.—Pox take him for an unmannerly dog—However, I have kept my word with my Dutchman, and will introduce him too for all you. [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel *in a Quaker's habit.*

Ob. Pr. Friend Pure, thou art welcome: how is it with friend Holdfaſt, and all friends in Briſtol? Timothy Littleworth, John Slenderbrain, and Chriſtopher Keepfaith?

Col. A goodly company! [*Aſide.*] They are all in health, I thank thee for them.

Ob. Pr. Friend Holdfaſt writes me word, that thou cameſt lately from Penſylvania: how do all friends there?

Col. What the devil ſhall I ſay? I know juſt as much of Penſylvania as I do of Briſtol. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr.

Ob. Pr. Do they thrive?

Col. Yea, friend, the bleſſing of their good works fall upon them.

Enter Mrs. Prim *and* Miſs Lovely.

Ob. Pr. Sarah, know our friend Pure.

Mrs. Pr. Thou art welcome. [*He ſalutes her.*

Col. Here comes the ſum of all my wiſhes.—How charming ſhe appears even in that diſguiſe! [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Why doſt thou conſider the maiden ſo attentively, friend?

Col. I will tell thee: About four days ago I ſaw a viſion — This very maiden, but in vain attire, ſtanding on a precipice, and heard a voice, which called me by my name—and bid me put forth my hand and ſave her from the pit.—I did ſo, and methought the damſel grew unto my ſide.

Mrs. Pr. What can that portend?

Ob. Pr. The damſel's converſion — I am perſuaded.

Miſs Lov. That's falſe, I'm ſure——— [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Wilt thou uſe the means, friend Pure?

Col. Means! What means? Is ſhe not thy daughter, already one of the faithful?

Mrs. Pr. No, alas! ſhe's one of the ungodly.

Ob. Pr. Pray thee mind what this good man will ſay unto thee: he will teach thee the way that thou ſhouldeſt walk, Anne.

Miſs Lov. I know my way without his inſtruction: I hop'd to have been quiet when once I had put on your odious formality here.

Col. Then thou weareſt it out of compulſion, not choice, friend?

Miſs Lov. Thou art in the right of it, friend.—

Mrs. Pr. Art thou not aſhamed to mimick the good man? Ah! thou art a ſtubborn girl.

Col. Mind her not; ſhe hurteth not me —— If thou wilt leave her alone with me, I will diſcuſs ſome few points with her, that may perchance

ſoften her ſtubbornneſs, and melt her into compliance.

Ob. Pr. Content: I pray thee *put it home to her.* —Come, Sarah, let us leave the good man with her.

Miſs Lov. [*Catching hold of* Prim, *he breaks looſe, and* exit.] What do you mean—to leave me with this old enthuſiaſtical canter? Don't think, becauſe I comply'd with your formality, to impoſe your ridiculous doctrine upon me.

Col. I pray thee, young woman, moderate thy paſſion.

Miſs Lov. I pray thee walk after thy leader, you will but loſe your labour upon me.—Theſe wretches will certainly make me mad!

Col. I am of another opinion! the ſpirit telleth me I ſhall convert thee, Anne.

Miſs Lov. 'Tis a lying ſpirit, don't believe it.

Col. Say'ſt thou ſo? Why then thou ſhalt convert me, my angel. [*Catching her in his arms.*

Miſs Lov. [*Shrieks.*] Ah! monſter, hold off, or I'll tear thy eyes out.

Col. Huſh! for Heaven's ſake—doſt thou not know me? I am Fainwell.

Miſs Lov. Fainwell! [*Enter old* Prim.] Oh I'm undone! Prim here—— I wiſh with all my ſoul I had been dumb.

Ob. Pr. What is the matter? Why didſt thou ſhriek out, Anne?

Miſs Lov. Shriek out! I'll ſhriek and ſhriek again, cry murder, thieves, or any thing, to drown the noiſe of that eternal babbler, if you leave me with him any longer.

Ob. Pr. Was that all? Fie, fie, Anne.

Col. 'No matter,' I'll bring down her ſtomach I'll warrant thee—Leave us, I pray thee.

Ob. Pr. Fare thee well. Verily I was afraid the fleſh had got the better of the ſpirit. [*Exit.*

Col. My charming lovely woman! [*Embraces her.*

Miſs

Miſs Lov. What mean'ſt thou by this diſguiſe, Fainwell?

Col. To ſet thee free, if thou wilt perform thy promiſe.

Miſs Lov. Make me miſtreſs of my fortune, and make thy own conditions.

Col. This night ſhall anſwer all my wiſhes —See here, I have the conſent of *three* of thy guardians already, and doubt not but Prim will make the *fourth*. [Prim *liſtening.*

Ob. Pr. I would gladly hear what arguments the good man uſeth to bend her. [*Aſide.*

Miſs Lov. Thy words give me new life, methinks.

Ob. Pr. What do I hear?

Miſs Lov. Thou beſt of men, Heaven meant to bleſs me ſure, when I firſt ſaw thee.

Ob. Pr. He hath mollified her.—O wonderful converſion!

Col. Ha! Prim liſtening. — No more, my love, we are obſerved: ſeem to be edified, and give 'em hopes that thou wilt turn Quaker, and leave the reſt to me. [*Aloud.*] I am glad to find that thou art touch'd with what I ſaid unto thee, Anne; another time I will explain the other article unto thee: in the mean while, be thou dutiful to our friend Prim.

Miſs Lov. I ſhall obey thee in every thing.

Enter Obadiah Prim.

Ob. Pr. Oh what a prodigious change is here! Thou haſt wrought a miracle, friend! Anne, how doſt thou like the doctrine he hath preached?

Miſs Lov. So well, that I could talk to him for ever, methinks—I am aſhamed of my former folly, and aſk your pardon, 'Mr. Prim.'

Col. Enough, enough, that thou art ſorry: he is no Pope, Anne.

Ob. Pr. Verily, thou doſt rejoice me exceedingly, Friend: will it pleaſe thee to walk into the next room, and refreſh thyſelf? —— Come, take the maiden by the hand.

Col.

Col. We will follow thee.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is another Simon Pure enquireth for thee, Maſter.

Col. The Devil there is. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Another Simon Pure! I do not know him, is he any relation of thine?

Col. No friend, I know him not——Pox take him: I wiſh he were in Penſilvania again, with all my ſoul. [*Aſide.*

Miſs Lov. What ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Bring him up.

Col. Humph! then one of us muſt go down, that's certain—Now impudence aſſiſt me.

Enter Simon Pure.

Ob. Pr. What is thy will with me, friend?

S. Pu. Didſt thou not receive a letter from Aminadab Holdfaſt of Briſtol, concerning one Simon Pure?

Ob. Pr. Yea, and Simon Pure is already here, friend.

Col. And Simon Pure will ſtay here, friend, if it be poſſible. [*Aſide.*

S. Pu. That's an untruth, for I am he.

Col. Take thou heed, friend, what thou doſt ſay: I do affirm that I am Simon Pure.

S. P. Thy name may be Pure, friend, but not that Pure.

Col. Yea that Pure, which my good friend, Aminadab Holdfaſt, wrote to my friend Prim about: the ſame Simon Pure that came from Penſilvania, and ſojourned in Briſtol eleven days: thou would'ſt not take my name from me, would'ſt thou?—till I have done with it. [*Aſide.*

S. Pu. Thy name! I am aſtoniſh'd!

Col. At what? at thy own aſſurance?

[*Going up to him,* S. Pure *ſtarts back.*

S. P. Avaunt, Satan, approach me not: I defy thee and all thy works.

Miſs Lov. Oh, he'll outcant him—Undone, undone for ever. [*Aſide.*

Col.

Col. Hark thee, friend, thy ſham will not take —Don't exert thy voice, thou art too well acquainted with Satan to ſtart at him, thou wicked reprobate— What can thy deſign be here?

Enter a ſervant and gives Prim *a letter.*

Ob. Pr. One of theſe muſt be a counterfeit, but which I cannot ſay.

Col. What can that letter be? [*Aſide.*

S. Pu. Thou muſt be the Devil, friend, that's certain; for no human power can ſtock ſo great a falſehood.

Ob. Pr. This letter ſayeth that thou art better acquainted with that prince of darkneſs, than any here—Read that, I pray thee, Simon.

[*Gives it the* Col.

Col. 'Tis Freeman's hand—[*Reads*] *There is a deſign formed to rob your houſe this night, and cut your throat; and for that purpoſe there is a man diſguiſed like a quaker, who is to paſs for one Simon Pure: the gang, whereof I am one, though now reſolved to rob no more, has been at Briſtol: one of them came in the Coach with the quaker, whoſe name he hath taken; and from what he hath gathered from him, formed that deſign, and did not doubt but he ſhould impoſe ſo far upon you, as to make you turn out the real Simon Pure, and keep him with you. Make the right uſe of this. Adieu.*——Excellent well! [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Doſt thou hear this? [*To* S. Pure.

S. Pu. Yea, but it moveth me not; that doubtleſs is the impoſtor. [*Pointing at the* Col.

Col. Ah! thou wicked one—now I conſider thy face, I remember thou didſt come up in the leathern conveniency with me—thou hadſt a black bob wig on, and a brown camblet coat with braſs buttons— Can'ſt thou deny it, ha?

S. Pu. Yea, I can, and with a ſafe conſcience too, Friend.

Ob. Pr. Verily, friend, thou art the moſt impudent villain I ever ſaw.

Miſs Lov. Nay, then I'll have a fling at him. [*Aſide.*

[*Aſide.*] I remember the face of this fellow at Bath ——Ay this is he that pick'd my lady Raffle's pocket in the grove——Don't you remember that the mob pump'd you, friend?——This is the moſt notorious rogue———

S. Pu. What does provoke thee to ſeek my life? Thou wilt not hang me, wilt thou, wrongfully?

Ob. Pr. She will do thee no hurt, nor thou ſhalt do me none; therefore get thee about thy buſineſs, friend, and leave thy wicked courſe of life, or thou may'ſt not come off ſo favourably every where. Simon, I pray thee put him forth.

Col. Go, friend, I would adviſe thee, and tempt thy fate no more.

S. Pu. Yes, I will go, but it ſhall be to thy confuſion; for I ſhall clear myſelf: I will return with ſome proofs that ſhall convince thee, Obadiah, that thou art highly impoſed on. [*Exit.*

Col. Then there will be no ſtaying for me, that's certain—What the Devil ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. What monſtrous works of iniquity are there in this world, Simon!

Col. Yea, the age is full of vice——S'death, I am ſo confounded, I know not what to ſay. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Thou art diſorder'd, friend——art thou not well?

Col. My Spirit is greatly troubled, and ſomething telleth me, that tho' I have wrought a good work in converting this maiden, this tender maiden, yet my labour will be in vain: for the evil ſpirit fighteth againſt her; and I ſee, yea I ſee with the eye of my inward man, that Satan will re-buffet her again, whenever I withdraw myſelf from her; and ſhe will, yea, this very damſel will, return again to that abomination from whence I have retriev'd her, as if it were, yea, as if it were out, of the jaws of the fiend.———

Ob. Pr. Good lack, thinkeſt thou ſo?

Miſs Lov. I muſt ſecond him. [*Aſide.*] What meaneth

meaneth this ſtruggling within me? I feel the ſpirit reſiſteth the vanities of this world, but the fleſh is rebellious, yea the fleſh—I greatly fear the fleſh and the weakneſs thereof———hum———

Ob. Pr. The maid is inſpir'd. [*Aſide.*

'*Col.* Behold, her light begins to ſhine forth.—'Excellent woman.

'*Miſs Lov.* This good man hath ſpoken comfort 'unto me, yea comfort, I ſay; becauſe the words 'which he hath breathed into my outward ears are 'gone through and fix'd in my heart, yea verily in 'mine heart, I ſay;—and I feel the Spirit doth 'love him exceedingly, hum——

'*Col.* She acts it to the life. [*Aſide.*'

Ob. Pr. Prodigious! The Damſel is filled with the Spirit,—Sarah.

Enter Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. I am greatly rejoiced to ſee ſuch a change in our beloved Anne. I came to tell thee that ſupper ſtayeth for thee.

Col. I am not diſpoſed for thy food, my ſpirit longeth for more delicious meat!—fain would I redeem this maiden from the tribe of ſinners, and break thoſe cords aſunder wherewith ſhe is bound, —hum—

Miſs Lov. Something whiſpers in my ears, methinks—that I muſt be ſubject to the will of this good man, and from him only muſt hope for conſolation. —— hum— It alſo telleth me, that I am a choſen veſſel to raiſe up ſeed to the faithful, and that thou muſt conſent that we two be one fleſh according to the word—hum———

Ob. Pr. What a revelation is here! This is certainly part of thy viſion, friend: this is the maiden's growing unto thy ſide: ah! with what willingneſs ſhould I give thee my conſent, could I give thee her fortune too,——but thou wilt never get the conſent of the wicked ones.

Col. I wiſh I was ſure of your's. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. My ſoul rejoiceth; yea rejoiceth, I ſay, to

to find the Spirit within thee; for lo, it moveth thee with natural agitation——yea, with natural agitation, towards this good man——yea, it ſtirreth, as one may ſay——yea, verily I ſay, it ſtirreth up thy inclination——yea, as one would ſtir a pudding. All—hum!

Miſs Lov. I ſee, I ſee! the ſpirit guiding of thy hand, good Obadiah Prim, and now behold thou art ſigning thy conſent;—and now I ſee myſelf within thy arms, my friend and brother, yea, I am become bone of thy bone, and fleſh of thy fleſh. [*Embracing him.*] Hum———

'*Col.* Admirably perform'd. [*Aſide.*]'—And I will take thee in all ſpiritual love for an helpmate, yea, for the wife of my boſom—and now methinks ———I feel a longing—yea, a longing, I ſay, for the conſummation of thy love———yea, I do long exceedingly.

Miſs Lov. And verily, verily, my ſpirit feeleth the ſame longing. All. Hum!

Mrs. Pr. The Spirit hath greatly moved them both—friend Prim, thou muſt conſent, there's no reſiſting of the Spirit!

Ob. Pr. Yea, the light within ſheweth me, that I ſhall fight a good fight—and wreſtle thro' thoſe reprobate fiends, thy other guardians;——yea, I perceive the Spirit will hedge thee into the flock of the righteous.—Thou art a choſen lamb—yea a choſen lamb, and I will not puſh thee back—No, I will not, I ſay;——no, thou ſhalt leap-a, and friſk-a, and ſkip-a, and bound, and bound, I ſay,—yea, bound within the fold of the righteous,——yea, even within thy fold, my brother.——Fetch me the pen and ink, Sarah——and my hand ſhall confeſs its obedience to the ſpirit.

Col. I wiſh it were over.

Enter Mrs. Prim *with Pen and Ink.*

Miſs Lov. I tremble leſt this quaking rogue ſhould return and ſpoil all. [*Aſide.*

Ob. Pr. Here, friend, do thou write what the Spirit prompteth,

prompteth, and I will ſign it. [Col. *ſits down.*

Mrs. Pr. Verily, Anne, it greatly rejoiceth me, to ſee thee reformed from that original wickedneſs wherein I found thee.

Miſs Lov. I do believe thou art, and I thank thee—

Col. [Reads.] *This is to certify all whom it may concern, that I do freely give all my right and title, in Anne Lovely, to Simon Pure, and my full conſent that ſhe ſhall become his wife, according to the form of marriage. Witneſs my hand.*

Ob. Pr. That's enough, give me the pen.

[*Signs it.*

Enter Betty, *running to Miſs* Lovely.

Betty. Oh! Madam, Madam, here's the quaking man again: he has brought a coachman and two or three more.

Miſs Lov. Ruin'd paſt redemption!

[*Aſide to the* Col.

Col. No, no, one minute ſooner had ſpoil'd all; but now —— here's company coming, friend, give me the paper. [*Going up to Prim haſtily.*

Ob. Pr. Here it is, Simon; and I wiſh thee happy with the maiden.

Miſs Lov. 'Tis done, and now Devil do thy worſt.

Enter Simon Pure, *and* Coachman, &c.

S. Pu. Look thee, friend, I have brought theſe people to ſatisfy thee that I am not that impoſtor which thou did'ſt take me for: this is the man that did drive the leather conveniency, and brought me from Briſtol,—and this is ——

Col. Look ye, friend, to ſave the court the trouble of examining witneſſes—I plead guilty—ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. How's this? Is not thy name Pure, then?

Col. No, really, Sir, I only make bold with this gentleman's name —— but I here give it up ſafe and ſound: it has done the buſineſs which I had occaſion for, and now I intend to wear my own, which ſhall be at his ſervice upon the ſame occaſion at any time.——Ha, ha, ha!

S. Pu.

S. Pu. Oh! the wickedneſs of the age!

'*Coachman.* Then you have no further need of 'us. [*Exit Coachman*, &c.

'*Col.* No, honeſt man; you may go about your 'buſineſs.'

Ob. Pr. I am ſtruck dumb with thy impudence, Anne; thou haſt deceiv'd me—and perchance undone thyſelf.

Mrs. Pr. Thou art a diſſembling baggage, and ſhame will overtake thee. [*Exit.*

S. Pu. I am grieved to ſee thy wife ſo much troubled: I will follow and conſole her. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Per. Thy brother guardians enquire for thee: here is another man with them.

Miſs Lov. Who can that other man be?

[*To the Colonel.*

Col. 'Tis one Freeman, a friend of mine, whom I ordered to bring the reſt of the guardians here.

Enter Sir Philip, Tradelove, Periwinkle, *and* Freeman.

Free. [*To the Colonel.*] Is all ſafe? did my letter do you ſervice?

Col. All, all's ſafe! ample ſervice. [*Aſide.*

Sir Phil. Miſs Nancy, how do'ſt do, child?

Miſs Lov. Don't call me Miſs, friend Philip, my name is Anne, thou knoweſt.——

Sir Phil. What, is the girl metamorphos'd?

Miſs Lov. I wiſh thou wert ſo metamorphos'd. Ah! Philip, throw off that gaudy attire, and wear the cloaths becoming thy age.

Ob. Pr. I am aſhamed to ſee theſe men. [*Aſide.*

Sir Phil. My age! the woman is poſſeſs'd.

Col. No, thou art poſſeſs'd rather, friend.

Trade. Hark ye, Miſs Lovely, one word with you. [*Takes hold of her hand.*

Col. This maiden is my wife, thanks to friend Prim, and thou haſt no buſineſs with her.

[*Takes her from him.*

Trade. His wife! hark ye, Mr. Freeman.

Per.

Per. Why, you have made a very fine piece of work of it, Mr. Prim.

Sir Phil. Married to a Quaker! thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan, truly—there's a huſband for a young lady!

Col. When I have put on my beau cloaths, Sir Philip, you'll like me better———

Sir Phil. Thou wilt make a very ſcurvy beau—friend——

Col. I believe I can prove it under your hand that you thought me a very fine gentleman in the Park t'other day, about thirty-ſix minutes after eleven: will you take a pinch, Sir Philip—One of the fineſt ſnuff-boxes you ever ſaw. [*Offers him ſnuff.*

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha! I am overjoyed, faith I am, if thou be'ſt the gentleman—I own I did give my conſent to the gentleman I brought here to-day;—but whether this is he, I can't be poſitive.

Ob. Prim. Can'ſt thou not?—Now I think thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan.—Thou ſhallow-brain'd ſhuttlecock, he may be a pick-pocket for ought thou do'ſt know.

Per. You would have been two rare fellows to have been entruſted with the ſole management of her fortune, would ye not, think ye? But Mr. Tradelove and myſelf ſhall take care of her portion.———

Trade. Ay, ay, ſo we will—Didn't you tell me the Dutch merchant deſired me to meet him here, Mr. Freeman?

Free. I did ſo, and I am ſure he will be here, if you'll have a little patience.

Col. What, is Mr. Tradelove impatient? Nay, then, ib ben gereet voor you, heb be, *Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell*, vergeeten!

Trade. Oh! pox of the name! what have you trick'd me too, Mr. Freeman?

Col. Trick'd, Mr. Tradelove! did not I give you two thouſand pounds for your conſent fairly? And now do you tell a gentleman he has trick'd you?

Per.

Per. So, ſo, you are a pretty guardian, faith, to ſell your charge: what, did you look upon her as part of your ſtock?

Ob. Pr. Ha, ha, ha! I am glad thy knavery is found out, however——I confeſs the maiden over-reached me, and I had no ſiniſter end at all.

Per. Ay, ay, one thing or other over-reached you all—but I'll take care he ſhall never finger a penny of her money, I warrant you;——over-reach'd quoth'a! Why I might have been over-reach'd too, if I had had no more wit: I don't know but this very fellow may be him that was directed to me from Grand Cairo t'other day. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. The very ſame.

Per. Are you ſo, Sir? but your trick would not paſs upon me.—

Col. No, as you ſay, at that time it did not, that was not my lucky hour:—but hark ye, Sir, I muſt let you into one ſecret—you may keep honeſt John Tradeſcant's coat on, for your uncle Sir Toby Periwinkle is not dead—ſo the charge of mourning will be ſaved, ha, ha, ha!—Don't you remember Mr. Pillage, your uncle's ſteward? Ha, ha, ha!

Per. Not dead! I begin to fear I am trick'd too.

Col. Don't you remember the ſigning of a leaſe, Mr. Periwinkle?

Per. Well, and what ſignifies that leaſe, if my uncle is not dead?——Ha! I am ſure it was a leaſe I ſigned.——

Col. Aye, but it was a leaſe for life, Sir, and of this beautiful tenement, I thank you.

[*Taking hold of Miſs Lovely.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! Neighbours fare.

Free. So then, I find you are all trick'd, ha, ha!

Per. I am certain I read as plain a leaſe as ever I read in my life.

Col. You read a leaſe I grant you; but you ſign'd this contract. [*Shewing a paper.*

Per. How durſt you put this trick upon me, Mr. Freeman? Didn't you tell me my uncle was dying?

Free.

Free. And would tell you twice as much to ſerve my friend, ha, ha!

Sir Phil. What the learned and famous Mr. Periwinkle chous'd too!—Ha, ha, ha!—I ſhall die with laughing, ha, ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. It had been well if her father had left her to wiſer heads than *thine* and *mine*, friends, ha, ha, ha!

Trade. Well, ſince you have outwitted us all, pray you what and who are you, Sir?

Sir Phil. Sir, the gentleman is a fine gentleman—I am glad you have got a perſon, Madam, who underſtands dreſs and good breeding.—I was reſolved ſhe ſhould have a huſband of my chuſing.

Ob. Pr. I am ſorry the maiden is fallen into ſuch hands.

Trade. A beau! nay then ſhe is finely help'd up.

Miſs Lov. Why beaus are great encouragers of trade, Sir, ha, ha, ha!

Col. Look ye, gentlemen—I am the perſon who can give the beſt account of myſelf, and I muſt beg Sir Philip's pardon, when I tell him, that I have as much averſion to what he calls dreſs and breeding, as I have to the enemies of my religion. I have had the honour to ſerve his Majeſty, and headed a regiment of the braveſt fellows that ever puſh'd bayonet in the throat of a Frenchman; and notwithſtanding the fortune this lady brings me, whenever my country wants my aid, this ſword and arm are at her ſervice.

And now, my fair, if thou'lt but deign to ſmile,
I meet a recompence for all my toil:
Love and religion ne'er admit reſtraint,
And force makes many *ſinners, not* one *ſaint;*
Still free as air the active mind does rove,
And ſearches proper objects for its love;
But that once fix'd, 'tis paſt the power of art
To chace the dear idea from the heart:
'Tis liberty of choice that ſweetens life,
Makes the glad huſband *and the happy* wife.

EPI.

EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. SEWEL:

Spoken by Mrs. BULLOCK.

WHAT new ſtrange ways our modern beaus deviſe!
What trials of love-ſkill, to gain the prize!
The Heathen Gods, who never matter'd rapes,
Scarce wore ſuch ſtrange variety of ſhapes:
The Devil take their odious barren ſkulls,
To court in form of ſnakes *and filthy* bulls:
Old Jove once nick'd it too, as I am told,
In a whole lapful of true ſtandard gold;
How muſt his godſhip then fair Danae warm!
In trucking ware *for* ware *there is no harm.*
Well after all that, money *has a charm.*
But now, indeed, that ſtale invention's paſt;
Beſides you know that guineas fall ſo faſt,
Poor nymph muſt come to pocket-piece at laſt.
Old Harry's face, or good Queen Beſs's ruff,
Not that I'd take 'em—may do well enough;
No—my ambitious ſpirit's far above
Thoſe little tricks of mercenary love.
That man be mine, who like the Col'nel here,
Can top his character in ev'ry ſphere;
Who can a thouſand ways employ his wit,
Out-promiſe ſtateſmen, and out-cheat a cit:
Beyond the colours of a trav'ller paint,
And cant, and ogle too—beyond a ſaint.
The laſt diſguiſe moſt pleas'd me, I confeſs,
There's ſomething tempting in the preaching dreſs;
And pleas'd me more than once a dame *of note,*
Who lov'd her huſband *in his* footman's *coat.*
To ſee one eye in wanton motions play'd,
The other to the heav'nly regions ſtray'd,
As if, it for it's fellow's frailties pray'd:
But yet I hope, for all that I have ſaid,
To find my ſpouſe a man of war in bed.

Published June 9th 1778 by T. Lowndes and Partners.

Mrs. ABINGTON in the Character of PHILLIS.

O here is my Young Mistress. Go ye Liquorish Poo

THE

CONSCIOUS LOVERS,

A

COMEDY,

WRITTEN BY

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Marked with the Variations of the

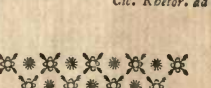
MANAGER's BOOKS,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

ILLUD GENUS NARRATIONIS, QUOD IN PERSONIS POSITUM EST, DEBET HABERE SERMONIS FESTIVITATEM, ANIMORUM DISSIMILITUDINEM, GRAVITATEM, LENITATEM, SPEM, METUM, SUSPICIONEM, DESIDERIUM, DISSIMULATIONEM, MISERICORDIAM, RERUM VARIETATES, FORTUNÆ COMMUTATIONEM, INSPERATUM INCOMMODUM, SUBITAM LÆTITIAM, JUCUNDUM, EXITUM, RERUM.

Cic. Rhetor. ad Herenn. Lib. I.



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M.DCC.LXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 6 to 29 in Page 5.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. WELSTED.

TO win your hearts, and to ſecure your praiſe,
The comic-writers ſtrive by various ways:
By ſubtil ſtratagems they act their game,
And leave untry'd no avenue to fame.
One writes the ſpouſe a beating from his wife;
And ſays, each ſtroke was copy'd from the life.
Some fix all wit and humour in grimace,
And make a livelihood of Pinkey's *face:*
Here, one gay ſhew and coſtly habits tries,
Confiding to the judgment of your eyes:
Another ſmuts his ſcene (a cunning ſhaver)
Sure of the rakes and of the wenches favour.
Oft' have theſe arts prevail'd; and one may gueſs,
If practis'd o'er again, would find ſucceſs.
But the bold ſage, the poet of to-night,
By new and deſp'rate rules reſolv'd to write;
Fain would he give more juſt applauſes riſe,
And pleaſe by wit that ſcorns the aids of vice:
The praiſe he ſeeks, from worthier motives ſprings,
Such praiſe, as praiſe, to thoſe that give it, brings.
Your aid, moſt humbly ſought, then, Britons, *lend,*
And lib'ral mirth, like lib'ral men, defend:
No more let ribaldry, with licence writ,
Uſurp the name of eloquence or wit;
No more let lawleſs farce uncenſur'd go,
The lewd dull gleanings of a Smithfield *ſhow.*
'Tis yours, with breeding to refine the age,
To chaſten wit, and moralize the ſtage.
Ye modeſt, wiſe and good, ye fair, ye brave,
To-night the champion of your virtues ſave,
Redeem from long contempt the comic name,
And judge politely for your Country's fame.

Dramatis Perſonæ, 1776.

MEN.

	At Drury Lane.	Covent Garden.
Sir John Bevil	Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Fearon.
Mr. Sealand	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Clarke.
Bevil jun. *in love with* Indiana	Mr. Reddish.	Mr. Lewis.
Myrtle, *in love with* Lucinda	Mr. Jefferson.	Mr. Wroughton.
Cimberton, *a Coxcomb*	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Quick.
Humphrey, *an old ſervant to* Sir John	Mr. Usher.	Mr. Thompson.
Tom, *ſervant to* Bevil jun.	Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
Daniel, *a country boy, ſervant to* Indiana	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Wewitzer.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Sealand, *ſecond wife to* Sealand	Mrs. Cross.	Mrs. Pitt.
Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Sealand	Mrs. Johnson.	Mrs. Booth.
Indiana, Sealand's *daughter by his firſt wife*	Miſs Younge.	Mrs. Jackson.
Lucinda, Sealand's *daughter by his ſecond wife*	Miſs Platt.	Miſs Ambrose.
Phillis, *maid to* Lucinda	Mrs. Abington.	Mrs. Mattocks.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE

CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE Sir John Bevil's *House.*

Enter Sir John Bevil *and* Humphrey.

Sir J. Bev. HAVE you ordered that I ſhould not be interrupted while I am dreſſing?

Humph. Yes, Sir: I believ'd you had ſomething of moment to ſay to me.

'*Sir J. Bev.* Let me ſee, Humphrey; I think it 'is now full forty years ſince I firſt took thee, to be 'about my ſelf.

'*Humph.* I thank you, Sir, it has been an eaſy 'forty years; and I have paſs'd 'em without much 'ſickneſs, care, or labour.

'*Sir J. Bev.* Thou haſt a brave conſtitution: you 'are a year or two older than I am, ſirrah.

'*Humph.* You have ever been of that mind, Sir.

'*Sir J. Bev.* You knave, you know it: I took 'thee for thy gravity and ſobriety, in my wild 'years.

'*Humph.* Ah, Sir! our manners were form'd from 'our different fortunes, not our different age. 'Wealth gave a looſe to your youth, and poverty 'put a reſtraint upon mine.

'*Sir J. Bev.* Well, Humphrey, you know I have 'been a kind maſter to you: I have us'd you, for 'the ingenuous nature I obſerv'd in you from the 'beginning, more like an humble friend than a 'ſervant.

'*Humph.* I humbly beg you'll be ſo tender of me, 'as to explain your commands, Sir, without any 'farther preparation.'

Sir J. Bev. I'll tell thee then. In the firſt place, this wedding of my ſon's, in all probability, (ſhut the door) will never be at all.

Humph. How, Sir! not be at all? for what reaſon is it carry'd on in appearance?

Sir J. Bev. Honeſt Humphrey, have patience, ‘ and I'll tell thee all in order. I have myſelf, in ‘ ſome part of my life, liv'd (indeed) with freedom, ‘ but, I hope, without reproach: Now, I thought ‘ liberty would be as little injurious to my ſon; ‘ therefore, as ſoon as he grew towards man, I in- ‘ dulg'd him in living after his own manner: I knew ‘ not how, otherwiſe, to judge of his inclination; ‘ for what can be concluded from a behaviour under ‘ reſtraint and fear? But what charms me above all ‘ expreſſion is, that my ſon has never in the leaſt ‘ action, the moſt diſtant hint or word, valued him- ‘ ſelf upon that great eſtate of his mother's, which, ‘ according to our marriage ſettlement, he has had ‘ ever ſince he came to age.

‘ *Humph.* No, Sir; on the contrary, he ſeems ‘ afraid of appearing to enjoy it, before you, or any ‘ belonging to you—He is as dependant and reſign'd ‘ to your will, as if he had not a farthing but what ‘ muſt come from your immediate bounty—You have ‘ ever acted like a good and generous father, and he ‘ like an obedient and grateful ſon.

‘ *Sir J. Bev.* Nay, his carriage is ſo eaſy to all ‘ with whom he converſes, that he is never aſſuming, ‘ never prefers himſelf to others, nor ever is guilty of ‘ that rough ſincerity which a man is not call'd to, ‘ and certainly diſobliges moſt of his acquaintance: ‘ to be ſhort, Humphrey, his reputation was ſo fair in ‘ the world, that old Sealand, the great India mer- ‘ chant, has offered his only daughter, and ſole ‘ heireſs to that vaſt eſtate of his, as a wife for him; ‘ you may be ſure I made no difficulties, the match ‘ was agreed on, and this very day named for the ‘ wedding.

‘ *Humph.* What hinders the proceeding?’

Sir J. Bev.

Sir J. Bev. Don't interrupt me. You know, I was laſt Thurſday at the maſquerade; my ſon, you may remember, ſoon found us out——He knew his grandfather's habit, which I then wore; and tho' it was the mode, in the laſt age, yet the maſkers, you know, follow'd us as if we had been the moſt monſtrous figures in that whole aſſembly.

Humph. I remember indeed a young man of quality in the habit of a clown, that was particularly troubleſome.

Sir J. Bev. Right — He was too much what he ſeem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd, and teaz'd us, and wou'd know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a mind to come into that particular. [*Aſide.*

Sir J. Bev. Ay, he follow'd us, till the gentleman who led the lady in the Indian mantle preſented that gay creature to the ruſtick, and bid him (like Cymon in the fable) grow polite, by falling in love, and let that worthy old gentleman alone, meaning me: The clown was not reform'd, but rudely perſiſted, and offer'd to force off my maſk: with that the gentleman throwing off his own, appear'd to be my ſon, and in his concern for me, tore off that of the nobleman: at this they ſeiz'd each other, the company call'd the guards, and in the ſurprize, the lady ſwoon'd away: Upon which my ſon quitted his adverſary, and had now no care but of the lady——— when raiſing her in his arms, Art thou gone, cry'd he, for ever —— forbid it Heav'n! —— She revives at his known voice —— and with the moſt familiar tho' modeſt geſture hangs in ſafety over his ſhoulder weeping, but wept as in the arms of one before whom ſhe could give herſelf a looſe, were ſhe not under obſervation: while ſhe hides her face in his neck, he carefully conveys her from the company.

Humph. I have obſerv'd this accident has dwelt upon you very ſtrongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon air, her noble modeſty,

the dignity of her perſon, and the occaſion itſelf, drew the whole aſſembly together; and I ſoon heard it buzz'd about, ſhe was the adopted daughter of a famous ſea-officer, who had ſerv'd in France. Now this unexpected and public diſcovery of my ſon's ſo deep concern for her ———

Humph. Was what I ſuppoſe alarm'd Mr. Sealand in behalf of his daughter, to break off the match.

Sir J. Bev. You are right———He came to me yeſterday, and ſaid, he thought himſelf diſengag'd from the bargain; being credibly informed my ſon was already marry'd, or worſe, to the lady at the maſquerade. I palliated matters, and inſiſted on our agreement; but we parted with little leſs than a direct breach between us.

Humph. Well, Sir; and what notice have you taken of all this to my young maſter?

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to debate with you——I have ſaid nothing to him yet——But look you, Humphrey——if there is ſo much in this amour of his, that he denies upon my ſummons to marry, I have cauſe enough to be offended; and then by my inſiſting upon his marrying to-day, I ſhall know how far he is engag'd to this lady in maſquerade, and from thence only ſhall be able to take my meaſures: in the mean time, I would have you find out how far that rogue his man is let into his ſecret——He, I know, will play tricks as much to croſs me, as to ſerve his maſter.

Humph. Why do you think ſo of him, Sir? I believe he is no worſe than I was for you, at your ſon's age.

Sir J. Bev. I ſee it in the raſcal's looks. But I have dwelt on theſe things too long: I'll go to my ſon immediately, and while I'm gone, your part is to convince his rogue Tom that I am in earneſt. I'll leave him to you. [*Exit* Sir John Bevil.

Humph. Well, tho' this father and ſon live as well together as poſſible, yet their fear of giving each other pain, is attended with conſtant mutual uneaſi-

neſs.

neſs. 'I'm ſure I have enough to do to be honeſt, 'and yet keep well with them both; but they know 'I love 'em, and that makes the taſk leſs painful how-'ever.'——Oh, here's the prince of poor coxcombs, the repreſentative of all the better fed than taught.—Ho! ho! Tom, whither ſo gay and ſo airy this morning?

Enter Tom, *ſinging.*

Tom. Sir, we ſervants of ſingle gentlemen are another kind of people than you domeſtic ordinary drudges that do buſineſs: we are rais'd above you: the pleaſures of board-wages, tavern-dinners, and many a clear gain: vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou haſt follies and vices enough for a man of ten thouſand a year, 'tho' 'tis but as t'other 'day that I ſent for you to town, to put you into 'Mr. Sealand's family, that you might learn a little 'before I put you to my young maſter, who is too 'gentle for training ſuch a rude thing as you were 'into proper obedience——You then pull'd off your 'hat to every one you met in the ſtreet, like a baſh-'ful great aukward cub as you were. But' your great oaken cudgel, when you were a booby, became you much better than that dangling ſtick at your button now you are a fop. That's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your maſter's hand when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle Humphrey, you know my maſter ſcorns to ſtrike his ſervants. You talk as if the world was now, juſt as it was when my old maſter and you were in your youth——when you went to dinner becauſe it was ſo much a clock, when the great blow was given in the hall at the pantry-door, and all the family came out of their holes in ſuch ſtrange dreſſes and formal faces as you ſee in the pictures in our long gallery in the country.

Humph. Why, you wild rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your dinner till a formal fellow in a black gown ſaid ſomething over

the meat, as if the cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, who do you prate after? —— Deſpiſing men of ſacred characters! I hope you never heard my good young maſter talk ſo like a profligate!

Tom. Sir, I ſay you put upon me, when I firſt came to town, about being orderly, and the doctrine of wearing ſhams to make linen laſt clean a fortnight, keeping my cloaths freſh, and wearing a frock within doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you thoſe leſſons, becauſe I ſuppos'd at that time your maſter and you might have din'd at home every day, and coſt you nothing; then you might have made a good family ſervant. But the gang you have frequented ſince at chocolate houſes and taverns, in a continual round of noiſe and extravagance———

Tom. I don't know what you heavy inmates call noiſe and extravagance; but we gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a figure, Sir, think it a fine life, and that we muſt be very pretty fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

Humph. Very well, Sir,—— I hope the faſhion of being lewd and extravagant, deſpiſing of decency and order, is almoſt at an end, ſince it is arrived at perſons of your quality.

Tom. Maſter Humphrey, ha! ha! you were an unhappy lad to be ſent up to town in ſuch queer days as you were: why now, Sir, the lacquies are the men of pleaſure of the age; the top-gameſters; and many a lac'd coat about town have had their education in our party-coloured regiment —We are falſe lovers; have a taſte of muſic, poetry, billet-doux, dreſs, politics, ruin damſels, and when we are weary of this lewd town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our maſters wigs and linen, and marry fortunes.

Humph. Hey-day!

Tom. Nay, Sir, our order is carried up to the higheſt dignities and diſtinctions: ſtep but into the

Painted Chamber——and by our titles you'd take us all for men of quality———then again come down to the *Court of Requeſts*, and you ſee us all laying our broken heads together for the good of the nation: and tho' we never carry a queſtion *nemine contradicente*, yet this I can ſay with a ſafe conſcience, (and I wiſh every gentleman of our cloth could lay his hand upon his heart and ſay the ſame) that I never took ſo much as a ſingle mug of beer for my vote in all my life.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer. I wanted to ſee you, to enquire how things go with your maſter, as far as you underſtand them: I ſuppoſe he knows he is to be married to-day.

Tom. Ay, Sir, he knows it, and is dreſs'd as gay as the ſun; but, between you and I, my dear, he has a very heavy heart under all that gaiety. As ſoon as he was dreſs'd I retir'd, but overheard him ſigh in the moſt heavy manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the room, then went into his cloſet; when he came out he gave me this for his miſtreſs, whoſe maid you know———

Humph. Is paſſionately fond of your fine perſon.

Tom. The poor fool is ſo tender, and loves to hear me talk of the world, and the plays, opera's, and *ridotto's*, for the winter; the parks and *Bellfize*, for our ſummer diverſions; and lard! ſays ſhe, you are ſo wild——but you have a world of humour.

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your maſter's letter to Mrs. Lucinda, as he ordered you?

Tom. Becauſe Mrs. Lucinda is not ſo eaſily come at as you think for.

Humph. Not eaſily come at! Why, ſirrah, are not her father and my old maſter agreed, that ſhe and Mr. Bevil are to be one fleſh before to-morrow morning?

Tom. It's no matter for that: her mother, it ſeems, Mrs. Sealand, has not agreed to it: and you muſt

know, Mr. Humphrey, that in that family the grey mare is the better horſe.

Humph. What do'ſt thou mean?

Tom. In one word, Mrs. Sealand pretends to have a will of her own, and has provided a relation of her's, a ſtiff, ſtarch'd philoſopher, and a wiſe fool, for her daughter; for which reaſon, for theſe ten days paſt, ſhe has ſuffer'd no meſſage nor letter from my maſter to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this intelligence?

Tom. From a fooliſh fond ſoul that can keep nothing from me———one that will deliver this letter too, if ſhe is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What! her pretty handmaid, Mrs. Phillis?

Tom. Even ſhe, Sir; this is the very hour, you know, ſhe uſually comes hither, under a pretence of a viſit to your houſekeeper forſooth, but in reality to have a glance at———

Humph. Your ſweet face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing elſe in nature: you muſt know, I love to fret, and play with the little wanton.———

Humph. Play with the little wanton! What will this world come to!

Tom. I met her this morning in a new manteau and petticoat, not a bit the worſe for her lady's wearing; and ſhe has always new thoughts and new airs with new cloaths——— then ſhe never fails to ſteal ſome glance or geſture from every viſitant at their houſe; and is indeed the whole town of coquets at ſecond hand. But here ſhe comes: in one motion ſhe ſpeaks and deſcribes herſelf better than all the words in the world can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear Sir, when your own affair is over, you will be ſo good as to mind your maſter's with her.

Tom. Dear Humphrey, you know my maſter is my friend, and thoſe are people I never forget.———

Humph. Sawcineſs itſelf! but I'll leave you to do your beſt for him. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Phillis.

Phil. O Mr. Thomas, is Mr. Sugar-key athoe —Lard, one is almoſt aſham'd to paſs along the ſtreets. The town is quite empty, and no body of faſhion left in it; and the ordinary people do ſo ſtare to ſee any thing, dreſs'd like a woman of condition, 'as it were on the ſame floor with them' paſs by. Alas, alas! it is a ſad thing to walk. O Fortune, Fortune!

Tom. What! a ſad thing to walk? Why, Madam Phillis, do you wiſh yourſelf lame?

Phil. No, Mr. Tom, but I wiſh I were generally carry'd in a coach or chair, and of a fortune neither to ſtand or go, but to totter, or ſlide, to be ſhort-ſighted, or ſtare, to fleer in the face, to look diſtant, to obſerve, to overlook, yet all become me; and, if I was rich, I could twire and loll as well as the beſt of them. O Tom! Tom! is it not a pity, that you ſhould be ſo great a coxcomb, and I ſo great a coquet, and yet be ſuch poor devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. Phillis, I am your humble ſervant for that———

Phil. Yes, Mr. Thomas, I know how much you are my humble ſervant, and I know what you ſaid to Mrs. Judy, upon ſeeing her in one of her Lady's caſt manteaus: That any one would have thought her the lady, and that ſhe had ordered the other to wear it till it ſat eaſy—for now only it was becoming:—To my Lady it was only a covering, to Mrs. Judy it was a habit. This you ſaid, after ſomebody or other. O Tom! Tom! thou art as falſe and as baſe, as the beſt gentleman of them all; but, you wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious ſubject, don't, I ſay.

Tom. I know not how to reſiſt your commands, madam. [*In a ſubmiſſive tone, retiring.*

Phil. Commands about parting are grown mighty eaſy to you of late.

Tom. Oh, I have her: I have nettled and put her into the right temper to be wrought upon, and ſet a prating.

prating. [*Aſide.*]——Why truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. Phillis, I can take little comfort of late in frequenting your houſe.

Phil. Pray, Mr. Thomas, what is it all of a ſudden offends your nicety at our houſe?

Tom. I don't care to ſpeak particulars, but I diſlike the whole.

Phil. I thank you, Sir, I am a part of that whole.

Tom. Miſtake me not, good Phillis.

Phil. Good Phillis! ſaucy enough. But however———

Tom. I ſay, it is that thou art a part, which gives me pain for the diſpoſition of the whole. You muſt know, Madam, to be ſerious, I am a man, at the bottom, of prodigious nice honour. You are too much expoſed to company at your houſe: To be plain, I don't like ſo many, that would be your Miſtreſs's lovers, whiſpering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You ſay this, becauſe I wrung you to the heart, when I touch'd your guilty conſcience about Judy.

Tom. Ah Phillis! Phillis! if you but knew my heart!

Phil. I know too much on't.

Tom. Nay then, poor Criſpo's fate and mine are one——Therefore give me leave to ſay, or ſing at leaſt, as he does upon the ſame occaſion———

Se vedette, &c. [*ſings.*]

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fob'd off with a ſong? I don't queſtion but you have ſung the ſame to Mrs. Judy too.

Tom. Don't diſparage your charms, good Phillis, with jealouſy of ſo worthleſs an object; beſides, ſhe is a poor huſſey, and if you doubt the ſincerity of my love, you will allow me to be true to my intereſt. You are a fortune, Phillis———

Phil. What would the fop be at now? In good time indeed, you ſhall be ſetting up for a fortune!

Tom. Dear Mrs. Phillis, you have ſuch a ſpirit that we ſhall never be dull in marriage, when we come

come together. But I tell you, you are a fortune, and you have an eſtate in my hands.

[*He pulls out a purſe, ſhe eyes it.*

Phil. What pretence have I to what is in your hands, Mr. Tom?

Tom. As thus: there are hours, you know, when a lady is neither pleas'd nor diſpleas'd, neither ſick nor well, when ſhe lolls or loiters, when ſhe's without deſires, from having more of every thing than ſhe knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When ſhe has not life enough to keep her bright eyes quite open, to look at her own dear image in the glaſs.

Phil. Explain thyſelf, and don't be ſo fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There as alſo proſperous and good-natur'd moments, as when a knot or a patch is happily fix'd; when the complexion particularly flouriſhes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not patience!

Tom. Why then——or on the like occaſions—we ſervants, who have ſkill to know how to time buſineſs, ſee when ſuch a pretty folded thing as this [*ſhews a letter*] may be preſented, laid, or dropp'd, as beſt ſuits the preſent humour. And, Madam, becauſe it is a long weariſome journey, to run through all the ſeveral ſtages of a lady's temper, my maſter, who is the moſt reaſonable man in the world, preſents you this to bear your charges on the road.

[*Gives her the purſe.*

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt huſſey.

Tom. Oh fie, I only think you'll take the letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do; but I know my own innocence: I take it for my miſtreſs's ſake.

Tom. I know it, my pretty one, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I ſay I do it, becauſe I would not have my miſtreſs deluded by one who gives no proof of his paſſion; but I'll talk more of this, as you ſee me on my way home.——No, Tom, I aſſure thee, I take this traſh of thy maſter's, not for the value

of

of the thing, but as it convinces me he has a true reſpect for my miſtreſs. I remember a verſe to the purpoſe:

They may be falſe who languiſh and complain;
But they who part with money never feign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Bevil *Junior's Lodgings.*

Bevil *junior, reading.*

Bev. jun. Theſe moral writers practiſe virtue after death: this charming viſion of Mirza! ſuch an author, conſulted in a morning, ſets the ſpirit for the viciſſitudes of the day, better than the glaſs does a man's perſon: but what a day have I to go thro'! to put on an eaſy look with an aking heart.——If this lady, my father urges me to marry, ſhould not refuſe me, my dilemma is inſupportable. But why ſhould I fear it? is not ſhe in equal diſtreſs with me? has not the letter, I have ſent her this morning, confeſt my inclination to another? Nay, have I not moral aſſurances of her engagements too, to my friend Myrtle? It's impoſſible but ſhe muſt give into it: for, ſure to be deny'd is a favour any man may pretend to. It muſt be ſo——well then, with the aſſurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently ſay to my father, I am ready to marry her——Then let me reſolve upon (what I am not very good at, tho' it is) an honeſt diſſimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir John Bevil, Sir, is in the next room.

Bev. jun. Dunce! why did not you bring him in?

Tom. I told him, Sir, you were in your cloſet.

Bev. jun. I thought you had known, Sir, it was my duty to ſee my father any where.

[*Going himſelf to the door.*

Tom. The Devil's in my maſter! he has always more wit than I have. [*Aſide.*

Bevil *jun. introducing Sir* John.

Bev. jun. Sir, you are the moſt gallant, the moſt complaiſant of all parents——ſure 'tis not a compliment

pliment to ſay theſe lodgings are yours ——— why wou'd you not walk in, Sir?

Sir J. Bev. I was loth to interrupt you unſeaſonably on your wedding-day.

Bev. jun. One to whom I am beholden for my birth-day, might have uſed leſs ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well, ſon, I have intelligence you have writ to your miſtreſs this morning: It would pleaſe my curioſity to know the contents of a wedding-day letter, for courtſhip muſt then be over.

Bev. jun. I aſſure you, Sir, there was no inſolence in it, upon the proſpect of ſuch a vaſt fortune's being added to our family; but much acknowledgement of the lady's greater deſert.

Sir J. Bev. But, dear Jack, are you in earneſt in all this? and will you really marry her?

'*Bev. jun.* Did I ever diſobey any command of 'yours, Sir? nay, any inclination that I ſaw you 'bent upon?

'*Sir J. Bev.* Why, I can't ſay you have, ſon; 'but, methinks in this whole buſineſs, you have not 'been ſo warm as I could have wiſh'd you: you 'have viſited her, it's true, but you have not been 'particular. Every one knows you can ſay and do as 'handſome things as any man; but you have done 'nothing, but liv'd in the general, being complai-'ſant only.

'*Bev. jun.* As I am ever prepared to marry, if you 'bid me, ſo I am ready to let it alone if you will 'have me. [*Humphrey enters unobſerv'd.*

'*Sir J. Bev.* Look you there now! why, what 'am I to think of this ſo abſolute and ſo indifferent 'a reſignation?

'*Bev. jun.* Think, that I am ſtill your ſon, Sir, '——— Sir, ——— you have been married, and I 'have not. And you have, Sir, found the incon-'venience there is, when a man weds with too much 'love in his head. I have been told, Sir, that at 'the time you married, you made a mighty buſtle

'on

'on the occaſion. There was challenging and fighting, ſcaling walls——locking up the lady——and the gallant under an arreſt, for fear of killing all his rivals.——Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe you having found the ill conſequences of theſe ſtrong paſſions and prejudices, in preference of one woman to another, in caſe of a man's becoming a widower——

'*Sir J. Bev.* How is this!

'*Bev. jun.* I ſay, Sir, experience has made you wiſer in your care of me——for, Sir, ſince you loſt my dear mother, your time has been ſo heavy, ſo lonely, and ſo taſteleſs, that you are ſo good as to guard me againſt the like unhappineſs, by marrying me prudentially, by way of bargain and ſale. For, as you well judge, a woman that is eſpous'd for a fortune, is yet a better bargain, if ſhe dies; for then a man well enjoys what he did marry, the money; and is diſencumber'd of what he did not marry, the woman.

'*Sir J. Bev.* But pray, Sir, do you think Lucinda then a woman of ſuch little merit?

'*Bev. jun.* Pardon me, Sir, I don't carry it ſo far neither; I am rather afraid I ſhall like her too well; ſhe has, for one of her fortune, a great many needleſs and ſuperfluous good qualities.

'*Sir J. Bev.* I am afraid, Son, there's ſomething I don't ſee yet; ſomething that's ſmother'd under all this raillery.

'*Bev. jun.* Not in the leaſt, Sir.' If the lady is dreſs'd and ready, you ſee I am. I ſuppoſe the lawyers are ready too.

'*Humph.* This may grow warm if I don't interpoſe, [*Aſide.*'

Enter Humphrey.

Sir, Mr. Sealand is at the Coffee-houſe, and has ſent to ſpeak with you.

Sir. J. Bev. Oh! that's well! then I warrant the lawyers are ready. Son, you'll be in the way, you ſay——

Bev.

Bev. jun. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll take a chair, and go to Mr. Sealand's, where the young lady and I will wait your leiſure.

Sir J. Bev. By no means——the old fellow will be ſo vain if he ſees ——.

Bev. jun. Ay——but the young lady, Sir, will think me ſo indifferent——

Humph. Ay——there you are right —— preſs your readineſs to go to the bride——he won't let you.

[*Aſide to* Bev. *jun.*

Bev. jun. Are you ſure of that?

[*Aſide to* Humph.

Humph. How he likes being prevented! [*Aſide.*

Sir J. Bev. No, no: you are an hour or two too early. [*Looking on his watch.*

'*Bev. jun.* You'll allow me, Sir, to think it too 'late to viſit a beautiful, virtuous young woman, in 'the pride and bloom of life, ready to give herſelf 'to my arms; and to place her happineſs or miſery, 'for the future, in being agreeable or diſpleaſing to 'me, is a——call a chair.

'*Sir J. Bev.* No, no, no, dear Jack!' beſides, this Sealand is a moody old fellow: there is no dealing with ſome people, but by managing with indifference. We muſt leave to him the conduct of this day. It is the laſt of his commanding his daughter.

Bev. jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, that I am impatient to be her's.

Sir J. Bev. Pray let me govern in this matter: you can't tell how humourſome old fellows are: ——there's no offering reaſon to ſome of 'em, eſpecially when they are rich——if my ſon ſhould ſee him, before I've brought old Sealand into better temper, the match would be impracticable.

[*Aſide.*

Humph. Pray, Sir, let me beg you, to let Mr. Bevil go.—See, whether he will or not. [*Aſide to Sir John.*]—[*Then to Bev.*] Pray, Sir, command your-

ſelf;

ſelf; ſince you ſee my maſter is poſitive, it is better you ſhould not go.

'*Bev. Jun.* My father commands me, as to the 'object of my affections; but I hope he will not, as 'to the warmth and height of them.'

Sir J. Bev. So! I muſt even leave things as I found them; and in the mean time, at leaſt, keep old Sealand out of his ſight.—Well, ſon, I'll go myſelf and take orders in your affair.—You'll be in the way, I ſuppoſe, if I ſend to you—I'll leave your old friend with you.——Humphrey—don't let him ſtir, d'ye hear? your ſervant, your ſervant. [*Exit Sir John.*

Humph. I have a ſad time on't, Sir, between you and my maſter———'I ſee you are unwilling, and I 'know his violent inclinations for the match—I 'muſt betray neither, and yet deceive you both, 'for your common good—Heav'n grant a good end 'of this matter:' but there is a lady, Sir, that gives your father much trouble and ſorrow—You'll pardon me.

Bev. jun. Humphrey, I know thou art a friend to both; and in that confidence, I dare tell thee—That lady—is a woman of honour and virtue. You may aſſure yourſelf, I never will marry without my father's conſent; but give me leave to ſay too, this declaration does not come up to a promiſe, that I will take whomſoever he pleaſes.

'*Humph.* Come, Sir, I wholly underſtand you: 'you would engage my ſervices to free you from this 'woman, whom my maſter intends you, to make 'way, in time, for the woman you have really a mind 'to.

'*Bev. jun.* Honeſt Humphrey, you have always 'been an uſeful friend to my father, and myſelf: I 'beg you continue your good offices, and don't let 'us come to the neceſſity of a diſpute; for if we 'ſhould diſpute, I muſt either part with more than 'life, or loſe the beſt of fathers.'

Humph. My dear maſter, were I but worthy to know this ſecret, that ſo near concerns you, my life, my all

all ſhould be engag'd to ſerve you. This, Sir, I dare promiſe, that I am ſure I will and can be ſecret: your truſt, at worſt, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot ſerve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you ſo.

Bev. jun. That's all I aſk: Thou haſt made it now my intereſt to truſt thee—Be patient then, and hear the ſtory of my heart.

Humph. I am all attention, Sir.

Bev. jun. You may remember, Humphrey, that in my laſt travels, my father grew uneaſy at my making ſo long a ſtay at Toulon.

Humph. I remember it: he was apprehenſive ſome woman had laid hold of you.

Bev. jun. His fears were juſt; for there I firſt ſaw this lady: ſhe is of Engliſh birth: her father's name was Danvers, a younger brother of an ancient family, and originally an eminent merchant of Briſtol; who, upon repeated misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the Indies. In this retreat Providence again grew favourable to his induſtry, and, in ſix years time, reſtored him to his former fortunes: on this he ſent directions over, that his wife and little family ſhould follow him to the Indies. His wife, impatient to obey ſuch welcome orders, would not wait the leiſure of a convoy, but took the firſt occaſion of a ſingle ſhip, and with her huſband's ſiſter only, and this daughter, then ſcarce ſeven years old, undertook the fatal voyage: for here, poor creature, ſhe loſt her liberty, and life; ſhe, and her family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a privateer from Toulon. Being thus made a priſoner, though, as ſuch, not ill treated, yet the fright, the ſhock, and cruel diſappointment, ſeiz'd with ſuch violence upon her unhealthy frame, ſhe ſicken'd, pined and died at ſea.

Humph. Poor ſoul! O the helpleſs infant!

Bev. Her ſiſter yet ſurviv'd, and had the care of her: the captain too proved to have humanity, and became a father to her; for having himſelf

married an Engliſh woman, and being childleſs, he brought home into Toulon this her little country-woman; preſenting her, with all her dead mother's moveables of value, to his wife, to be educated as his own adopted daughter.

Humph. Fortune here ſeem'd, again, to ſmile on her.

Bev. Only to make her frowns more terrible: for, in his height of fortune, this captain too, her benefactor, unfortunately was kill'd at ſea, and dying inteſtate, his eſtate fell wholly to an advocate his brother, who coming ſoon to take poſſeſſion, there found (among his other riches) this blooming virgin, at his mercy.

Humph. He durſt not, ſure, abuſe his power!

Bev. No wonder if his pamper'd blood was fired at the ſight of her—in ſhort, he lov'd; but, when all arts and gentle means had fail'd to move, he offer'd too his menaces in vain, denouncing vengeance on her cruelty; demanding her to account for all her maintenance, from her childhood; ſeiz'd on her little fortune, as his own inheritance, and was dragging her by violence to priſon; when Providence at the inſtant interpos'd, and ſent me, by miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence indeed! but pray, Sir, after all this trouble, how came this lady at laſt to England?

Bev. The diſappointed advocate, finding ſhe had ſo unexpected a ſupport, on cooler thoughts, deſcended to a compoſition; which I, without her knowledge, ſecretly diſcharg'd.

Humph. That generous concealment made the obligation double.

Bev. Having thus obtain'd her liberty, I prevail'd, not without ſome difficulty, to ſee her ſafe to England; where no ſooner arriv'd, but my father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately propoſed this other fatal match that hangs upon my quiet.

Humph.

Humph. I find, Sir, you are irrecoverably fix'd upon this lady.

Bev. As my vital life dwells in my heart——and yet you ſee——what I do to pleaſe my father: walk in this pageantry of dreſs, this ſplendid covering of ſorrow——But, Humphrey, you have your leſſon.

Humph. Now, Sir, I have but one material queſtion——

Bev. Aſk it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own paſſion for this ſecret lady, or hers for you, that gives you this averſion to the match your father has propoſed you?

Bev. I ſhall appear, Humphrey, more romantic in my anſwer, than in all the reſt of my ſtory; for tho' I doat on her to death, and have no little reaſon to believe ſhe has the ſame thoughts for me; yet in all my acquaintance, and utmoſt privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved.

Humph. How was it poſſible to avoid it?

Bev. My tender obligations to my father have laid ſo inviolable a reſtraint upon my conduct, that 'till I have his conſent to ſpeak, I am determin'd, on that ſubject, to be dumb for ever.——

Humph. Well, Sir, to your praiſe be it ſpoken, you are certainly the moſt unfaſhionable lover in Great Britain.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. Myrtle's at the next door, and, if you are at leiſure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bev. Whenever he pleaſes——hold, Tom! did you receive no anſwer to my letter?

Tom. I was deſir'd to call again; for I was told, her mother would not let her be out of her ſight; but about an hour hence, Mrs. Lettice ſaid, I ſhould certainly have one.

Bev. Very well.

Humph. Sir, I will take another opportunity: in the mean time, I only think it proper to tell you, that from a ſecret I know, you may appear to your father as forward as you pleaſe, to marry Lucinda, without

without the leaſt hazard of its coming to a concluſion ——Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant.

Bev. Honeſt Humphrey, continue but my friend, in this exigence, and you ſhall always find me yours. [*Exit* Humph.] I long to hear how my letter has ſucceeded with Lucinda———'But I think it cannot fail: for, at worſt, were it poſſible ſhe could take it ill, her reſentment of my indifference may as probably occaſion a delay, as her taking it right.'——Poor Myrtle, what terrors muſt he be in all this while?——Since he knows ſhe is offer'd to me, and refuſed to him, there is no converſing, or taking any meaſures, with him, for his own ſervice——But I ought to bear with my friend, and uſe him as one in adverſity;

All his diſquiets by my own I prove,
The greateſt grief's perplexity in love. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE *continues.*

Enter Bevil *jun. and* Tom.

Tom. SIR, Mr. Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Very well—do you ſtep again, and wait for an anſwer to my letter.

Enter Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well, Charles, why ſo much care in thy countenance? Is there any thing in this world deſerves it? You, who uſed to be ſo gay, ſo open, ſo vacant!

Myrt. I think we have of late chang'd complexions. You, who us'd to be much the graver man, are now all air in your behaviour——But the cauſe of my concern, may, for ought I know, be the ſame object that gives you all this ſatisfaction. In a word, I am told that you are this very day (and your dreſs confirms me in it) to be married to Lucinda.

Bev. jun. You are not miſinform'd.—Nay, put not on the terrors of a rival, till you hear me out. I ſhall diſoblige

diſoblige the beſt of fathers, if I don't ſeem ready to marry Lucinda: and you know I have ever told you, you might make uſe of my ſecret reſolution never to marry her, for your own ſervice, as you pleaſe. But I am now driven to the extremity of immediately refuſing, or complying, unleſs you help me to eſcape the match.

Myrt. Eſcape! Sir, neither her merit nor her fortune are below your acceptance.—Eſcaping, do you call it?

Bev. jun. Dear Sir, do you wiſh I ſhould deſire the match?

Myrt. No——but ſuch is my humorous and ſickly ſtate of mind, ſince it has been able to reliſh nothing but Lucinda, that, tho' I muſt owe my happineſs to your averſion to this marriage, I can't bear to hear her ſpoken of with levity or unconcern.

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir; I ſhall tranſgreſs that way no more. She has underſtanding, beauty, ſhape, complexion, wit——

Myrt. Nay, dear Bevil, don't ſpeak of her as if you lov'd her, neither.

Bev. jun. Why then, to give you eaſe at once, tho' I allow Lucinda to have good ſenſe, wit, beauty, and virtue; I know another, in whom theſe qualities appear to me more amiable than in her.

Myrt. There you ſpoke like a reaſonable and good-natur'd friend. When you acknowledge her merit, and own your prepoſſeſſion for another, at once, you gratify my fondneſs, and cure my jealouſy.

Bev. jun. But all this while you take no notice, you have no apprehenſion of another man, that has twice the fortune of either of us.

Myrt. Cimberton! Hang him, a formal philoſophical, pedantic coxcomb——For the ſot, with all theſe crude notions of divers things, under the direction of great vanity, and very little judgment, ſhews his ſtrongeſt bias is avarice; which is ſo predominant in him, that he will examine the limbs of his miſtreſs with the caution of a jockey, and pays no

more compliment to her perſonal charms, than if ſhe were a mere breeding animal.

Bev. jun. Are you ſure that is not affected? I have known ſome women ſooner ſet on fire by that ſort of negligence than by———

Myrt. No, no; hang him, the rogue has no art, it is pure ſimple inſolence and ſtupidity.

Bev. jun. Yet, with all this, I don't take him for a fool.

Myrt. I own the man is not a natural; he has a very quick ſenſe, tho' very ſlow underſtanding.—— He ſays indeed many things, that want only the circumſtances of time and place to be very juſt and agreeable.

Bev. jun. Well, you may be ſure of me, if you can diſappoint him: but my intelligence ſays, the mother has actually ſent for the conveyancer, to draw articles for his marriage with Lucinda; tho' thoſe for mine with her, are, by her father's order, ready for ſigning: but it ſeems ſhe has not thought fit to conſult either him or his daughter in the matter.

Myrt. Pſhaw! A poor troubleſome woman—— Neither Lucinda nor her father will ever be brought to comply with it — beſides, I am ſure Cimberton can make no ſettlement upon her, without the concurrence of his great uncle Sir Geoffry in the Weſt.

Bev. jun. Well, Sir, and I can tell you, that's the very point that is now laid before her council; to know whether a firm ſettlement can be made, without this uncle's actual joining in it.———Now pray conſider, Sir, when my affair with Lucinda comes, as it ſoon muſt, to an open rupture, how are you ſure that Cimberton's fortune may not then tempt her father too, to hear his propoſals?

Myrt. There you are right indeed, that muſt be provided againſt.———Do you know who are her council?

Bev. jun. Yes, for your ſervice I have found out that too, they are Serjeant Bramble and Old Target —— by the way, they are neither of 'em known in

in the family: now I was thinking why you might not put a couple of falſe council upon her, to delay and confound matters a little—beſides, it may probably let you into the bottom of her whole deſign againſt you.

Myrt. As how pray?

Bev. jun. Why, can't you ſlip on a black wig and a gown, and be Old Bramble yourſelf?

Myrt. Ha! I don't diſlike it—but what ſhall I do for a brother in the caſe?

Bev. jun. What think you of my fellow, Tom? the rogue's intelligent, and is a good mimick: all his part will be but to ſtutter heartily, for that's Old Target's caſe ——— 'Nay, it would be an immoral 'thing to mock him, were it not that his impertinence is the occaſion of its breaking out to that 'degree'———the conduct of the ſcene will chiefly lie upon you.

Myrt. I like it of all things: if you'll ſend Tom to my chambers, I will give him full inſtructions: this will certainly give me occaſion to raiſe difficulties, to puzzle, or confound her project for a while, at leaſt.

Bev. jun. I'll warrant you ſucceſs: ſo far we are right then: And now, Charles, your apprehenſion of my marrying her, is all you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear Bevil! tho' I know you are my friend, yet when I abſtract myſelf from my own intereſt in the thing, I know no objection ſhe can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope———

Bev. jun. Dear Myrtle, I am as much obliged to you for the cauſe of your ſuſpicion, as I am offended at the effect: but be aſſured, I am taking meaſures for your certain ſecurity, and that all things with regard to me will end in your entire ſatisfaction.

Myrt. Well, I'll promiſe you to be as eaſy and as confident as I can; tho' I cannot but remember that I have more than life at ſtake on your fidelity.

[*Going.*

Bev. jnn. Then depend upon it, you have no chance againſt you.

Myrt. Nay, no ceremony, you know I muſt be going. [*Exit* Myrt.

Bev. jun. Well! this is another inſtance of the perplexities which ariſe too, in faithful friendſhip. 'We muſt often, in this life, go on in our good 'offices, even under the diſpleaſure of thoſe to whom 'we do them, in compaſſion to their weakneſſes and 'miſtakes'———But all this while poor Indiana is tortured with the doubt of me! 'ſhe has no ſupport 'or comfort, but in my fidelity, yet ſees me daily 'preſs'd to marriage with another! How painful, in 'ſuch a criſis, muſt be every hour ſhe thinks on me? 'I'll let her ſee, at leaſt, my conduct to her is not 'chang'd:' I'll take this opportunity to viſit her; for tho' the religious vow, I have made to my father, reſtrains me from ever marrying, without his approbation, yet that confines me not from ſeeing a virtuous woman, that is the pure delight of my eyes, and the guiltleſs joy of my heart: But the beſt condition of human life is but a gentler miſery.

To hope for perfect happineſs is vain,
And love has ever its allays of pain. [Exit.

Enter Iſabella, *and* Indiana, *in her own lodgings.*

Iſab. Yes—I ſay 'tis artifice, dear child; I ſay to thee again and again, 'tis all ſkill and management.

Ind. Will you perſuade me there can be an ill deſign, in ſupporting me in the condition of a woman of quality? attended, dreſs'd, and lodg'd like one; in my appearance abroad, and my furniture at home, every way in the moſt ſumptuous manner, and he that does it has an artifice, a deſign in it?

Iſab. Yes, yes.

Ind. And all this without ſo much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him!

Iſab. Ay, ay,—the more for that —— that keeps the title to all you have, the more in him.

Ind. The more in him! ——— He ſcorns the thought———

Iſab. Then he—he—he—

Ind. Well, be not ſo eager.—If he is an ill man, let

let us look into his ſtratagems. Here is another of them. [*Shewing a letter.*] Here's two hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes, with theſe words, "To "pay for the ſet of dreſſing-plate, which will be "brought home to-morrow." Why, dear aunt, now here's another piece of ſkill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend—and it is with a bleeding heart I hear you ſay any thing to the diſadvantage of Mr. Bevil. When he is preſent, I look upon him as one to whom I owe my life, and the ſupport of it: Then again, as the man who loves me with ſincerity and honour. When his eyes are caſt another way, and I dare ſurvey him, my heart is painfully divided between ſhame and love —— 'Oh! cou'd I tell 'you!——

'*Iſab.* Ah! You need not: I imagine all this for 'you.

'*Ind.* This is my ſtate of mind in his preſence; and 'when he is abſent, you are ever dinning my ears 'with notions of the arts of men; that his hidden 'bounty, his reſpectful conduct, his careful proviſion 'for me, after his preſerving me from utmoſt miſery, 'are certain ſigns he means nothing but to make I 'know not what of me?

'*Iſab.* Oh! you have a ſweet opinion of him, truly!

'*Ind.* I have, when I am with him, ten thouſand 'things, beſides my ſex's natural decency and ſhame, 'to ſuppreſs my heart, that yearns to thank, to praiſe, 'to ſay it loves him: I ſay, thus it is with me while 'I ſee him; and in his abſence I am entertain'd 'with nothing, but your endeavours to tear this ami-'able image from my heart; and, in its ſtead, to 'place a baſe diſſembler, an artful invader of my 'happineſs, my innocence, my honour.

'*Iſab.* Ah poor ſoul! has not his plot taken? don't 'you die for him? has not the way he has taken, 'been the moſt proper with you? Oh! ho! he has 'ſenſe, and has judg'd the thing right.

'*Ind.* Go on then, ſince nothing can anſwer you: 'ſay what you will of him.' Heigh! ho!

Iſab. Heigh! ho! indeed. It is better to ſay ſo, as you are now, than as many others are. There are, among the deſtroyers of women, the gentle, the generous, the mild, the affable, the humble, who all, ſoon after their ſucceſs in their deſigns, turn to the contrary of thoſe characters. I will own to you, Mr. Bevil carries his hypocriſy the beſt of any man living, but ſtill he is a man, and therefore a hypocrite. 'They have uſurp'd an exemption from 'ſhame, for any baſeneſs, any cruely towards us.' They embrace without love; they make vows, without conſcience of obligation; they are partners, nay, ſeducers to the crime, wherein they pretend to be leſs guilty.

Ind. That's truly obſerv'd. [*Aſide.*
But what's all this to Bevil?

Iſab. This it is to Bevil, and all mankind. 'Truſt 'not thoſe, who will think the worſe of you for 'your confidence in them.' Serpents, who lie in wait for doves: Won't you be on your guard againſt thoſe who would betray you? Won't you doubt thoſe who would contemn you for believing 'em? 'Take 'it from me: Fair and natural dealing is to invite 'injuries, 'tis bleating to eſcape wolves who would 'devour you!' Such is the world,—and ſuch (ſince the behaviour of one man to myſelf) have I believ'd all the reſt of the ſex. [*Aſide.*

Ind. I will not doubt the truth of Bevil, I will not doubt it: He has not ſpoke it by an organ that is given to lying: His eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine: I know his virtue, I know his filial piety, and ought to truſt his management with a father, to whom he has uncommon obligations What have I to be concern'd for? my leſſon is very ſhort. If he takes me for ever, my purpoſe of life is only to pleaſe him. If he leaves me (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly; and I ſhall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worſe than death has happen'd to me.

Iſab. Ay do, perſiſt in your credulity! flatter your-
ſelf

ſelf that a man of his figure and fortune will make himſelf the jeſt of the town, and marry a handſome beggar for love.

Ind. The town! I muſt tell you, Madam, the fools that laugh at Mr. Bevil, will but make themſelves more ridiculous: his actions are the reſult of thinking, and he has ſenſe enough to make even virtue faſhionable.

Iſab. 'O' my conſcience he has turn'd her head!' Come, come; if he were the honeſt fool you take him for, why has he kept you here theſe three weeks, without ſending you to Briſtol, in ſearch of your father, your family, and your relations?

Ind. I am convinc'd he ſtill deſigns it; 'and that 'nothing keeps him here, but the neceſſity of not 'coming to a breach with his father, in regard to the 'match he has propos'd him.' Beſide, has he not writ to Briſtol? and has not he advice that my father has not been heard of there, almoſt theſe twenty years?

Iſab. All ſham, mere evaſion; he is afraid, if he ſhould carry you thither, your honeſt relations may take you out of his hands, and ſo blow up all his wicked hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked hopes! did I ever give him any ſuch?

Iſab. Has he ever given you any honeſt ones? can you ſay, in your conſcience, he has ever once offer'd to marry you?

Ind. No! but by his behaviour I am convinc'd he will offer it, the moment 'tis in his power, or conſiſtent with his honour, to make ſuch a promiſe good to me.

Iſab. His honour!

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore deſire you will not make my life uneaſy, by theſe ungrateful jealouſies of one, to whom I am, and wiſh to be oblig'd: for from his integrity alone, I have reſolv'd to hope for happineſs.

Iſab. Nay, I have done my duty; if you won't ſee, at your peril be it———

Ind. Let it be———This is his hour of viſiting me.

' *Iſab.* Oh! to be ſure, keep up your form; don't ' ſee him in a bed-chamber: This is pure prudence, ' when ſhe is liable, wherever he meets her, to be ' convey'd where'er he pleaſes.' [*Apart.*

' *Ind.*' All the reſt of my life is but waiting till he comes: I live only when I'm with him. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Well, go thy ways, thou wilful innocent! I once had almoſt as much love for a man, who poorly left me to marry an eſtate——And I am now, againſt my will, what they call an Old Maid——but I will not let the peeviſhneſs of that condition grow upon me——only keep up the ſuſpicion of it, to prevent this creature's being any other than a virgin, except upon proper terms. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Indiana *ſpeaking to a ſervant.*

Ind. Deſire Mr. Bevil to walk in——Deſign! impoſſible! A baſe deſigning mind could never think of what he hourly puts in practice———And yet, ſince the late rumour of his marriage, he ſeems more reſerv'd than formerly——he ſends in too, before he ſees me, to know if I am at leiſure——ſuch new reſpect may cover coldneſs in the heart——it certainly makes me thoughtful———I'll know the worſt, at once: I'll lay ſuch fair occaſions in his way, that it ſhall be impoſſible to avoid an explanation ——for theſe doubts are inſupportable!——But ſee! he comes, and clears them all.

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Madam, your moſt obedient——I am afraid I broke in upon your reſt laſt night——'twas very late before we parted; but 'twas your own fault: I never ſaw you in ſuch agreeable humour.

Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd; for I thought I never ſaw you better company.

Bev. Me, Madam! you rally; I ſaid very little.

Ind. But, I am afraid, you heard me ſay a great deal;

deal; and when a woman is in the talking vein, the moſt agreeable thing a man can do, you know, is to have patience to hear her.

Bev. Then it's pity, Madam, you ſhould ever be ſilent, that we might be always agreeable to one another.

Ind. If I had your talent, or power, to make my actions ſpeak for me, I might indeed be ſilent, and yet pretend to ſomething more than the agreeable.

Bev. If I might be vain of any thing, in my power, Madam, 'tis that my underſtanding, from all your ſex, has mark'd you out, as the moſt deſerving object of my eſteem.

Ind. Should I think I deſerve this, 'twere enough to make my vanity forfeit the very eſteem you offer me.

Bev. How ſo, Madam?

Ind. Becauſe eſteem is the reſult of reaſon, and to deſerve it from good-ſenſe, the height of human glory: nay, I had rather a man of honour ſhould pay me that, than all the homage of a ſincere and humble love.

Bev. jun. You certainly diſtinguiſh right, Madam: love often kindles from external merit only——

Ind. But eſteem ariſes from a higher ſource, the merit of the ſoul———

Bev. jun. True——And great ſouls only can deſerve it. [*Bowing reſpectfully.*

Ind. Now, I think, they are greater ſtill, that can ſo charitably part with it.

Bev. jun. Now, Madam, you make me vain, ſince the utmoſt pride, and pleaſure of my life is, that I eſteem you——as I ought.

Ind. As he ought! ſtill more perplexing! he neither ſaves, nor kills my hope. [*Aſide.*

Bev. jun. But Madam, we grow grave methinks—Let's find ſome other ſubject——Pray how did you like the opera laſt night?

Ind. Firſt give me leave to thank you for my tickets.

Bev. jun. O! your ſervant, Madam——'But pray 'tell me, you now, who are never partial to the 'faſhion, I fancy, muſt be the propereſt judge of a 'mighty diſpute among the ladies, that is, whether 'Criſpo or Griſelda is the more agreeable enter-'tainment.

'*Ind.* With ſubmiſſion now, I cannot be a proper 'judge of this queſtion.

'*Bev. jun.* How ſo, Madam?

'*Ind.* Becauſe I find I have a partiality for one of 'them.

'*Bev. jun.* Pray which is that?

'*Ind.* I do not know——there's ſomething in that 'rural cottage of Griſelda, her forlorn condition, her 'poverty, her ſolitude, her reſignation, her inno-'cent ſlumbers, and that lulling Dolce Sogno that's 'ſung over her; it had an effect upon me, that—in 'ſhort I never was ſo well deceiv'd at any of them.

'*Bev. jun.* Oh! Now then, I can account for the 'diſpute: Griſelda, it ſeems, is the diſtreſs of an in-'jur'd innocent woman: Criſpo, that only of a man 'in the ſame condition; therefore the men are moſtly 'concern'd for Criſpo, and, by a natural indulgence, 'both ſexes for Griſelda.

'*Ind.* So that judgment, you think, ought to be 'for one, tho' fancy and complaiſance have got 'ground for the other. Well! I believe you will ne-'ver give me leave to diſpute with you on any ſub-'ject; for I own, Criſpo has its charms for me too: 'though in the main, all the pleaſure the beſt opera 'gives us, is but mere ſenſation.——Methink it's 'pity the mind can't have a little more ſhare in the 'entertainment.——The muſic's certainly fine; but, 'in my thoughts, there's none of your compoſers 'come up to Old Shakeſpear and Otway.

'*Bev. jun.* How, Madam! why if a woman of your 'ſenſe were to ſay this in the drawing-room.—'

Enter a ſervant.

Serv. Sir, here's Signior Carbonelli ſays he waits your commands in the next room.

Bev. jun. A propos! You were ſaying yeſterday, Madam, you had a mind to hear him——will you give him leave to entertain you now?

Ind. By all means: deſire the gentleman to walk in. [*Exit ſervant.*

'*Bev. jun.* I fancy you will find ſomething in this 'hand, that is uncommon.

'*Ind.* You are always finding ways, Mr. Bevil, to 'make life ſeem leſs tedious to me.———

'*Enter Muſic-maſter.*

'When the gentleman pleaſes.'

After a ſonata is play'd, Bevil *waits on the maſter to the door*, &c.

Bev. jun. You ſmile, Madam, to ſee me ſo complaiſant to one, whom I pay for his viſit: Now, I own, I think it is not enough barely to pay thoſe, whoſe talents are ſuperior to our own (I mean ſuch talents, as would become our condition, if we had them:) methinks we ought to do ſomething more, than barely gratify them, for what they do at our command, only becauſe their fortune is below us.

Ind. You ſay I ſmile: I aſſure you it was a ſmile of approbation; for indeed, I cannot but think it the diſtinguiſhing part of a gentleman, to make his ſuperiority of fortune as eaſy to his inferiors, as he can.——Now once more to try him. [*Aſide.*]——— I was ſaying juſt now, I believed you would never let me diſpute with you, and I dare ſay, it will always be ſo: however I muſt have your opinion upon a ſubject, which created a debate between my aunt and me, juſt before you came hither: ſhe would needs have it, that no man ever does any extraordinary kindneſs or ſervice for a woman, but for his own ſake.

Bev. jun. Well, Madam! indeed I can't but be of her mind.

Ind. What, tho' he ſhould maintain, and ſupport her, without demanding any thing of her, on her part?

Bev. jun. Why, Madam, is making an expence, in

the ſervice of a valuable woman (for ſuch I muſt ſuppoſe her) though ſhe ſhould never do him any favour, nay, though ſhe ſhould never know who did her ſuch ſervice, ſuch a mighty heroic buſineſs?

Ind. Certainly! I ſhould think he muſt be a man of an uncommon mold.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, why ſo? 'tis but, at beſt, a better taſte in expence: to beſtow upon one, whom he may think one of the ornaments of the whole creation, to be conſcious, that from his ſuperfluity, an innocent, a virtuous ſpirit is ſupported above the temptations and ſorrows of life! that he ſees ſatisfaction, health, and gladneſs in her countenance, while he enjoys the happineſs of ſeeing her (as that I will ſuppoſe too, or he muſt be too abſtracted, too inſenſible) I ſay, if he is allowed to delight in that proſpect; alas! what mighty matter is there in all this?

Ind. No mighty matter, in ſo diſintereſted a friendſhip!

Bev. jun. Diſintereſted! I can't think him ſo: your hero, Madam, is no more, than what every gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are— He is only one, who takes more delight in reflections, than in ſenſations: he is more pleaſed with thinking, than eating; that's the utmoſt you can ſay of him —— Why, Madam, a greater expence, than all this, men lay out upon an unneceſſary ſtable of horſes.

Ind. Can you be ſincere in what you ſay?

Bev. jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any ſuch man, he does not love dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bev. jun. Nor cards, nor dice.

Ind. No.

Bev, jun. Nor bottle companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor looſe women.

Ind. No, I'm ſure he does not.

Bev. jun. Take my word then, if your admired hero

hero is not liable to any of theſe kind of demands, there's no ſuch preheminence in this, as you imagine: nay this way of expence you ſpeak of is what exalts and raiſes him that has a taſte for it: and, at the ſame time, his delight is incapable of ſatiety, diſguſt, or penitence.

Ind. But ſtill, I inſiſt, his having no private intereſt in the action makes it prodigious, almoſt incredible.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, I never knew you more miſtaken: Why, who can be more an uſurer, than he, who lays out his money in ſuch valuable purchaſes? If pleaſure be worth purchaſing, how great a pleaſure is it to him, who has a true taſte of life, to eaſe an aking heart, to ſee the humane countenance lighted up into ſmiles of joy, on the receipt of a bit of ore, which is ſuperfluous, and otherwiſe uſeleſs in a man's own pocket? What could a man do better with his caſh? This is the effect of an humane diſpoſition, where there is only a general tye of nature, and common neceſſity. What then muſt it be, when we ſerve an object of merit, of admiration!

Ind. Well! the more you argue againſt it, the more I ſhall admire the generoſity.

Bev. jun. Nay, nay——then, Madam, 'tis time to fly, after a declaration, that my opinion ſtrengthens my adverſary's argument——I had beſt haſten to my appointment with Mr. Myrtle, and be gone, while we are friends, and—before things are brought to an extremity —— [*Exit careleſly.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Well, Madam, what think you of him now, pray?

Ind. I proteſt, I begin to fear he is wholly diſintereſted, in what he does for me. On my heart, he has no other view, but the mere pleaſure of doing it, and has neither good nor bad deſigns upon me.

Iſab. Ah! dear niece! don't be in fear of both! I'll warrant you, you will know time enough, that he is not indifferent.

Ind.

Ind. You pleaſe me, when you tell me ſo: for, he has any wiſhes towards me, I know he will not purſue them but with honour.

Iſab. I wiſh I were as confident of one as t'other, ——I ſaw the reſpectful downcaſt of his eye, when you catch'd him gazing at you during the muſic: he, I warrant, was ſurpriz'd, as if he had been taken ſtealing your watch. O! the undiſſembled guilty look!

'*Ind.* But did you obſerve any ſuch thing, really? 'I thought he look'd moſt charmingly graceful! how 'engaging is modeſty in a man, when one knows 'there's is a great mind within —— ſo tender a 'confuſion! and yet, in other reſpects, ſo much 'himſelf, ſo collected, ſo dauntleſs, ſo determined!

'*Iſab.* Ah, niece! there is a ſort of baſhfulneſs, 'which is the beſt engine to carry on a ſhameleſs 'purpoſe: ſome men's modeſty ſerves their wicked-'neſs, as hypocriſy gains the reſpect due to piety: 'but, I will own to you, there is one hopeful ſymp-'tom, if there could be ſuch a thing as a diſinte-'reſted lover;' but it's all a perplexity, till——till ——till——

Ind. Till what?

Iſab. Till I know whether Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Bevil are really friends or foes——and that I will be convinced of before I ſleep: for you ſhall not be deceiv'd.

Ind. I'm ſure I never ſhall if your fears can guard me: in the mean time, I'll wrap myſelf up in the integrity of my own heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As conſcious honour all his actions ſteers:
So conſcious innocence diſpels my fears.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE Sealand's *Houſe.*

Enter Tom *meeting* Phillis.

Tom. WELL, Phillis!—what, with a face as if you had never ſeen me before!——what a work have I to do now! ſhe has ſeen ſome new viſitant at their houſe, whoſe airs ſhe has catch'd, and is reſolv'd to practiſe them upon me. Numberleſs are the changes ſhe'll dance thro', before ſhe'll anſwer this plain queſtion; *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my maſter's letter to your lady? nay, I know her too well, to aſk her an account of it in an ordinary way: I'll be in my airs as well as ſhe. [*Aſide.* ——Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are at preſent pleaſed to make me, I would not, in the general, be any other than what I am: I would not be a bit wiſer, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit ſhorter, than I am at this inſtant.

[*Looking ſtedfaſtly at her.*

Phil. Did ever any body doubt, Maſter Thomas, but that you were extremely ſatisfied with your ſweet ſelf?

Tom. I am indeed——the thing I have leaſt reaſon to be ſatisfied with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty: perhaps, if I were rich, I ſhould overlook the fineſt woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought ſo.

Phil. How prettily was that ſaid? but, I'll have a great deal more, before I'll ſay one word.

[*Aſide.*

Tom. I ſhould, perhaps, have been ſtupidly above her, had I not been her equal; and, by not being her equal, never had opportunity of being her ſlave. I am my maſter's ſervant, for hire; I am my miſtreſs's, from choice, wou'd ſhe but approve my paſſion.

Phil. I think, it's the firſt time I ever heard you ſpeak of it, with any ſenſe of the anguiſh, if you really do ſuffer any.

Tom.

Tom. Ah, Phillis! can you doubt, after what you have ſeen?

Phil. I know not what I have ſeen, nor what I have heard; but, ſince I'm at leiſure, you may tell me, when you fell in love with me; how you fell in love with me; and what you have ſuffer'd, or are ready to ſuffer for me.

Tom. O the unmerciful jade! when I'm in haſte about my maſter's letter———But, I muſt go thro' it. [*Aſide.*]———Ah! too well I remember when, and how, and on what occaſion. I was firſt ſurpriz'd. It was on the firſt of April, one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. Sealand's ſervice: I was then a hobble-de-hoy, and you a pretty light tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the houſekeeper.———At that time we neither of us kn w what was in us: I remember I was order'd to get out of the window, one pair of ſtairs, to rub the ſaſhes clean——the perſon employ'd, on the inner-ſide was your charming ſelf, whom I had never ſeen before.

Phil. I think, I remember the ſilly accident: what made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the ſtreet?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you——you could not gueſs what ſurpriz'd me. You took no delight, when you immediately grew wanton in your conqueſt, and put your lips cloſe, and breath'd upon the glaſs, and when my lips approach'd, a dirty cloth you rubb'd againſt my face, and hid your beauteous form; when I again drew near, you ſpit and rubb'd, and ſmil'd at my undoing.

Phil. What ſilly thoughts you men have!

Tom. We were Pyramus and Thiſbe———but ten times harder was my fate: Pyramus could peep only through a wall; I ſaw her, ſaw my Thiſbe in all her beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred walls between; for there was more, there was her will againſt me——would ſhe but yet relent!———O Phillis! Phillis! ſhorten my torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil.

Phil. I believe it's very ſufferable: the pain is not ſo exquiſite, but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom. O my charming Phillis, if all depended on my fair one's will, I could with glory ſuffer—— but, deareſt creature, conſider our miſerable ſtate.

Phil. How! miſerable!

Tom. We are miſerable to be in love, and under the command of others than thoſe we love——with that generous paſſion in the heart, to be ſent to and fro on errands, call'd, check'd and rated for the meaneſt trifles. O Phillis! you don't know how many China cups and glaſſes my paſſion for you has made me break; you have broke my fortune, as well as my heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. Thomas, I cannot but own to you, that I believe your maſter writes and you ſpeak the beſt of any men in the world. Never was woman ſo well pleas'd with a letter, as my young lady was with his, and this is an anſwer to it.

[*Gives him a letter.*

Tom. This was well done, my deareſt: conſider, we muſt ſtrike out ſome pretty livelihood for ourſelves, by cloſing their affairs: it will be nothing for them to give us a little being of our own, ſome ſmall tenement, out of their large poſſeſſions: whatever they give us, 'twill be more than what they keep for themſelves; one acre, with Phillis, wou'd be worth a whole county without her.

Phil. Oh, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the utterance, believe the touch of my lips. [*Kiſſes her.*

Phil. There's no contradicting you: how cloſely you argue, Tom!

Tom. And will cloſer in due time. But I muſt haſten with this letter, to haſten towards the poſſeſſion of you.—— Then, Phillis, conſider, how I muſt be reveng'd, look to it, of all your ſkittiſhneſs, ſhy looks, and at beſt but coy compliances.

Phil. O Tom! you grow wanton and ſenſual, as my

my lady calls it, I muſt not endure it: Oh, foh! you are a man, an odious filthy male creature: you ſhould behave, if you had a right ſenſe, or were a man of ſenſe, like Mr. Cimberton, with diſtance and indifference; 'or let me ſee ſome other becoming hard word, with ſeeming in-in-advertency;' and not ruſh on one as if you were ſeizing a prey. But, huſh —— the ladies are coming——good Tom, don't kiſs me above once, and be gone——lard, we have been fooling and toying, and not conſider'd the main buſineſs of our maſters and miſtreſſes.

Tom. Why, their buſineſs is to be fooling and toying, as ſoon as the parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remember'd —— parchments —— my lady, to my knowledge, is preparing writings between her coxcomb couſin, Cimberton, and my miſtreſs; though my maſter has an eye to the parchments already prepar'd between your maſter, Mr. Bevil, and my miſtreſs; and I believe, my miſtreſs herſelf has ſign'd and ſeald, in her heart, to Mr. Myrtle.—— Did I not bid you kiſs me but once and be gone, but I know you won't be ſatisfy'd.

Tom. No, you ſmooth creature, how ſhould I!

[*Kiſſing her hand.*

Phil. Well, ſince you are ſo humble, or ſo cool, as to raviſh my hand only, I'll take my leave of you like a great lady, and you a man of quality.

[*They ſalute formally.*

Tom. Pox of all this ſtate.

[*Offers to kiſs her more cloſely.*

Phil. No, pr'ythee, Tom, mind your buſineſs. 'We muſt follow that intereſt which will take; 'but endeavour at that which will be moſt for us, 'and we like moſt'————O here's my young miſtreſs! [Tom *taps her neck behind, and kiſſes his fingers.*] Go, you liquoriſh fool!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Who was that you was hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil.

Phil. For your ladyſhip's ſervice, to carry your ladyſhip's letter to his maſter: I could hardly get the rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he ſo little love for his maſter?

Phil. No; but he has ſo much love for his miſtreſs.

Luc. But, I thought I heard him kiſs you. Why do you ſuffer that?

Phil. Why, Madam, we vulgar take it to be a ſign of love: we ſervants, we poor people, that have nothing but our perſons to beſtow or treat for, 'are 'forc'd to deal and bargain by way of ſample; and 'therefore, as we have no parchments or wax neceſ-'ſary in our agreements, we' ſqueeze with our hands, and ſeal with our lips, to ratifie vows and promiſes.

Luc. But can't you truſt one another without ſuch earneſt down?

Phil. We don't think it ſafe, any more than you gentry, to come together without deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry huſſy.

Phil. I wiſh, Madam, your lover and you were as happy as Tom and your ſervant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, Madam: and I won't aſk you what you intend to do with Mr. Myrtle, what your father will do with Mr. Bevil, nor what you all, eſpecially my lady, mean by admitting Mr. Cimberton as particularly here, as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as people of quality are.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different beds in the ſame houſe.

Luc. Pſhaw! I have a very great value for Mr. Bevil, but have abſolutely put an end to his pretenſions, in the letter I gave you for him: 'but, my father, 'in his heart, ſtill has a mind to him, were it not for 'this woman they talk of; and, I am apt to ima-'gine, he is married to her, or never deſigns to mar-'ry at all.'

Phil.

Phil. Then Mr. Myrtle ———

Luc. He had my parents leave to apply to me, and by that has won me and my affections: who is to have this body of mine without 'em, it ſeems is nothing to me: my mother ſays, it's indecent for me to let my thoughts ſtray about the perſon of my huſband: nay, ſhe ſays, a maid, rigidly virtuous, tho' ſhe may have been where her lover was a thouſand times, ſhould not have made obſervations enough to know him from another man, when ſhe ſees him in a third place.

Phil. That is more than the ſeverity of a nun: for not to ſee, when one may, is hardly poſſible; not to ſee when one can't, is very eaſy: at this rate, Madam, there are a great many whom you have not ſeen, who ———

Luc. Mamma ſays the firſt time you ſee your huſband ſhould be at that inſtant he is made ſo; when your father, with the help of the miniſter, gives you to him; then you are to ſee him, then you are to obſerve and take notice of him, becauſe then you are to obey him.

Phil. But does not my lady remember you are to love as well as obey?

Luc. To love is a paſſion, 'tis a deſire, and we muſt have no deſires. Oh! I cannot endure the reflection! with what inſenſibility on my part, with what more than patience have I been expos'd, and offer'd to ſome aukward booby or other, in every county of Great-Britain?

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder I never heard you ſpeak of it before with this indignation.

Luc. Every corner of the land has preſented me with a wealthy coxcomb. As faſt as one treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my name and perſon have been the tittle tattle of the whole town: 'What is this world come to! No ſhame left! To be 'barter'd for, like the beaſts of the fields, and that, 'in ſuch an inſtance, as coming together, to an 'intire familiarity, and union of ſoul and body; 'Oh!

'Oh! and this, without being ſo much as well-wiſh-
'ers to each other, but for encreaſe of fortune.'

Phil. But, Madam, all theſe vexations will end very ſoon, in one for all: Mr. Cimberton is your mother's kinſman, and three hundred years an older gentleman than any lover you ever had; for which reaſon, with that of his prodigious large eſtate, ſhe is reſolved on him, and has ſent to conſult the lawyers accordingly. Nay, has (whether you know it or not) been in treaty with Sir Geoffry, who, to join in the ſettlement, has accepted of a ſum to do it, and is every moment expected in town for that purpoſe.

Luc. How do you get all this intelligence?

Phil. By an art I have, I thank my ſtars, beyond all the waiting-maids in Great Britain: the art of liſt'ning, Madam, for your ladyſhip's ſervice.

Luc. I ſhall ſoon know as much as you do: leave me, leave me, Phillis, be gone: here, here, I'll turn you out. My mother ſays I muſt not converſe with my ſervants; tho' I muſt converſe with no one elſe. [*Exit* Phillis.] 'How unhappy are we, who 'are born to great fortunes! No one looks at us 'with indifference, or acts towards us on the foot of 'plain dealing; yet, by all I have been heretofore 'offer'd to, or treated for, I have been us'd with the 'moſt agreeable of all abuſes, flattery; but now, by 'this flegmatic fool, I am us'd as nothing, or a 'mere thing; he, forſooth! is too wiſe, too learned, 'to have any regard to deſires, and, I know not 'what the learned oaf calls ſentiments of love and 'paſſion——' Here he comes with my mother—— It's much if he looks at me; or, if he does, takes no more notice of me, than of any other moveable in the room.

Enter Mrs. Sealand *and* Mr. Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned taſte of yours, and the worthy regard you have to our own ancient and honourable houſe, in conſulting a means, to keep the blood as pure, and as regularly deſcended as may be!

Cim.

Cim. Why, really, Madam, the young women of this age are treated with diſcourſes of ſuch a tendency; and their imaginations ſo bewilder'd in fleſh and blood, that a man of reaſon can't talk to be underſtood: they have no ideas of happineſs, but what are more groſs than the gratification of hunger and thirſt.

Luc. With how much reflection he is a coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

Cim. And in truth, Madam, I have conſider'd it as a moſt brutal cuſtom, that perſons, of the firſt character in the world, ſhould go as ordinarily, and with as little ſhame, to bed, as to dinner with one another. They proceed to the propagation of the ſpecies, as openly, as to the preſervation of the individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to bed to thee, muſt have no ſhame, I'm ſure! [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Seal. O couſin Cimberton! couſin Cimberton! how abſtracted, how refined, is your ſenſe of things! But, indeed, it is too true, there is nothing ſo ordinary as to ſay, in the beſt-govern'd families, my maſter and lady are gone to bed: one does not know but it might have been ſaid of one's ſelf. [*Hiding her face with her fan.*

Cim. Lycurgus, Madam, inſtituted otherwiſe: among the Lacedemonians, the whole female world was pregnant, but none, but the mothers themſelves, knew by whom: their meetings were ſecret, and the amorous congreſs always by ſtealth; and no ſuch profeſſed doings between the ſexes, as are tolerated among us, under the audacious word, marriage.

Mrs. Seal. Oh! had I liv'd in thoſe days, and been a matron of Sparta, one might, with leſs indecency, have had ten children, according to that modeſt inſtitution, than one under the confuſion of our modern, barefac'd manner.

Luc. And yet, poor woman, ſhe has gone thro' the whole ceremony, and here I ſtand a melancholy proof of it. [*Aſide.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Seal. We will talk then of buſineſs. That girl walking about the room there is to be your wife. She has, I confeſs, no ideas, no ſentiments, that ſpeak her born of a thinking mother.

Cimb. I have obſerv'd her: her lively look, free air, and diſengag'd countenance, ſpeak her very——

Luc. Very, what?

Cimb. If you pleaſe, Madam — to ſet her a little that way.

Mrs. Seal. Lucinda, ſay nothing to him, you are not a match for him: when you are married, you may ſpeak to ſuch a huſband, when ye're ſpoken to. But, I am diſpoſing of you, above yourſelf, every way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but obſerve the inconveniences I expoſe myſelf to, in hopes that your ladyſhip will be the conſort of my better part: As for the young woman, ſhe is rather an impediment, than a help, to a man of letters and ſpeculation. Madam, there is no reflection, no philoſophy, can, at all times, ſubdue the ſenſitive life, but the animal ſhall ſometimes carry away the man: Ha! ay, the vermillion of her lips.

Luc. Pray, don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough—pant of her boſom.

Luc. Sir! Madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward cheſt.

Luc. Intolerable!

Cimb. High health.

Luc. The grave, eaſy impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud heart.

Luc. Stupid coxcomb!

Cimb. I ſay, Madam, her impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all attractions — her arms —her neck—what a ſpring in her ſtep!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you ſtrange unaccountable!

Cimb. What an elaſticity in her veins and arteries!

Luc. I have no veins, no arteries.

Mrs.

Mrs. Seal. O child, hear him, he talks finely, he's a ſcholar, he knows what you have.

Cimb. The ſpeaking invitation of her ſhape, the gathering of herſelf up, and the indignation you ſee in the pretty little thing —— now, I am conſidering her, on this occaſion, but as one that is to be pregnant.——

' *Luc.* The familiar, learned, unſeaſonable puppy! ' [*Aſide.*

' *Cimb.*' And pregnant undoubtedly ſhe will be yearly. I fear, I ſhan't, for many years, have diſcretion enough to give her one fallow ſeaſon.

Luc. Monſter! there's no bearing it. The hideous ſot! —— there's no enduring it, to be thus ſurvey'd like a ſteed at ſale.

Cimb. At ſale! ſhe's very illiterate —— But ſhe's very well limb'd too: turn her in; I ſee what ſhe is. [*Exit* Lucinda *in a rage.*

Mrs. Seal. Go, you creature! I am aſham'd of you!

Cimb. No harm done —— you know, Madam, the better ſort of people, as I obſerv'd to you, treat by their lawyers of weddings [*adjuſting himſelf at the glaſs*] and the woman in the bargain, like the manſion-houſe in the ſale of the eſtate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all conſider'd.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make no demand for her youth, and beauty, and every other accompliſhment, as the common world think 'em, becauſe ſhe is not polite.

Cimb. ' Madam, I know, your exalted underſtand-
' ing, abſtracted, as it is, from vulgar prejudices,
' will not be offended, when I declare to you, ' I marry to have an heir to my eſtate, and not to beget a colony, or a plantation: this young woman's beauty, and conſtitution, will demand proviſion for a tenth child at leaſt.

' *Mrs. Seal.* With all that wit, and learning, how
' conſiderate! What an oeconomiſt! [*aſide.*] —— Sir,

'I cannot make her any other than ſhe is; or ſay ſhe 'is much better than the other young women of this 'age, or fit for much, beſides being a mother; but 'I have given directions for the marriage ſettle-'ments, and Sir Geoffry Cimberton's council is 'to meet ours here, at this hour, concerning his 'joining in the deed, which, when executed, makes 'you capable of ſettling what is due to Lucinda's 'fortune: herſelf, as I told you, I ſay nothing of.

'*Cimb.* No, no, no, indeed, Madam, it is not 'uſual;' and I muſt depend upon my own reflection and philoſophy not to overſtock my family.

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her, couſin Cimberton; but ſhe is, for aught I ſee, as well as the daughter of any body elſe.

Cimb. That is very true, Madam.

Enter a ſervant, who whiſpers Mrs. Sealand.

Mrs. Seal. The lawyers are come, 'and now we 'are to hear what they have reſolv'd as to the point 'whether it's neceſſary that Sir *Geoffry* ſhould join 'in the ſettlement, as being what they call in the 'remainder.' But, good couſin, you muſt have patience with 'em. Theſe lawyers, I am told, are of a different kind: one is what they call a chamber-council, the other a pleader: the conveyancer is ſlow, from an imperfection in his ſpeech, and therefore ſhun'd the bar, but extremely paſſionate, and impatient of contradiction: the other is as warm as he; but has a tongue ſo voluble, and a head ſo conceited, he will ſuffer no body to ſpeak but himſelf.

Cimb. You mean old ſerjeant Target, and counſellor Bramble? I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The ſame: ſhew in the gentlemen.

[*Exit Servant.*

Re-enter Servant, introducing Myrtle *and* Tom, *diſguiſed as* Bramble *and* Target.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the party concern'd, Mr. Cimberton; and I hope you have conſider'd of the matter.

Tar. Yes, Madam, we have agreed that it muſt be by Indent——dent——dent——dent———

Bram. Yes, Madam, Mr. Serjeant and myſelf have agreed, as he is pleas'd to inform you, that it muſt be an indenture tripartite, and tripartite let it be, for Sir Geoffry muſt needs be a party; old Cimberton, in the year 1619, ſays, in that ancient roll, in Mr. Serjeant's hands, as recourſe thereto being had, will more at large appear———

Tar. Yes, and by the deeds in your hands, it appears, that———

Bram. Mr. Serjeant, I beg of you to make no inferences upon what is in our cuſtody; but ſpeak to the titles in your own deeds——I ſhall not ſhow that deed till my client is in town.

Cimb. You know beſt your own methods.

Mrs. Seal. The ſingle queſtion is, whether the entail is ſuch, that my couſin Sir Geoffry is neceſſary in this affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the lordſhip of Tretriplet, but not as to the meſſuage of Grimgribber.

Tar. I ſay that Gr—gr— that Gr—gr— Grimgribber, Grimgribber is in us. That is to ſay the remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr——tr— Triplet.

Bram. You go upon the deed of Sir Ralph, made in the middle of the laſt century, precedent to that in which old Cimberton made over the remainder, and made it paſs to the heirs general, by which your client comes in; and I queſtion whether the remainder even of Tretriplet is in him—But we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable conſideration. But we ſhall not purchaſe what is in us for ever, as Grimgribber is, at the rate as we guard againſt the contingent of Mr. Cimberton having no ſon——— Then we know Sir Geoffry is the firſt of the collateral male line in this family——— Yet———

Tar. Sir, Gr—gr—ber is———

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your argument might be of force, and we would be inclin'd to

hear

hear that in all its parts—But, Sir, I ſee very plainly what you are going into —— I tell you, it is as probable a contingent that Sir Geoffry may die before Mr. Cimberton, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I muſt ſay——

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that argument; but that will go no farther than as to the claimants under old Cimberton—— I am of opinion, that, according to the inſtruction of Sir Ralph, he could not dock the entail, and then create a new eſtate for the heirs general.

Tar. Sir, I have not patience to be told that, when Gr—gr—ber——

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there muſt be the word *heirs for ever*, to make ſuch an eſtate as you pretend.

Cimb. I muſt be impartial, tho' you are council for my ſide of the queſtion—Were it not that you are ſo good as to allow him what he has not ſaid, I ſhould think it very hard you ſhould anſwer him without hearing him—But, gentlemen, I believe you have both conſider'd this matter, and are firm in your different opinions: 'twere better therefore you proceeded according to the particular ſenſe of each of you, and gave your thoughts diſtinctly in writing —And do you ſee, Sirs, pray let me have a copy of what you ſay, in Engliſh.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been ſaying?—In Engliſh! Oh! but I forgot myſelf, you're a wit—But however, to pleaſe you, Sir, you ſhall have it, in as plain terms, as the law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, Sir, without delay.

Bram. That, Sir, the law will not admit of: the Courts are ſitting at Weſtminſter, and I am this moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I ſhould not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at leaſt, the reſt would take it ill elſe——— Therefore, I muſt leave what I have ſaid to Mr. Serjeant's conſideration, and I will digeſt his argu-

ments on my part, and you ſhall hear from me again, Sir. [*Exit* Bramble.

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. Bramble is very quick—He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my argument, I pincht him to the quick about that Gr—gr—ber.

Mrs. Seal. I ſaw that, for he durſt not ſo much as hear you—I ſhall ſend to you, Mr. Serjeant, as ſoon as Sir Geoffry comes to town, and then I hope all may be adjuſted.

Tar. I ſhall be at my chambers, at my uſual hours. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, if you pleaſe, I'll now attend to the tea-table, where I ſhall hear from your ladyſhip reaſon and good-ſenſe, after all this law and gibberiſh,

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful thing, Sir, that men of their profeſſion do not ſtudy to talk the ſubſtance of what they have to ſay, in the language of the reſt of the world: ſure, they'd find their account in it.

Cimb. They might, perhaps, Madam, with people of your good-ſenſe; but, with the generality. 'twould never do: the vulgar would have no reſpect for truth and knowledge, if they were expoſed to naked view.

Truth is too ſimple, of all art bereav'd:
Since the world will—why let it be deceiv'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE Bevil *junior's Ledgings.*

Bevil *junior with a letter in his hand, follow'd by* Tom.

Tom. UPON my life, Sir, I know nothing of the matter: I never open'd my lips to Mr. Myrtle about any thing of your Honour's letter to Madam Lucinda.

Bev.

Bev. What's the fool in ſuch a fright for? I don't ſuppoſe you did: What I would know is, whether Mr. Myrtle ſhew'd any ſuſpicion, or aſk'd you any queſtions, to lead you to ſay caſually, that you had carry'd any ſuch letter for me this morning.

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did aſk me any queſtions, how could I help it?

Bev. I don't ſay you could, oaf! I am not queſtioning you, but him: what did he ſay to you?

Tom. Why, Sir, when I came to his chambers, to be dreſs'd for the lawyer's part, your Honour was pleas'd to put me upon, he aſk'd me, if I had been at Mr. *Sealand*'s this morning?——So I told him, Sir, I often went thither—becauſe, Sir, if I had not ſaid that, he might have thought there was ſomething more in my going now, than at another time.

Bev. Very well!—The fellow's caution, I find, has given him this jealouſy. [*Aſide.*] Did he aſk you no other queſtions?

Tom. Yes, Sir—now I remember, as we came away in the hackney coach, from Mr. *Sealand*'s, Tom, ſays he, as I came in to your maſter, this morning, he bad you go for an anſwer to a letter he had ſent. Pray did you bring him any? ſays he—Ah! ſays I, Sir, your Honour is pleas'd to joke with me, you have a mind to know whether I can keep a ſecret, or no?

Bev. And ſo, by ſhewing him you could, you told him you had one?

Tom. Sir—— [*Confus'd.*

Bev. What mean actions does jealouſy make a man ſtoop to? How poorly has he us'd art, with a ſervant, to make him betray his own maſter? Well! and when did he give you this letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it before he pull'd off his lawyer's gown, at his own chambers.

Bev. Very well: and what did he ſay, when you brought him my anſwer to it?

Tom. He look'd a little out of humour, Sir, and ſaid, it was very well.

Bev. I knew he would be grave upon't———wait without.

Tom. Humph! 'gad, I don't like this; I am afraid we are all in the wrong box here.— [*Exit* Tom.

Bev. I put on a ſerenity, while my fellow was preſent: But I have never been more thoroughly diſturb'd; this hot man! to write me a challenge, on ſuppoſed artificial dealing, when I profeſs'd myſelf his friend! I can live contented without glory, but I cannot ſuffer ſhame. What's to be done? But firſt, let me conſider Lucinda's letter again. [*Reads.*

SIR,

I hope it is conſiſtent with the laws a woman ought to impoſe upon herſelf, to acknowledge, that your manner of declining a treaty of marriage in our family, and deſiring the refuſal may come from me, has ſomething more engaging in it, than the courtſhip of him, who, I fear, will fall to my lot, except your friend exerts himſelf for our common ſafety and happineſs. I have reaſons for deſiring Mr. Myrtle may not know of this letter, till hereafter, and am your moſt oblig'd humble ſervant,

Lucinda Sealand.

Well, but the poſtſcript. [*Reads.*

I won't, upon ſecond thoughts, hide any thing from you. But my reaſon for concealing this is, that Mr. Myrtle has a jealouſy in his temper, which gives me ſome terrors; but my eſteem for him inclines me to hope that only an ill effect, which ſometimes accompanies a tender love, and what may be cur'd by a careful and unblameable conduct.

Thus has this lady made me her friend and confident, and put herſelf, in a kind, under my protection: I cannot tell him immediately the purport of her letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable paſſion of jealouſy, and ſo ſerve him and her, by diſobeying her, in the article of ſecrecy, more than I ſhould by complying with her directions ——But then this duelling, which cuſtom has impoſ'd

pos'd upon every man, who would live with reputation and honour in the world——How muſt I preſerve myſelf from imputations there? He'll, forſooth, call it, or think it fear, if I explain myſelf without fighting—But this letter—I'll read it again.—

SIR,

You have us'd me baſely, in correſponding, and carrying on a treaty, where you told me you were indifferent: I have chang'd my ſword ſince I ſaw you; which advertiſement I thought proper to ſend you againſt the next meeting between you, and the injur'd

Charles Myrtle.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Mr. Myrtle, Sir: would your Honour pleaſe to ſee him?

Bev. Why, you ſtupid creature! let Mr. Myrtle wait at my lodgings! Shew him up. [*Exit* Tom.] Well! I am reſolv'd upon my carriage to him——— He is in love, and in every circumſtance of life a little diſtruſtful, which I muſt allow for—but here he is. [*Enter* Tom *introducing* Myrtle.] Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you for this honour——But, Sir, you, with your very diſcerning face, leave the room. [*Exit* Tom.] Well, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me?

Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumſtances, which affect me on this occaſion, oblige me, without farther ceremony or conference, to deſire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but alſo comply with the requeſt in it. I muſt have farther notice taken of my meſſage than theſe half lines———I have yours———I ſhall be at home.———

Bev. Sir, I own I have received a letter from you, in a very unuſual ſtyle; but as I deſign every thing, in this matter, ſhall be your own action, your own ſeeking, I ſhall underſtand nothing, but what you are pleas'd to confirm, face to face, and I have already forgot the contents of your epiſtle.

Myrt. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuſe you have already made of my ſimplicity and frankneſs; and I ſee your moderation tends to your own advantage, and not mine; to your own ſafety, not conſideration of your friend.

Bev. My own ſafety, Mr. Myrtle!

Myrt. Your own ſafety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no diſguiſing that I underſtand what you would be at——But, Sir, you know, I have often dared to diſapprove of the deciſions that tyrant, Cuſtom, has introduc'd, to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil, it would be a good firſt principle, in thoſe who have ſo tender a conſcience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries, as——

Bev. As what?

Myrt. As fear of anſwering for 'em.

Bev. As fear of anſwering for 'em! But that apprehenſion is juſt or blameable, according to the object of that fear————I have often told you in confidence of heart, I abhorr'd the daring to offend the Author of life, and ruſhing into his preſence—I ſay, by the very ſame act, to commit the crime againſt him, and immediately to urge on to his tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. Myrtle, I muſt tell you, this coolneſs, this gravity, this ſhew of conſcience, ſhall never cheat me of my miſtreſs. You have, indeed, the beſt excuſe for life, the hopes of poſſeſſing Lucinda; but conſider, Sir, I have as much reaſon to be weary of it, if I am to loſe her; and my firſt attempt to recover her, ſhall be to let her ſee the dauntleſs man, who is to be her guardian and protector.

Bev. Sir, ſhew me but the leaſt glimpſe of argument, that I am authoriz'd, by my own hand, to vindicate any lawleſs inſult of this nature, and I will ſhew thee—to chaſtize thee—hardly deſerves the name of courage—ſlight, inconſiderate man!—There is, Mr. Myrtle, no ſuch terror in quick anger; and you ſhall,

ſhall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the woman one loves ſo little an occaſion of anger? You perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign trinket, for your looſe hours; and from your fortune, your ſpecious outward carriage, and other lucky circumſtances, as eaſy a way to the poſſeſſion of a woman of honour: you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be diſtracted, with anxiety and terror of loſing more than life: your marriage, happy man! goes on like common buſineſs, and in the interim, you have your rambling captive, your Indian princeſs, for your ſoft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touch'd me beyond the patience of a man; and I'm excuſable, in the guard of innocence (or from the infirmity of human nature, which can bear no more) to accept your invitation, and obſerve your letter——Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did: I heard you ſpeak loud.

Bev. Yes, go call a coach.

Tom. Sir——Maſter——Mr. Myrtle——Friends——Gentlemen——what d'ye mean? I am but a ſervant, or——

Bev. Call a coach. [*Exit* Tom.] [*A long pauſe, walking ſullenly by each other.*] [*Aſide.*] Shall I (though provok'd to the uttermoſt) recover myſelf at the entrance of a third perſon, and that my ſervant too, and not have reſpect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the beſt of fathers, to an unhappy virgin too, whoſe life depends on mine. [*Shutting the door.*] [*To* Myrtle.] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myſelf, and ſhall not, for fear of what ſuch a raſh man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the falſe appearances, under which your infirmity

mity of temper makes you ſuffer; when, perhaps, too much regard to a falſe point of honour makes me prolong that ſuffering.

Myrt. I am ſure Mr. Bevil cannot doubt but I had rather have ſatisfaction from his innocence, than his ſword.

Bev. Why then would you aſk it firſt that way?

Myrt. Conſider, you kept your temper yourſelf no longer than till I ſpoke to the diſadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. True. But let me tell you, I have ſav'd you from the moſt exquiſite diſtreſs, even tho' you had ſucceeded in the diſpute: I know you ſo well, that I am ſure, to have found this letter about a man you had kill'd, would have been worſe than death to yourſelf——Read it——When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and ſhame has got the better of jealouſy, when he has ſeen himſelf thoroughly, he will deſerve to be aſſiſted towards obtaining Lucinda.

Myrt. With what a ſuperiority has he turn'd the injury on me, as the aggreſſor! I begin to fear, I have been too far tranſported—*A treaty in our family!* is not that ſaying too much? I ſhall relapſe—But I find (on the poſtſcript) *ſomething like jealouſy*—with what face can I ſee my benefactor! my advocate! whom I have treated like a betrayer.——O Bevil! with what words ſhall I——

Bev. There needs none: to convince is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev. You have o'erpaid the inquietude you gave me, in the change I ſee in you towards me: alas! what machines are we! thy face is alter'd to that of another man; to that of my companion, my friend.

Myrt. That I could be ſuch a precipitate wretch!

Bev. Pray, no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many friends have died by the hands of friends, for want of temper; and you muſt give me leave to ſay again, and again, how much

much I am beholden to that ſuperior ſpirit you have ſubdu'd me with—what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reaſon?

Bev. I congratulate to us both the eſcape from ourſelves, and hope the memory of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear Bevil, your friendly conduct has convinc'd me, that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by reaſon, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and juſtice: And yet, how many have been ſacrific'd to that idol, the unreaſonable opinion of men! Nay, they are ſo ridiculous in it, that they often uſe their ſwords againſt each other, with diſſembled anger, and real fear.

Betray'd by honour, and compell'd by ſhame,
They hazard being, to preſerve a name:
Nor dare enquire into the dread miſtake,
'Till plung'd in ſad eternity they wake. [Exeunt.

SCENE *St. James's Park.*

Enter Sir John Bevil, *and* Mr. Sealand.

Sir J. Bev. Give me leave, however, Mr. Sealand, as we are upon a treaty for uniting our families, to mention only the buſineſs of an ancient houſe—— Genealogy and deſcent are to be of ſome conſideration in an affair of this ſort——

Mr. Seal. Genealogy, and deſcent!——'Sir, there 'has been in our family a very large one. There 'was Galfrid the father of Edward, the father of 'Ptolomy, the father of Craſſus, the father of Earl 'Richard, the father of Henry the marquis, the 'father of duke John——

'*Sir J. Bev.* What, do you rave, Mr. Sealand? all 'theſe great names in your family?

'*Mr. Seal.* Theſe! yes, Sir—I have heard my 'father name 'em all, and more.

'*Sir J. Bev.* Ay, Sir!——and did he ſay they 'were all in your family?

'*Mr. Seal.* Yes, Sir, he kept 'em all——he was 'the greateſt cocker in England——he ſaid, duke 'John won him many battles, and never loſt one.

'*Sir J. Bev.* Oh, Sir, your ſervant, you are 'laughing at my laying any ſtreſs upon deſcent—but 'I muſt tell you, Sir, I never knew any one, but 'he that wanted that advantage, turn it into ridi-'cule.

'*Mr. Seal.* And I never knew any one, who had 'many better advantages, put that into his account '——But,' Sir John, value yourſelf as you pleaſe upon your ancient houſe, I am to talk freely of every thing, you are pleas'd to put into your bill of rates, on this occaſion——yet, Sir, I have made no objections to your ſon's family——'Tis his morals, that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help ſaying, that what might injure a citizen's credit, may be no ſtain to a gentleman's honour.

Mr. Seal. Sir John, the honour of a gentleman is liable to be tainted by as ſmall a matter as the credit of a trader: we are talking of a marriage, and in ſuch a caſe, the father of a young woman will not think it an addition to the honour or credit of her lover——that he is a keeper——

Sir J. Bev. Mr. Sealand, do not take upon you to ſpoil my ſon's marriage with any woman elſe.

Mr. Seal. Sir John, let him apply to any woman elſe, and have as many miſtreſſes as he pleaſes——

Sir J. Bev. My ſon, Sir, is a diſcreet and ſober gentleman——

Mr. Seal. Sir, I never ſaw a man that wench'd ſoberly and diſcreetly, that ever left it off——the decency obſerv'd in the practice hides, even from the ſinner, the iniquity of it. They purſue it, not that their appetites hurry 'em away; but I warrant you, becauſe 'tis their opinion they may do it.

Sir J. Bev. Were what you ſuſpect a truth——do you deſign to keep your daughter a virgin, 'till you find a man unblemiſh'd that way?

Mr.

Mr. Seal. Sir, as much a cit as you take me for—I know the town and the world—and give me leave to ſay, that we merchants are a ſpecies of gentry, that have grown into the world this laſt century, and are as honourable, and almoſt as uſeful, as you landed folks, that have always thought yourſelves ſo much above us; for your trading, forſooth! is extended no farther than a load of hay, or a fat ox—You are pleaſant people, indeed! becauſe you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore, I warrant you, induſtry is diſhonourable.

Sir J. Bev. Be not offended, Sir: let us go back to our point.

Mr. Seal. Oh! not at all offended—but I don't love to leave any part of the account unclos'd—look you, Sir John, compariſons are odious, and more particularly ſo on occaſions of this kind, when we are projecting races, that are to be made out of both ſides of the compariſons.

Sir J. Bev. But my ſon, Sir, is, in the eye of the world, a gentleman of merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you, I think him ſo.——But, Sir John, I am a man exercis'd and experienc'd in chances and diſaſters: I loſt, in my earlier years, a very fine wife, and with her a poor little infant: this makes me, perhaps, over cautious to preſerve the ſecond bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful, as I can, of this child——you'll pardon me, my poor girl, Sir, is as valuable to me, as your boaſted ſon to you.

Sir J. Bev. Why, that's one very good reaſon, Mr. Sealand, why I wiſh my ſon had her.

Mr. Seal. There is nothing but this ſtrange lady here, this *incognita*, that can be objected to him——here and there a man falls in love with an artful creature, and gives up all the motives of life to that one paſſion.

Sir J. Bev. A man of my ſon's underſtanding cannot be ſuppoſed to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wiſe men have been ſo enſlav'd: and

and when a man marries with one of them upon his hands, whether mov'd from the demand of the world, or ſlighter reaſons; ſuch a huſband ſoils with his wife for a month perhaps——then good b'w'y', Madam——the ſhow's over——ah! John Dryden points out ſuch a huſband to a hair, where he ſays,

'*And while abroad ſo prodigal the dolt is,*
'*Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.*'

Now in plain terms, Sir, I ſhall not care to have my poor girl turn'd a grazing, and that muſt be the caſe, when ——

Sir J. Bev. But pray, conſider, Sir, my ſon—

Mr. Seal. Look you, Sir, I'll make the matter ſhort: this unknown lady, as I told you, is all the objection I have to him: but one way or other, he is, or has been, certainly engag'd to her—I am therefore reſolv'd, this very afternoon, to viſit her: now from her behaviour, or appearance, I ſhall ſoon be let into what I may fear, or hope for.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident there can be nothing enquir'd into, relating to my ſon, that will not, upon being underſtood, turn to his advantage.

Mr. Seal. I hope that, as ſincerely as you believe it——Sir John Bevil, when I am ſatisfied, in this great point, if your ſon's conduct anſwers the character you give him, I ſhall wiſh your alliance more than that of any gentleman in Great Britain, and ſo your ſervant. [*Exit.*

Sir J. Bev. He is gone in a way but barely civil; but his great wealth, and the merit of his only child, the heireſs of it, are not to be loſt for a little peeviſhneſs— [*Enter Humphrey.*] 'Oh! Humphrey, 'you are come in a ſeaſonable minute: I want to talk 'to thee, and to tell thee, that my head and heart 'are on the rack about my ſon.

'*Humph.* Sir, you may truſt his diſcretion, I am 'ſure you may.

'*Sir J. Bev.* Why, I do believe I may, and yet 'I'm in a thouſand fears, when I lay this vaſt wealth 'before

'before me: When I conſider his prepoſſeſſions, either 'generous, to a folly, in an honourable love; or 'abandon'd, paſt redemption, in a vicious one; and, 'from the one or the other, his inſenſibility to the 'faireſt proſpect towards doubling our eſtate: a fa-'ther, who knows how uſeful wealth is, and how 'neceſſary, even to thoſe who deſpiſe it: I ſay a fa-'ther, Humphrey, a father cannot bear it!

'*Humph.* Be not tranſported, Sir: you will grow 'incapable of taking any reſolution in your per-'plexity.

'*Sir J. Bev.* Yet, as angry as I am with him, I 'would not have him ſurpriz'd in any thing——— 'This mercantile rough man may go groſly into 'the examination of this matter, and talk to the 'gentlewoman ſo as to———

'*Humph.* No, I hope, not in an abrupt manner.

'*Sir J. Bev.* No, I hope not! Why, doſt thou 'know any thing of her, or of him, or of any thing 'of it, or all of it?

'*Humph.* My dear maſter, I know ſo much; that 'I told him this very day, you had reaſon to be ſe-'cretly out of humour about her.

'*Sir J. Bev.* Did you go ſo far? Well, what 'ſaid he to that?

'*Humph.* His words were, (looking upon me ſted-'faſtly) Humphrey, ſays he, that woman is a 'woman of honour.

'*Sir J. Bev.* How! Do you think he is married 'to her, or deſigns to marry her?

'*Humph.* I can ſay nothing to the latter———But 'he ſays, he can marry no one without your con-'ſent, while you are living.

'*Sir J. Bev.* If he ſaid ſo much, I know he ſcorns 'to break his word with me.

'*Humph.* I am ſure of that.

'*Sir J. Bev.* You are ſure of that——Well! that's 'ſome comfort———Then I have nothing to do but 'to ſee the bottom of this matter, during this preſent 'ruffle —— O Humphrey!———

'*Humph.*

'*Humph.* You are not ill, I hope, Sir.

'*Sir J. Bev.* Yes, a man is very ill that's in a 'very ill humour: To be a father, is to be in care for 'one, whom you oftener diſoblige, than pleaſe, by 'that very care———Oh! that ſons could know the 'duty to a father, before they themſelves are fa-'thers———But, perhaps, you'll ſay now, that I 'am one of the happieſt fathers in the world; but, 'I aſſure you, that of the very happieſt is not a con-'dition to be envied.

'*Humph.* Sir, your pain ariſes, not from the thing 'itſelf, but your particular ſenſe of it———You are 'overfond, nay, give me leave to ſay, you are un-'juſtly apprehenſive from your fondneſs: My maſter 'Bevil never diſoblig'd you, and he will, I know he 'will, do every thing you ought to expect.

'*Sir J. Bev.* He won't take all this money with 'this girl———For aught I know, he will, for-'ſooth, have ſo much moderation, as to think he 'ought not to force his liking for any conſideration.

'*Humph.* He is to marry her, not you; he is to 'live with her, not you, Sir.

'*Sir J. Bev.* I know not what to think: But, I 'know, nothing can be more miſerable than to be 'in this doubt.——Follow me: I muſt come to ſome 'reſolution. [*Exeunt.*'

SCENE Bevil *junior's lodgings.*

Enter Tom *and* Phillis.

Tom. Well, Madam, if you muſt ſpeak with Mr. Myrtle, you ſhall; he is now with my maſter in the library.

Phil. But you muſt leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a preſent, nor I ſo handſomely take any thing from him, before you: it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent, indeed, for me to retire, and leave my miſtreſs with another man.

Phil. He is a gentleman, and will treat one properly——

Tom.

Tom. I believe ſo—— but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to truſt you: I'll call him to you. [*Exit* Tom.

Phil. What a deal of pother and ſputter here is between my miſtreſs and Mr. Myrtle, from mere punctilio! I could any hour of the day get her to her lover, and would do it———But ſhe, forſooth, will allow no plot to get him; but, if he can come to her, I know ſhe would be glad of it: I muſt therefore do her an acceptable violence, and ſurprize her into his arms. I am ſure I go by the beſt rule imaginable: If ſhe were my maid, I ſhould think her the beſt ſervant in the world for doing ſo by me.

Enter Myrtle *and* Tom.

O Sir! you and Mr. Bevil are fine gentlemen, to let a lady remain under ſuch difficulties as my poor miſtreſs, and no attempt to ſet her at liberty, or releaſe her from the danger of being inſtantly married to Cimberton.

Myrt. Tom has been telling———But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done——when a man can't come at his miſtreſs!———Why, can't you fire our houſe, or the next houſe to us, to make us run out and you take us?

Myrt. How, Mrs. Phillis———

Phil. Ay——let me ſee that rogue deny to fire a houſe, make a riot, or any other little thing, when there were no other way to come at me.

Tom. I am oblig'd to you, Madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every day of people's hanging themſelves for love, and won't they venture the hazard of being hang'd for love?—Oh! were I a man ——

Mryt. What manly thing would you have me undertake, according to your ladyſhip's notion of a man?

Phil. Only be at once, what, one time or other, you may be, and wiſh to be, or muſt be.

Myrt. Dear girl, talk plainly to me, and conſider,

I,

I, in my condition, can't be in very good humour—you ſay, to be at once what I muſt be.

Phil. Ay, ay——I mean no more than to be an old man; 'I ſaw you do it very well at the maſque-'rade:' In a word, old Sir Geoffry Cimberton is every hour expected in town, to join in the deeds and ſettlements for marrying Mr. Cimberton——He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; tho', as to his paſſions and deſires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the heat of youth.———

Tom. Come to the buſineſs, and don't keep the gentleman in ſuſpence for the pleaſure of being courted, as you ſerve me.

Phil. I ſaw you at the maſquerade act ſuch a one to perfection: go, and put on that very habit, and come to our houſe as Sir Geoffry. There is not one there, but myſelf, knows his perſon: I was born in the pariſh where he is lord of the manor. I have ſeen him often and often at church in the country. Do not heſitate; but come thither: they will think you bring a certain ſecurity againſt Mr. Myrtle, and you bring Mr. Myrtle: leave the reſt to me, I leave this with you, and expect—They don't, I told you, know you: they think you out of town, which you had as good be for ever, if you loſe this opportunity. —— I muſt be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear Phillis! [*Catches and kiſſes her, and gives her money.*

Phil. O fie! my kiſſes are not my own: you have committed violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right owner. [Tom *kiſſes her.*] Come, ſee me down ſtairs, [*to* Tom] and leave the lover to think of his laſt game for the prize. [*Exeunt* Tom *and* Phillis.

Myrt. I think I will inſtantly attempt this wild expedient ——— The extravagance of it will make me leſs ſuſpected, and it will give me opportunity to aſſert my own right to Lucinda, without whom I cannot live: But I am ſo mortify'd at this conduct of mine towards poor Bevil: he muſt think meanly

of

of me ——— I know not how to re-aſſume myſelf, and be in ſpirit enough for ſuch an adventure as this ———Yet I muſt attempt it, if it be only to be near Lucinda, under her preſent perplexities: and ſure———

The next delight to tranſport with the fair,
Is to relieve her in her hours of care. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE Sealand's *Houſe.*

Enter Phillis, *with lights, before* Myrtle, *diſguis'd like* old Sir Geoffry, *ſupported by* Mrs. Sealand, Lucinda, *and* Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. NOW I have ſeen you thus far, Sir Geoffry, will you excuſe me a moment, while I give my neceſſary orders for your accommodation? [*Exit* Mrs. Sealand.

Myrt. I have not ſeen you, couſin Cimberton, ſince you were ten years old: and as it is incumbent on you to keep up our name and family, I ſhall, upon very reaſonable terms, join with you in a ſettlement to that purpoſe: tho' I muſt tell you, couſin, this is the firſt merchant that has married into our houſe.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a merchant, becauſe my father is? [*Aſide.*

Myrt. But is he directly a trader, at this time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the diſgrace, Sir: he trades to all parts of the world.

Myrt. We never had one of our family before, who deſcended from perſons that did any thing.

Cimb. Sir, ſince it is a girl that they have, I am, for the honour of my family, willing to take it in again; and to ſink her into our name, and no harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently and generouſly reſolv'd — Is this the young thing?

Cimb.

Cimb. Yes, Sir.

Phil. Good Madam, don't be out of humour, but let them run to the utmoſt of their extravagance—Hear them out.

Myrt. Can't I ſee her nearer? my eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beſide, I am ſure the uncle has ſomething worth your notice. I'll take care to get off the young one, and leave you to obſerve what may be wrought out of the old one, for your good. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, this old gentleman, your great uncle, deſires to be introduced to you, and to ſee you nearer——approach, Sir.

Mryt. By your leave, young lady————[*Puts on ſpectacles*]—Couſin Cimberton! She has exactly that ſort of neck, and boſom, for which my ſiſter Gertrude was ſo much admired, in the year ſixty-one, before the French dreſſes firſt diſcovered any thing in women, below the chin.

Luc. ' [*Aſide.*] What a very odd ſituation am I in? ' Tho' I cannot but be diverted, at the extravagance ' of their humours, equally unſuitable to their age—' Chin, quotha————I don't believe my paſſionate lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Mryt. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better glaſs—— [*Pulls out a large one.*

Enter Phillis *to* Cimberton.

Phil. Sir, my lady deſires to ſhew the apartment to you, that ſhe intends for Sir Geoffry.

Cimb. Well Sir! by that time you have ſufficiently gazed, and ſunned yourſelf in the beauties of my ſpouſe there, I will wait on you again.

[*Ex.* Cimb. *and* Phil.

Myrt. Were it not, Madam, that I might be troubleſome, there is ſomething of importance, tho' we are alone, which I would ſay more ſafe from being heard.

Luc. There is ſomething in this old fellow methinks, that raiſes my curioſity.

Myrt. To be free, Madam, I as heartily contemn this

this kinſman of mine, as you do, and am ſorry to ſee ſo much beauty and merit devoted, by your parents, to ſo inſenſible a poſſeſſor.

Luc. Surprizing!—I hope then, Sir, you will not contribute to the wrong you are ſo generous as to pity, whatever may be the intereſt of your family.

Myr. This hand of mine ſhall never be employ'd to ſign any thing, againſt your good and happineſs.

Luc. I am ſorry, Sir, it is not in my power to make you proper acknowledgments; but there is a gentleman in the world, whoſe gratitude will, I am ſure, be worthy of the favour.

Myr. All the thanks I deſire, Madam, are in your power to give.

Luc. Name them, and command them.

Myr. Only, Madam, that the firſt time you are alone with your lover, you will, with open arms, receive him.

Luc. As willingly as his heart could wiſh it.

Myrt. Thus then he claims your promiſe! O Lucinda!

Luc. O! a cheat! a cheat! a cheat!

Myr. Huſh! 'tis I, 'tis I, your lover, Myrtle himſelf, Madam.

Luc. O bleſs me! what a raſhneſs, and folly to ſurprize me ſo——But huſh——my mother——

Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, *and* Phillis.

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the matter?

Luc. O Madam! as ſoon as you left the room, my uncle fell into a ſudden fit, and—and—ſo I cry'd out for help, to ſupport him, and conduct him to his chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done! Alas! Sir, how do you find yourſelf?

Myr. Never was taken in ſo odd a way in my life ——pray lead me! Oh! I was talking here——*(pray carry me)* to my couſin *Cimberton*'s young lady——

Mrs. Seal. [*Aſide.*] My couſin Cimberton's young lady!

lady! How zealous he is, even in his extremity, for the match! a right Cimberton. [Cimberton *and* Lucinda *lead him, as one in pain,* &c.

Cimb. Pox! uncle, you will pull my ear off.

Luc. Pray, uncle! you will ſqueeze me to death.

Mrs. Seal. No matter, no matter ——— he knows not what he does. Come, Sir, ſhall I help you out?

Myrt. By no means: I'll trouble no body, but my young couſins here. [*They lead him off.*

'*Phil.* But pray, Madam, does your ladyſhip in-
'tend that Mr. Cimberton ſhall really marry my
'young miſtreſs at laſt? I don't think he likes
'her.

'*Mrs. Seal.* That's not material! men of his ſpe-
'culation are above deſires——but be it as it may,
'now I have given old Sir Geoffry the trouble of
'coming up to ſign and ſeal, with what countenance
'can I be off?

'*Phil.* As well as with twenty others, Madam:
'it is the glory and honour of a great fortune to
'live in continual treaties, and ſtill to break off: it
'looks great, Madam.

'*Mrs. Seal.* True, Phillis ——— yet to return to
'our blood again into the Cimbertons is an ho-
'nour not to be rejected ——— but were not you
'ſaying, that Sir John Bevil's creature Humphrey
'has been with Mr. Sealand?

'*Phil.* Yes, Madam: I overheard them agree,
'that Mr. Sealand ſhould go himſelf, and viſit this
'unknown lady that Mr. Bevil is ſo great with;
'and if he found nothing there to fright him, that
'Mr. Bevil ſhould ſtill marry my young miſtreſs.

'*Mrs. Seal.* How! nay then he ſhall find ſhe is
'my daughter, as well as his: I'll follow him this
'inſtant, and take the whole family along with me:
'the diſputed power of diſpoſing of my own daughter
'ſhall be at an end this very night —— I'll live no
'longer in anxiety for a little huſſey that hurts my
'appearance,

'appearance, wherever I carry her, and for whoſe 'ſake I ſeem to be not at all regarded, and that in 'the beſt of my days.

'*Phil.* Indeed, Madam, if ſhe were married, your 'ladyſhip might very well be taken for Mr. Sea-'land's daughter.

'*Mrs. Seal.* Nay, when the chit has not been with 'me, I have heard the men ſay as much——I'll no 'longer cut off the greateſt pleaſure of a woman's 'life (the ſhining in aſſemblies) by her forward an-'ticipation of the reſpect that's due to her ſuperior '——ſhe ſhall down to Cimberton Hall——ſhe ſhall '——ſhe ſhall.

'*Phil.* I hope, Madam, I ſhall ſtay with your 'ladyſhip.

'*Mrs. Seal.* Thou ſhalt, Phillis, and I'll place 'thee more about me.——But order chairs imme-'diately——I'll be gone this minute. [*Exeunt.*'

SCENE *Charing-Croſs.*

Enter Mr. Sealand *and* Humphrey.

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, Mr. Humphrey, that you agree with me, that it is for our common good I ſhould look thoroughly into this matter.

Humph. I am, indeed, of that opinion; for there is no artifice, nothing concealed, in our family, which ought in juſtice to be known: I need not deſire you, Sir, to treat the lady with care and reſpect.

Mr. Seal. Maſter Humphrey—I ſhall not be rude, tho' I deſign to be a little abrupt, and come into the matter at once, to ſee how ſhe will bear, upon a ſurpriſe.

Humph. That's the door, Sir: I wiſh you ſucceſs '——[*While* Humphrey *ſpeaks,* Sealand *conſults his* '*table-book*] I am leſs concern'd what happens there, 'becauſe I hear Mr. Myrtle is as well lodg'd as old Sir 'Geoffry: ſo I am willing to let this gentleman em-

'ploy himſelf here, to give them time at home; 'for I am ſure, 'tis neceſſary, for the quiet of our fa- 'mily, Lucinda were diſpoſed of, out of it, ſince 'Mr. Bevil's inclination is ſo much otherwiſe en- 'gaged. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. 'I think this is the door——[*Knocks*]' I'll carry this matter with an air of authority, to enquire, tho' I make an errand, to begin diſcourſe. [*Knocks again, and enter a Foot-boy.*] So young man! is your lady within?

Boy. Alack, Sir! I am but a country boy——I dant know, whether ſhe is, or noa: but an you'll ſtay a bit, I'll goa, and aſk the gentlewoman that's with her.

Mrs. Seal. Why, ſirrah, tho' you are a country boy, you can ſee, can't you? you know whether ſhe is at home, when you ſee her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I am not ſuch a country lad neither, maſter, to think ſhe's at home, becauſe I ſee her: I have been in town but a month, and I loſt one place already, for believing my own eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, ſirrah! have you learnt to lie already?

Boy. Ay! maſter! things that are lies in the country, are not lies at London ——I begin to know my buſineſs a little better than ſo —— but an you pleaſe to walk in, I'll call a gentlewoman to you, that can tell you for certain——ſhe can make bold to aſk my lady herſelf.

Mr. Seal. O! then, ſhe is within I find, tho' you dare not ſay ſo.

Boy. Nay, nay! that's neither here, nor there: what's matter, whether ſhe is within or no, if ſhe has not a mind to ſee any body?

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, ſirrah, whether you are arch, or ſimple, but however get me a direct anſwer, and here's a ſhilling for you.

Boy. Will you pleaſe to walk in, I'll ſee what I can do for you.

Mr.

Mr. Seal. I ſee you will be fit for your buſineſs, in time, child. But I expect to meet with nothing but extraordinaries in ſuch a houſe.

Boy. Such a houſe! Sir, you han't ſeen it yet: pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I will wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Indiana's *Houſe.*

Enter Iſabella *and Boy.*

'*Iſab.* What anxiety do I feel for this poor crea-
'ture! What will be the end of her? Such a lan-
'guiſhing unreſerv'd paſſion for a man, that at laſt
'muſt certainly leave, or ruin her! and perhaps
'both! then the aggravation of the diſtreſs is, that
'ſhe does not believe he will——not but I muſt own,
'if they are both what they would ſeem, they are
'made for one another, as much as Adam and Eve
'were, for there is no other of their kind, but
'themſelves. [*Enter Boy.*]' So Daniel! what news with you?

Boy. Madam, there's a gentleman below would ſpeak with my lady.

Iſab. Sirrah! don't you know Mr. Bevil yet?

Boy. Madam, 'tis not the gentleman who comes every day, and aſks for you, and won't go in till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Iſab. Ha! that's a particular I did not know before: Well! be it who it will, let him come up to me. [*Exit Boy, and re-enters with* Mr. Sealand. Iſabella *looks amaz'd.*]

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little ſurpris'd, to ſee a perfect ſtranger make a viſit, and———

Iſab. I am indeed ſurpris'd! ——— I ſee he does not know me.

Mr. Seal. You are prettily lodg'd here, Madam; in troth you ſeem to have every thing in plenty——a thouſand a year, I warrant you, upon this pretty neſt of rooms, and the dainty one within them.

[*Aſide, and looking about.*

Iſab. [*Apart.*] Twenty years, it ſeems, have leſs effect in the alteration of a man of thirty, than of a girl of fourteen—he's almoſt ſtill the ſame; 'but 'alas! I find, by other men, as well as himſelf, I 'am not what I was——As ſoon as he ſpoke, I was 'convinc'd 'twas He—' How ſhall I contain my ſurprize and ſatisfaction! he muſt not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any diſturbance; but there is a young lady here, with whom I have a particular buſineſs to diſcourſe, and I hope ſhe will admit me to that favour.

Iſab. Why, Sir, have you had any notice concerning her? I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herſelf.

Iſab. Well, Sir! you ſhall ſee her: '——I find he 'knows nothing yet, nor ſhall from me: I am re-'ſolv'd, I will obſerve this interlude, this ſport of 'Nature and of Fortune.——You ſhall ſee her pre-'ſently, Sir;' for now I am as a mother, and will truſt her with you. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. As a mother! right; that's the old phraſe, for one of thoſe commode ladies, who lend out beauty, for hire, to young gentlemen that have preſſing occaſions. But here comes the precious lady herſelf. In troth a very ſightly woman——

Enter Indiana.

Ind. I am told, Sir, you have ſome affair that requires your ſpeaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes, Madam: there came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable to-morrow; and he, in the intercourſe of buſineſs, ſent it to me, who have caſh of his, and deſir'd me to ſend a ſervant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the money myſelf.

Ind. Sir! was that neceſſary?

Mr. Seal. No, Madam; but, to be free with you, the fame of your beauty, and the regard, which Mr. Bevil is a little too well known to have for you, excited my curioſity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your ſober appearance, Sir, which my friend deſcrib'd, made me expect no rudeneſs, or abſurdity, at leaſt ——— Who's there? Sir, if you pay the money to a ſervant, 'twill be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, Madam, be not offended: I came hither on an innocent, nay a virtuous deſign; and, if you will have patience to hear me, it may be as uſeful to you, as you are in a friendſhip with Mr. Bevil, as to my only daughter, whom I was this day diſpoſing of.

Ind. You make me hope, Sir, I have miſtaken you; I am compoſed again; be free, ſay on — what I am afraid to hear ——— [*Aſide.*

Mr. Seal. I fear'd, indeed, an unwarranted paſſion here, but I did not think it was in abuſe of ſo worthy an object, ſo accompliſh'd a lady, as your ſenſe and mien beſpeak —— but the youth of our age care not what merit and virtue they bring to ſhame, ſo they gratify ———

Ind. Sir — you are going into very great errors — but, as you are pleas'd to ſay you ſee ſomething in me that has chang'd, at leaſt, the colour of your ſuſpicions; ſo has your appearance alter'd mine, and made me earneſtly attentive to what has any way concerned you, to enquire into my affairs and character.

Mr. Seal. How ſenſibly! with what an air ſhe talks!

Ind. Good Sir, be ſeated ——and tell me tenderly ——keep all your ſuſpicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared way —— acquaint me why the care of your daughter obliges a perſon of your ſeeming worth and fortune, to be thus inquiſitive about a wretched, helpleſs, friendleſs —— [*weeping.*] But I beg your pardon — tho' I am an orphan, your child is not; and your concern for her, it ſeems, has brought you hither — I'll be compoſed — pray go on, Sir.

Mr. Seal. How could Mr. Bevil be ſuch a monſter, to injure ſuch a woman?

Ind. No, Sir—you wron g him—he has not injur'd me—my ſupport is from his bounty.

Mr. Seal. Bounty! when gluttons give high prices for delicates, they are prodigious bountiful!

Ind. Still — ſtill you will perſiſt in that error—But my own fears tell me all—You are the gentleman, I ſuppoſe, for whoſe happy daughter he is deſign'd a huſband, by his good father; 'and he has, 'perhaps, conſented to the overture: he was here 'this morning, dreſs'd beyond his uſual plainneſs, 'nay moſt ſumptuouſly'—and he is to be, perhaps, this night a bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended ſuch: but, Madam, on your account, I have determined to defer my daughter's marriage, till I am ſatisfied from your own mouth, of what nature are the obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His actions, Sir, his eyes have only made me think, he deſign'd to make me the partner of his heart. The goodneſs and gentleneſs of his demeanour made me miſinterpret all ——'Twas my own hope, my own paſſion, that deluded me——he never made one amorous advance to me —— His large heart, and beſtowing hand, have only helpt the miſerable: Nor know I why, but from his mere delight in virtue, that I have been his care, the object on which to indulge and pleaſe himſelf, with pouring favours.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am methinks afraid of entering into the matter I came about; but 'tis the ſame thing, as if we had talk'd never ſo diſtinctly——he ne'er ſhall have a daughter of mine.

Ind. If you ſay this from what you think of me, you wrong yourſelf and him —— Let not me, miſerable tho' I may be, do injury to my benefactor —— No, Sir, my treatment ought rather to reconcile you

to

to his virtues——If to beſtow, without a proſpect of return; if to delight in ſupporting, what might, perhaps, be thought an object of deſire, with no other view than to be her guard againſt thoſe who would not be ſo diſintereſted; if theſe actions, Sir, can in a careful parent's eye commend him to a daughter, give yours, Sir, give her to my honeſt, generous Bevil——What have I to do, but ſigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a lunatic in chains, or hid in darkneſs, mutter in diſtracted ſtarts, and broken accents, my ſtrange, ſtrange ſtory!

Mr. Seal. Take comfort, Madam.

Ind. All my comfort muſt be to expoſtulate in madneſs, to relieve with frenzy my deſpair, and ſhrieking to demand of Fate, why—why was I born to ſuch variety of ſorrows?

Mr. Seal. If I have been the leaſt occaſion——

Ind. No——'twas Heaven's high will I ſhould be ſuch—to be plunder'd in my cradle! toſs'd on the ſeas! and even there, an infant captive! to loſe my mother, hear but of my father——to be adopted! loſe my adopter! then plung'd again in worſe calamities!

Mr. Seal. An infant captive!

Ind. Yet then! to find the moſt charming of mankind, once more to ſet me free (from what I thought the laſt diſtreſs) to load me with his ſervices, his bounties, and his favours; to ſupport my very life, in a way that ſtole, at the ſame time, my very ſoul itſelf from me.

Mr. Seal. And has young Bevil been this worthy man?

Ind. Yet, then again, this very man to take another! without leaving me the right, the pretence of eaſing my fond heart with tears! for oh! I can't reproach him, though the ſame hand that rais'd me to this height now throws me down the precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear lady! O yet one moment's pa-

tience: my heart grows full with your affliction; but yet, there's ſomething in your ſtory that——

Ind. My portion here is bitterneſs and ſorrow.

Mr. Seal. Do not think ſo: pray anſwer me: does Bevil know your name and family?

Ind. Alas! too well! O, could I be any other thing than what I am——I'll tear away all traces of my former ſelf, my little ornaments, the remains of my firſt ſtate, the hints of what I ought to have been ——

[*In her diſorder ſhe throws away a bracelet, which Sealand takes up, and looks earneſtly on it.*

Mr. Seal. Ha! what's this? my eyes are not deceiv'd? It is, it is the ſame! the very bracelet which I bequeath'd my wife at our laſt mournful parting.

Ind. What ſaid you, Sir! your wife! whither does my fancy carry me? what means this unfelt motion at my heart? and yet again, my fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, Sir, your name is Sealand; but my loſt father's name was——

Mr. Seal. Danvers! was it not?

Ind. What new amazement! that is indeed my family.

Mr. Seal. Know then, when my misfortunes drove me to the Indies, for reaſons too tedious now to mention, I chang'd my name of Danvers into Sealand.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. If yet there wants an explanation of your wonder, examine well this face, (yours, Sir, I well remember) gaze on, and read in me your ſiſter Iſabella!

Mr. Seal. My ſiſter!

Iſab. But here's a claim more tender yet—— your Indiana, Sir, your long loſt daughter.

Mr. Seal. O my child! my child!

Ind. All-gracious Heaven! is it poſſible! do I embrace my father!

Mr. Seal. And do I hold thee —— theſe paſſions are too

too ſtrong for utterance——riſe, riſe, my child, and give my tears their way———O my ſiſter!

[*Embracing her.*

Iſab. Now, deareſt niece, 'my groundleſs fears, 'my painful cares no more ſhall vex thee:' if I have wrong'd thy noble lover with too hard ſuſpicions, my juſt concern for thee, I hope, will plead my pardon.

Mr. Seal. O! make him then the full amends, and be yourſelf the meſſenger of joy: fly this inſtant! tell him all theſe wondrous turns of Providence in his favour! tell him I have now a daughter to beſtow, which he no longer will decline: that this day he ſtill ſhall be a bridegroom; nor ſhall a fortune, the merit which his father ſeeks, be wanting: tell him the reward of all his virtues waits on his acceptance. [*Exit Iſab.*] My deareſt Indiana!

[*Turns and embraces her.*

Ind. Have I, then at laſt, a father's ſanction on my love! his bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a preſent worthy of Bevil's generoſity?

Mr. Seal. O my child! how are our ſorrows paſt o'erpaid by ſuch a meeting! though I have loſt ſo many years of ſoft paternal dalliance with thee, yet, in one day to find thee thus, and thus beſtow thee, in ſuch perfect happineſs! is ample, ample reparation! and yet again the merit of thy lover.

Ind. O! had I ſpirits left to tell you of his actions! 'how ſtrongly filial duty has ſuppreſs'd his love; 'and how concealment ſtill has doubled all his obli-'gations;' the pride, the joy of his alliance, Sir, would warm your heart, as he has conquer'd mine.

Mr. Seal. How laudable is love, when born of virtue! I burn to embrace him———

Ind. See, Sir, my aunt already has ſucceeded, and brought him to your wiſhes.

Enter Iſabella, *with* Sir John Bevil, Bevil jun. Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, Myrtle, *and* Lucinda.

Sir J. Bev. [*Entering.*] Where, where's this ſcene of

of wonder!——Mr. Sealand, I congratulate, on this occaſion, our mutual happineſs ——— your good ſiſter, Sir, has, with the ſtory of your daughter's fortune, fill'd us with ſurprize and joy! now all exceptions are remov'd: my ſon has now avow'd his love, and turn'd all former jealouſies and doubts to approbation; and, I am told, your goodneſs has conſented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, a fortune equal to his father's hopes, can make this object worthy his acceptance.

Bev. jun. I hear your mention, Sir, of fortune, with pleaſure only, as it may prove the means to reconcile the beſt of fathers to my love———let him be provident, but let me be happy——My ever-deſtin'd, my acknowledg'd wife! [*Embracing* Indiana.

Ind. Wife!———O! my ever loved! my lord! my maſter!

Sir J. Bev. I congratulate myſelf as well as you, that I had a ſon, who could, under ſuch diſadvantages, diſcover your great merit.

Mr. Seal. O, Sir John! how vain, how weak is human prudence? what care, what foreſight, what imagination could contrive ſuch bleſt events to make our children happy, as Providence in one ſhort hour has laid before us?

Cimb. [*To Mrs. Sealand.*] I am afraid, madam, Mr. Sealand is a little too buſy for our affair! if you pleaſe we'll take another opportunity.

Mrs. Seal. Let us have patience, Sir.
Cimb. But we make Sir Geoffry wait, Madam.
Myrt. O Sir, I am not in haſte.

During this Bev. jun. *preſents* Lucinda *to* Indiana.

Mr. Seal. But here! here's our general benefactor! excellent young man, that could be at once a lover to her beauty, and a parent to her virtue.

Bev. jun. If you think that an obligation, Sir, give me leave to over-pay myſelf, in the only inſtance that now can add to my felicity, by begging you to beſtow this Lady on Mr. Myrtle.

Mr.

Mr. Seal. She is his, without reſerve, (I beg he may be ſent for)———Mr. Cimberton, notwithſtanding you never had my conſent, yet there is, ſince I laſt ſaw you, another objection to your marriage with my daughter.

Cimb. I hope, Sir, your lady has conceal'd nothing from me?

Mr. Seal. Troth, Sir! nothing but what was conceal'd from myſelf: another daughter, who has an undoubted title to half my eſtate.

Cimb. How! Mr. Sealand! why then if half Mrs. Lucinda's fortune is gone, you can't ſay that any of my eſtate is ſettled upon her: I was in treaty for the whole; but, if that is not to be come at, to be ſure there can be no bargain ——— Sir, ——— I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good lady, my couſin, and beg pardon for the trouble I have given this old gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, Mr. Cimberton, with all my heart. [*Diſcovers himſelf.*

Omnes. Mr. Myrtle.

Myrt. And I beg pardon of the whole company, that I aſſumed the perſon of Sir Geoffry, only to be preſent at the danger of this lady's being diſpoſed of, and in her utmoſt exigence to aſſert my right to her; which if her parents will ratifie, as they once favour'd my pretenſions, no abatement of fortune ſhall leſſen her value to me.

Luc. Generous man!

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, you can overlook the injury of being in treaty with one, who has meanly left her, as you have generouſly aſſerted your right in her, ſhe is yours.

Luc. Mr. Myrtle, tho' you have ever had my heart, yet now I find I love you more, becauſe I bring you leſs.

'*Myrt.* We have much more than we want; and 'I am glad any event has contributed to the diſcovery 'of our real inclinations to each other.'

'*Mrs. Seal.* Well! however I'm glad the girl's diſpoſed of any way. [*Aſide.*

Bev.

Bev. Myrtle! no longer rivals now, but brothers.

Myrt. Dear Bevil! you are born to triumph over me! but now our competition ceaſes: I rejoice in the preheminence of your virtue, and your alliance adds charms to Lucinda.

Sir J. Bev. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have ſet the world a fair example: your happineſs is owing to your conſtancy and merit; and the ſeveral difficulties you have ſtruggled with, evidently ſhew

Whate'er the generous mind itſelf denies,
The ſecret care of Providence ſupplies.

[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. WELSTED.

OUR author, whom intreaties cannot move,
Spite of the dear coquetry that you love,
Swears he'll not fruſtrate (ſo he plainly means)
By a looſe Epilogue, his indecent ſcenes.
Is it not, Sirs, hard fate I meet to-day,
To keep me rigid ſtill, beyond the play?
And yet, I'm ſav'd a world of pains that way.
I now can look, I now can move at eaſe,
Nor need I torture thoſe poor limbs to pleaſe;
Nor with the hand or foot attempt ſurprize,
Nor wreſt my features, nor fatigue my eyes:
Bleſs me! what freakiſh gambols have I play'd!
What motions try'd, and wanton looks betray'd!
Out of pure kindneſs all! to over-rule
The threaten'd hiſs, and ſcreen ſome ſcribbling fool,
With more reſpect I'm entertain'd to-night:
Our author thinks, I can with eaſe delight.
My artleſs looks, while modeſt graces arm,
He ſays, I need but to appear, and charm.
A wife ſo form'd, by theſe example bred,
Pours joy and gladneſs 'round the marriage bed;
Soft ſource of comfort, kind relief from care,
And 'tis her leaſt perfection to be fair.
The nymph with Indiana's *worth who vies,*
A nation will behold with Bevil's *eyes.*

FINIS.

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Duke of Guiſe, by Dryden

T. Parkinson ad. viv. del. *C. Grignion Sr.*

Mr. YATES in the Character of LOVEGOLD.

All's well hitherto; my dear money is safe.
Is it you Lappet?

Publish'd June 29. 1776. by T. Lowndes & Partners.

THE

MISER.

A

COMEDY,

WRITTEN BY

HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGERS BOOKS,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Lowndes, T. Caſlon, T. Davies, T. Cadell, Wilſon *and* Nicol, J. Richardſon, T. Becket, W. Nicoll, G. Robinſon, S. Bladon, H. S. Woodfall, W. Woodfall, *and* T. Evans.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 1 to 10 in Page 9.——*Also*, The Additions made at the Theatres are distinguished by *Italics* between inverted Commas; as in the last Line of Page 27, &c.

PROLOGUE,

Written by a FRIEND.

TOO long the ſlighted comic Muſe has mourn'd,
Her face quite alter'd, and her art o'erturn'd;
That force of Nature now no more ſhe ſees,
With which ſo well her Johnſon *knew to pleaſe.*
No characters from Nature now we trace,
All ſerve to empty books of common-place:
Our modern bards, who to aſſemblies ſtray,
Frequent the Park, the viſit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits ſay.
Juſt they retail each quibble to the town,
That ſurely muſt admire what is its own.
Thus without characters from nature got,
Without a moral, and without a plot,
A dull collection of inſipid jokes,
Some ſtole from converſation, ſome from books,
Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
We call high Comedy, and ſeem content.
But to regale with other ſort of fare,
To-night our author treats you with Moliere.
Moliere, *who Nature's inmoſt ſecrets knew,*
Whoſe juſteſt pen, like Kneller's *pencil drew.*
In whoſe ſtrong ſcenes all characters are ſhewn,
Not by low jeſts, but actions of their own.
Happy our Engliſh *bard, if your applauſe*
Grant h'as not injur'd the French *author's cauſe.*
From that alone ariſes all his fear;
He muſt be ſafe, if he has ſav'd Moliere.

Dramatis Perſonæ, 1776.

	At Drury Lane.	Covent Garden.
Lovegold, *the Miſer*	Mr. YATES.	Mr. SHUTER.
Frederick, *his Son*	Mr. BRERETON.	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Harriet, *his Daughter*	Miſs HOPKINS.	Mrs. WHITEFIELD.
Clermont	Mr. DAVIES.	Mr. WHITEFIELD.
Mrs. Wiſely	Mrs. CROSS.	Mrs. PITT.
Mariana	Mrs. KING.	Mrs. BULKELEY.
Ramilie, *ſervant to* Frederick	Mr. DODD.	Mr. LEE LEWIS.
Lappet, *maid to* Harriet	Mrs. ABINGTON.	Mrs. GREEN.
Wheedle, *maid to* Mariana	Mrs. LOVE.	
Mr. Decoy, *a Broker*	Mr. WRIGHT.	
Mr. Furniſh, *an Upholſterer*	Mr. EVERARD.	
Mr. Sparkle, *a Jeweller*	Mr. WRIGHTON.	
Mr. Sattin, *a Mercer*	Mr. GRIFFITH.	
Mr. Liſt, *a Taylor*	Mr. WALDRON.	
A Lawyer	Mr. GARLAND.	

Servants, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE

MISER.

ACT I. SCENE Lovegold's *houſe.*

Lappet *and* Ramilie.

Lap. I'LL hear no more. Perfidious fellow! have I for thee ſlighted ſo many good matches? Have I for thee turn'd off Sir Oliver's ſteward, and my Lord Landy's butler, and ſeveral others thy betters, and all to be affronted in ſo public a manner?

Ramil. Do but hear me, Madam!

Lap. If thou wou'dſt have neglected me, was there nobody elſe to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Suſan Croſsſtitch, whom you know to be my utter averſion?

Ramil. Curſe on all balls! henceforth I ſhall hate the ſound of a violin.

Lap. I have more reaſon, I am ſure, after having been the jeſt of the whole company: what muſt they think of me, when they ſee you, after I have countenanced your addreſſes in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ramil. I'm ſure the world muſt think worſe of me, did they imagine, Madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lap. None of your wheedling, Sir, that won't do. If you ever hope to ſpeak to me more, let me ſee you affront the little minx in the next aſſembly you meet her.

Ramil. I'll do it; and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my Lord Landy's the firſt night he lies out of town, where I'll give your revenge ample ſatisfaction.

Lap. On that condition, I pardon you this time; but if ever you do the like again——

Ramil. May I be baniſh'd for ever from thoſe dear eyes, and be turn'd out of the family while you live in it.

Enter Wheedle.

Wheed. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

Lap. My dear, this is extremely kind.

Wheed. It is what all your acquaintance muſt do that expect to ſee you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a viſit.

Lap. Nay, dear creature, now you are barbarous: my young lady has ſtaid at home ſo much, I have not had one moment to myſelf: the firſt time I had gone out, I am ſure, Madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

Wheed. My lady has ſtaid at home too pretty much lately. O Mr. Ramilie, are you confin'd too! your maſter does not ſtay at home, I am ſure: he can find the way to our houſe, tho' you can't.

Ramil. That is the only happineſs, Madam, I envy him: but faith! I don't know how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are ſo taken up in the court of Requeſts, and one's evenings at quadrille: the duce take me if I have ſeen one opera ſince I came to town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to ſee Cato, I believe I can ſteal my maſter's ſilver ticket; for I know he is engaged to-morrow with ſome gentlemen, who never leave their bottle for muſic.

Lap. Ah, the ſavages!

Wheed. No one can ſay that of you, Mr. Ramilie; you preſer muſic to every thing——

Ramil. ——But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So there's my ſummons!

Lap. Well, but ſhall we never have a party of quadrille more?

Wheed. O, don't name it, I have work'd my eyes out ſince I ſaw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flouriſhing all her old cambrick pinners and handkerchiefs; in ſhort, my dear, no journey-woman ſempſtreſs is half ſo much a ſlave as I am.

Lap. Why do you ſtay with her?

Wheed. La, child, where can one better one's ſelf? all the ladies of our acquaintance are juſt the ſame. Beſides, there are ſome little things that make amends: my lady has a whole train of admirers.

Ramil. That, Madam, is the only circumſtance wherein ſhe has the honour of reſembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*]

louder.] You hear, Madam, I am obliged to leave you —— [*Bell rings.*] So, ſo, ſo, would the bell were in your guts! [*Exit.*

Lap. O Wheedle! I am quite ſick of this family: the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Every thing is under lock and key; I can ſcarce aſk you to eat or drink.

Wheed. Thank you, my dear; but I have drank half a dozen diſhes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well; but, my dear, I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made ſome notable diſcoveries.

Wheed. Pray, let us hear 'em. I have ſome ſecrets of our family too, which you ſhall know by and by. What a pleaſure there is in having a friend to tell theſe things to!

Lap. You know, my dear, laſt ſummer, my young lady had the misfortune to be overſet in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, ſav'd her life at the hazard of his own—Oh! I ſhall never forget the figure ſhe made at her return home, ſo wet, ſo draggled——ha, ha, ha!

Wheed. Yes, my dear, I know how all your fine ladies look, when they are ever ſo little diſordered——they have no need to be ſo vain of themſelves.

Lap. You are no ſtranger to my maſter's way of rewarding people: when the poor gentleman brought miſs home, my maſter meets 'em at the door, and, without aſking any queſtion, very civilly ſhuts it againſt him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards, I was continually entertained with the young ſpark's bravery, and gallantry, and generoſity, and beauty.

Wheed. I can eaſily gueſs: I ſuppoſe ſhe was rather warm'd than cool'd by the water. Theſe miſtreſſes of ours, for all their pride, are made of juſt the ſame fleſh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago, my young lady goes to the play in an undreſs, and takes me with her. We ſat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom ſhould we meet with but this very gentleman? her bluſhes ſoon diſcovered to me who he was: in ſhort, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much miſtake, if ever ſhe was ſo agreeably entertained in her

life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thrufts his hand into my lady's bofom, upon which her champion fell upon him, and did fo maul him —My lady fainted away in my arms; but as foon as fhe came to herfelf——had you feen how fhe looked on him. Ah! Sir, fays fhe, in a mighty pretty tone, fure you were born for my deliverance: he handed her into a hackney coach, and fet us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both fides.

Wheed. And you took care to fee the poft paid, I hope.

Lap. Never fear that——and now what do you think we have contriv'd among us? We have got this very gentleman into the houfe in the quality of my maiter's clerk.

Wheed. Soh! here's fine billing and cooing, I warrant; mifs is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet. How long it will continue fo, I know not. I am making up my matters as faft as I can; for this houfe holds not me after the difcovery.

Wheed. I think you have no great reafon to lament the lofs of a place where the maiter keeps his own keys.

Lap. The devil take the firft inventor of locks, fay I: but come, my dear, there is one key which I keep, and that, I believe, will furnifh us with fome fweetmeats: fo if you will walk in with me, I'll tell you a fecret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be ferviceable to me. I hope, my dear, you will keep thefe fecrets fafe, for one would not have it known that one publifhes all the affairs of a family, while one ftays in it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Garden.*

Clermont *and* Harriet.

Cler. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet? do you repent that promife of yours, which has made me the happieft of mankind?

Har. You little know my heart, if you can think it capable of repenting any thing I have done towards your happinefs. If I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

'*Cler.* Thou art too bounteous. Every tender word
'from thofe dear lips, lays obligations on me I never
'can

'can repay; but, if to love, to doat on you more than 'life itſelf, to watch your eyes, that I may obey your 'wiſhes before you ſpeak them, can diſcharge me from 'any part of that vaſt debt I owe you, I will be punctual 'in the payment.

'*Har.* It were ungenerous in me to doubt you, and 'when I think what you have done for me, believe me, 'I muſt think the balance on your ſide.'

Cler. Generous creature! and doſt thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the cenſures of the world, who always blame the conduct of that perſon who ſacrifices intereſt to any conſideration.

Har. As for the cenſures of the world, I deſpiſe them while I do not deſerve them: Folly is forwarder to cenſure Wiſdom, than Wiſdom Folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happineſs, becauſe the world does not call it ſo.

Cler. But ſee, my deareſt, your brother is come into the garden!

Har. Is it not ſafe, think you, to let him into our ſecret?

Cler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father, in railing againſt the extravagancies of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy; it will be firſt proper to ſet him right in that point. Beſides, in managing the old gentleman, I ſhall ſtill be oblig'd to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear; therefore, I think it not adviſeable to truſt him; at leaſt yet———he will obſerve us. Adieu, my heart's only joy. [*Exit.*

Har. Honeſt creature! what happineſs may I not propoſe in a life with ſuch a huſband? what is there in grandeur to recompenſe the loſs of him? Parents chooſe as often ill for us, as we for ourſelves. They are too apt to forget how ſeldom true happineſs lives in a palace or rides in a coach and ſix.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Dear Harriet, good-morrow: I am glad to find you alone; for I have an affair to impart to you, that I am ready to burſt with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a truſty confident:

Fred. As ever wore petticoats: but this is an affair of such consequence———

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Or your telling again: in short, you never could discover it; I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it. I am—it is impossible to tell you. In a word—I am in love.

Har. In love!

Fred. Violently, to distraction: so much in love, that without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

Fred. No, I have bred it a long time. It hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could; but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman? for you have concealed it so well, that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her out by. There are so many of her sisters, you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars: I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman, and lives in this town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh! I have only shewn you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side, you would see beauty, wit, genteelness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana! ha, ha, ha! you have started a wild-goose chace, indeed. But if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it, it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father; and you may easily imagine what success a disinherited son may likely expect with a woman of her temper.

Fred. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore,

therefore, if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour, I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness—

Har. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love. [*without.*] Rogue! villain!

Har. Soh! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this passion?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper, I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lovegold *and* Ramilie.

Love. Answer me not, sirrah; but get you out of my house.

Ramil. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, Sir; and I won't go out of the house, Sir, unless I am turn'd out by my proper master, Sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is: he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expence than a prudent man might clothe a large family at: it's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ramil. Steal! a likely thing, indeed, to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands centry upon it day and night.

Love. I'm all over in a sweat, lest this fellow shou'd suspect something of my money. [*Aside.*] Harke, rascal, come hither: I would advise you not to run about the town, and tell every body you meet that I have money hid.

Ramil. Why, have you any money hid, Sir?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report, nevertheless.

Ramil. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it. [*Aside.*

Love. D'ye mutter, sirrah? Get you out of my house, I say, get out this instant!

Ramil. Well, Sir, I am going.

Love. Come back: let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ramil. What should I carry?

Lov. That's what I would see. These boot-sleeves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods; and I wish the taylor had been hang'd who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out, if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ramil. Give me my bag, Sir; I am in the most danger of being robb'd.

Lov. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ramil. Ay, Sir, that I could do with all my heart; for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ramil. No, really, Sir.

Love. Then get out of my house, while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ramil. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon. [*Exit.*

Love. So, there's one plague gone; now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket.

Enter Frederick *and* Harriet.

In short, I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in, which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum——— O heavens! I have betray'd myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter?

Fred. The matter, Sir!

Love. Yes, the matter, Sir! I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these: I suppose you have overheard———

Fred. What, Sir?

Love. That——

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me, Sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself, in

this

this great ſcarcity of money, what a happineſs it would be to have three thouſand guineas by one: I tell you this, that you might not miſunderſtand me, and imagine that I ſaid I had three thouſand guineas.

Fred. We enter not into your affairs, Sir.

Love. Ah! wou'd I had thoſe three thouſand guineas!

Fred. In my opinion ——

Love. It wou'd make my affairs extremely eaſy.

Fred. Then it is very eaſily in your power to raiſe 'em, Sir; that the whole world knows.

Love. I raiſe 'em! I raiſe three thouſand guineas eaſily! My children are my greateſt enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expences they run into, be the occaſion that one of theſe days ſomebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expence, Sir, do I run into?

Love. How have you the aſſurance to aſk me that, Sir? when, if one was but to pick thoſe fine feathers of yours off, from head to foot, one might purchaſe a very comfortable annuity out of them: A fellow here, with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is call'd extravagant. In ſhort, Sir, you muſt rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How, Sir! rob you?

Love. Ay, rob me! or how cou'd you ſupport this extravagance?

Fred. Alas, Sir, there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance, that ſupport greater extravagancies, and no one knows how: Ah, Sir! there are ten thouſand pretty ways of living in this town, without robbing one's father.

Love. What neceſſity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the firſt hand too, I warrant you. If you will be fine, is there not ſuch a place as Monmouth-ſtreet in this town, where a man may buy a ſuit for the third part of the ſum which his taylor demands? And then, periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs, when he may wear his own hair? I dare ſwear a good periwig can't coſt leſs than fifteen or twenty ſhillings. Hey-day! what are they making ſigns to one another which ſhall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, Sir, are diſputing which ſhall ſpeak to you firſt; for we have both an affair of conſequence to mention to you.

Love. And I have an affair of conſequence to mention to you both. Pray, ſon, you who are a fine gentleman, and converſe much amongſt the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady, called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, Sir!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, Sir?

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why, I think her the moſt charming woman in the world.

Love. Wou'd ſhe not be a deſirable match?

Fred. So deſirable, that, in my opinion, her huſband will be the happieſt of mankind.

Love. Does ſhe not promiſe to make a good houſewife?

Fred. Oh! the beſt houſewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a huſband, think ye, live very eaſy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtleſs, Sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that ſhe has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. O Sir! conſider but her merit, and you may eaſily make an abatement in her fortune; for Heaven's ſake, Sir, don't let that prevent your deſign. Fortune is nothing in compariſon with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there: however, there may be ſome matters found, perhaps, to make up ſome little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occaſion, perhaps the difference, in ſome time, might be made up.

Fred. My deareſt father, I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful, good boy: and ſince I find you have the ſame ſentiments with me, provided ſhe can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am ev'n reſolv'd to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you reſolved to marry Mariana?

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har.

Har. Who, you, you, you?

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, Sir; a ſudden dizzineſs has ſeized me, and I muſt beg leave to retire.

[*Exit.*

Love. This, daughter, is what I have reſolv'd for myſelf: as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear, ſhall marry our good neighbour Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr. Spindle!

Love. Yes; he is a prudent, wiſe man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

Har. I thank you, my dear papa, but I had rather not marry, if you pleaſe. [*Curteſying.*

Love. [*Mimicking her curtſy.*] I thank you, my good daughter, but I had rather you ſhould marry him, if you pleaſe.

Har. Pardon me, dear Sir.

Love. Pardon me, dear Madam.

Har. Not all the fathers upon earth ſhall force me to it.

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father?

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after ſuch a manner? In ſhort, Sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but as this affair concerns my happineſs only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to conſult my own inclination.

Love. I wou'd not have you provoke me: I am reſolv'd upon the match.

Enter Clermont.

Cler. Some people, Sir, upon juſtice-buſineſs, deſire to ſpeak with your worſhip.

Love. I can attend to no buſineſs, this girl has ſo perplex'd me. Huſſy, you ſhall marry as I wou'd have you, or——

Cler. Forgive my interpoſing: dear Sir, what's the matter? Madam, let me intreat you not to put your father into a paſſion.

Love. Clermont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter, who refuſes the moſt advantageous match that ever was offer'd, both to her

her and to me. A man of a vaſt eſtate offers to take her without a portion!

Cler. Without a portion! Conſider, dear Madam, can you refuſe a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

Love. Aye, conſider what that ſaves your father.

Har. Yes, but I conſider what I am to ſuffer.

Cler. That's true indeed: you will think on that, Sir. Tho' money be the firſt thing to be conſidered in all affairs of life, yet ſome little regard ſhould be had in this caſe to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right, Sir, that decides the thing at once: and yet, I know there are people, who, on this occaſion, object againſt a diſparity of age and temper, which too often make the married ſtate utterly miſerable.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah! there's no anſwering that.——'Who can 'oppoſe ſuch a reaſon as that?' And yet there are ſeveral parents, who ſtudy the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means ſacrifice them to intereſt; 'and who eſteem, as the 'very firſt article of marriage, that happy union of af-'fections, which is the foundation of every bleſſing at-'tending on a married ſtate——and who——'

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true; that ſtops your mouth at once——Without a portion! Where is the perſon who can find an argument againſt that?

Love. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? Some villains are in ſearch of my money.——Don't ſtir from hence: I'll return in an inſtant. [*Exit.*

Cler. My deareſt Harriet, how ſhall I expreſs the agony I am in on your account?

Har. Be not too much alarm'd, ſince you may depend on my reſolution. It may be in the power of Fortune to delay our happineſs, but no power ſhall force me to deſtroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindeſt, lovely creature!

Enter Lovegold.

Love. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter muſt obey her father: ſhe

is

is not to conſider the ſhape, or the air, or the age of a huſband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion, ſhe is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well ſaid, indeed!

Cler. Madam, I aſk your pardon if my love for yourſelf and your family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern; I dare ſwear I ſhall bring her to it. [*To* Lovegold.

Love. Do, do: I'll go in and ſee what theſe people want with me. Give her a little more now, while ſhe's warm: you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

'*Cler.* When a lover offers, Madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one ſhould enquire no farther; every thing is contained in that one article, and "without a portion," ſupplies the want of beauty, youth, family, wiſdom, honour, and honeſty.

'*Love.* Glorioufly ſaid, ſpoke like an oracle.' [*Exit.*

Cler. So, once more we are alone together: believe me, this is a moſt painful hypocriſy: 'it tortures me to 'oppoſe your opinion, tho' I am not in earneſt, nor 'ſuſpected by you of being ſo. O Harriet! how is the 'noble paſſion of love abus'd by vulgar ſouls, who are 'incapable of taſting its delicacies!' When love is great as mine,

None can its pleaſures or its pains declare;
We can but feel how exquiſite they are. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE *continues.*

Frederick *and* Ramilie.

Fred. WHAT is the reaſon, Sirrah, you have been out of the way, when I gave you orders to ſtay here?

Ramil. Yes, Sir, and here did I ſtay, according to your orders, till your good father turn'd me out; and it is, Sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well, Sir, and what anſwer have you brought touching the money?

Ram. Ah, Sir! it is a terrible thing to borrow money: a man muſt have dealt with the devil to deal with a ſcrivener.

Fred.

Fred. Then it won't do, I ſuppoſe?

Ramil. Pardon me, Sir, Mr. Decoy, the broker, is a moſt induſtrious perſon: he ſays he has done every thing in his power to ſerve you; for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour.

Fred. So then, I ſhall have the five hundred, ſhall I?

Ramil. Yes, Sir; but there are ſome trifling conditions which your honour muſt ſubmit to before the affair can be finiſh'd.

Fred. Did he bring you to the ſpeech of the perſon that is to lend the money?

Ramil. Ah, Sir! things are not manag'd in that manner: he takes more care to conceal himſelf than you do: there are greater myſteries in theſe matters than you imagine: why, he would not ſo much as tell me the lender's name; and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in ſome third perſon's houſe, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your eſtate and family: I dare ſwear, the very name of your father will make all things eaſy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whoſe jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ramil. Here, Sir, I have brought the articles: Mr. Decoy told me he took 'em from the mouth of the perſon himſelf. Your honour will find them extremely reaſonable—' the broker was forc'd to ſtickle hard to get ' ſuch good ones:' In the firſt place, the lender is to ſee all his ſecurities; and the borrower muſt be of age, and heir apparent to a large eſtate, without flaw in the title, and intirely free from all incumbrance; and that the lender may run as little riſk as poſſible, the borrower muſt inſure his life for the ſum lent: if he be an officer in the army, he is to make over his whole pay, for the payment of both principal and intereſt, which, that the lender may not burden his conſcience with any ſcruples, is to be no more than 30 *per cent.*

Fred. Oh the conſcientious raſcal!

Ramil. But as the ſaid lender has not by him, at preſent, the ſum demanded; and that, to oblige the borrower, he is himſelf forc'd to borrow of another, at the rate of 4 *per cent.* he thinks it but reaſonable, that the firſt borrower, over and above the 30 *per cent.* aforeſaid, ſhall

ſhall alſo pay this 4 *per cent.* ſince it is for his ſervice only that this ſum is borrowed.

Fred. O the devil! What a Jew is here!

Ramil. You know, Sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to theſe terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I muſt have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ramil. Ay, Sir, why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you ſo, raſcal? No wonder he inſiſts on ſuch conditions, if you laid open my neceſſities to him.

Ramil. Alas! Sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your intereſt very much at heart.

Fred. Well; is this all, or are there any more reaſonable articles?

Ramil. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down, in caſh, no more than four hundred; and for the reſt the borrower muſt take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of all this?

Ramil. Imprimis, 'One large yellow camlet bed, lin'd 'with ſattin, very little eaten by the moths, and want-'ing only one curtain. Six ſtuft chairs of the ſame, a 'little torn, and the frames worm-eaten, otherwiſe not 'in the leaſt the worſe for wearing. One large pier 'glaſs, with only one crack in the middle. One ſuit 'of tapeſtry-hangings, in which are curiouſly wrought 'the loves of Mars and Venus, Venus and Adonis, 'Cupid and Pſyche, with many other amorous ſtories, 'which make the hangings very proper for a bed-'chamber.

'*Fred.* What the devil is here!

'*Ramil. Item,* One ſuit of drugget, with ſilver but-'tons, the buttons only the worſe for wearing. *Item,* 'two muſkets, one of which only wants the lock.' One large ſilver watch, with Tompion's name to it. One ſnuff-box, with a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's, a proper preſent for a miſtreſs. Five pictures without frames; if not originals, all copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons! what uſe have I for all this?

Ramil.

Ramil. Several valuable books; amongſt which are all the Journals printed for theſe five years laſt paſt, handſomely bound and letter'd.———The whole works in divinity of ———

Fred. Read no more: confound the curſt extortioner; I ſhall pay 100 *per cent.*

Ramil. Ah, Sir! I wiſh your honour would conſider of it in time.

Fred. I muſt have money: to what ſtraits are we reduc'd by the curſt avarice of fathers! well may we wiſh them dead, when their death is the only introduction to our living.

Ramil. Such a father as yours, Sir, is enough to make one do ſomething more than wiſh him dead. 'For my 'part, I have never had any inclination towards hang-'ing; and, I thank Heaven, I have lived to ſee whole 'ſets of my companions ſwing out of the world, while 'I have had addreſs enough to quit all manner of ga-'lantries the moment I ſmelt the halter:' I have always had an utter averſion to the ſmell of hemp; but this rogue of a father of yours, Sir———Sir, I aſk your par-don———has ſo provok'd me, that I have often wiſh'd to rob him, and rob him I ſhall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may conſider a little theſe moderate articles.

Enter Lovegold *and* Decoy.

Decoy. In ſhort, Sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and ſo preſs'd by his neceſſities, that you may bring him to what terms you pleaſe.

Love. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger? Do you know the name, the family, and the eſtate of the borrower?

Decoy. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greateſt accident in the world that he was recommended to me; but you will learn all theſe from his own lips, and his man aſſur'd me, you wou'd make no difficulty, the moment you knew the name of his father: all that I can tell you is, that his ſervant ſays the old gentleman is extremely rich: he call'd him a covetous old raſcal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which theſe ſpendthrifts, and the rogues their ſervants, give to all honeſt pru-

dent

dent men, who know the world, and the value of their money.

Decoy. This young gentleman is an only ſon, and is ſo little afraid of any future competitors, that he offers to be bound, if you inſiſt on it, that his father ſhall die within theſe eight months.

Love. Ay, there's ſomething in that: I believe then, I ſhall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity obliges us to ſerve our neighbour, I ſay, when we are no loſers by ſo doing.

Decoy. Very true, indeed.

Ramil. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman!

Decoy. So gentlemen! I ſee you are in great haſte; but who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I aſſure you, Sir, I neither diſcovered your name, nor your houſe; but, however, there is no great harm done: they are people of diſcretion, ſo you may freely tranſact the affair now.

Love. How!

Decoy. This, Sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How! raſcal, is it you that abandon yourſelf to theſe intolerable extravagancies?

Fred. I muſt even ſtand buff, and out-face him. [*Aſide.*] ——— And is it you, father, that diſgrace yourſelf by theſe ſcandalous extortions?

[Ramilie *and* Decoy *ſneak off.*

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourſelf, by taking up money at ſuch intereſt?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourſelf, by lending at ſuch intereſt?

Love. How dare you, after this, appear before my face?

Fred. How dare you, after this, appear before the face of the world?

Love. Get you out of my ſight, villain, get out of my ſight!

Fred. Sir, I go; but give me leave to ſay———

Love. I'll not hear a word. I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future. ——— Get out of my ſight, villain.———I am not ſorry for

this accident: it will make me henceforth keep a ſtricter eye over his actions. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *an Apartment in* Lovegold's *Houſe.*

Harriet *and* Mariana.

Mar. Nay, Harriet, you muſt excuſe me; for of all people upon earth you are my greateſt favourite: but I have had ſuch an intolerable cold, child, that it is a miracle I have recovered; for my dear, wou'd you think, I have had no leſs than three doctors?

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recover'd, indeed!

Mar. O child, doctors will never do me any harm: I never take any thing they preſcribe: I don't know how it is, when one's ill one can't help ſending for them; and you know, my dear, my mama loves phyſic better than ſhe does any thing but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do, I don't know which I ſhou'd nauſeate moſt.

Mar. O child, you are quite a tramontane: I muſt bring you to like dear ſpadille. I proteſt, Harriet, if you wou'd take my advice in ſome things, you wou'd be the moſt agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear, I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That wou'd be the happieſt thing in the world for you; and I dare ſwear you wou'd like them extremely, for they wou'd be exactly oppoſite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that now, one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear!

Har. Oh, I can tell you of ſuch a conqueſt! you will have ſuch a lover, within theſe four-and-twenty hours!

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off ſomebody to make room for him; but I believe I have lifted him already. O Harriet! I have been ſo plagu'd, ſo peſter'd, ſo fatigu'd, ſince I ſaw you, with that dear creature your brother———In ſhort, child, he has made arrant downright love to me: if my heart had not been harder than adamant itſelf, I had been your ſiſter by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant, you will be in a fair way of being my mother ſhortly; for my good father has this very day declared ſuch a paſſion for you———

Mar. Your father!

Har. Ay, my dear. What ſay you to a comely old gentleman, of not much above threeſcore, that loves you ſo violently? I dare ſwear he will be conſtant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall die. Ha, ha, ha! you extravagant creature, how could you throw away all this jeſt at once? it would have furniſhed a prudent perſon with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charm'd with my conqueſt; I am quite in love with him already. I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him: Oh! methinks I ſee you on your knees already——— pray, mama, pleaſe to give me your bleſſing. Oh! I ſee my loving bridegroom 'in his three-fold night-cap, 'his flannel ſhirt;' methinks I ſee him approach me with all the lovely gravity of age: I hear him whiſper charming ſentences of morality in my ear, 'more in-'ſtructive than all my grandmother e'er taught me.' Oh! I ſmell him ſweeter, oh! ſweeter than even hartſhorn itſelf. Ha, ha, ha! ſee, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover: 'would not any 'one think now we had been a happy couple together, 'Heaven knows how long?'

Har. Well, you dear mad creature, but do you think you can maintain any of this fondneſs to his face? for I know ſome women, who ſpeak very fondly of a huſband to other people, but never ſay one civil thing to the man himſelf.

Mar. Oh! never fear it; one can't indeed bring one's ſelf to be civil to a young lover; but as for theſe old fellows, I think one may play as harmleſly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and muſt be kept at a diſtance; the old ones are mere lap-dogs, and when they have agreeable tricks with them, one is equally fond of both.

Mar.

Mar. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to ſpeak a word or two ſeriouſly in favour of my poor brother.

Mar. Oh! I ſhall hate you if you are ſerious: auh! ſee what your wicked words have occaſioned: I proteſt you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the Devil.

Enter Frederick.

Har. O brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cauſe: I have been your ſolicitor in your abſence.

Fred. I am afraid, like other clients, I ſhall plead much worſe for myſelf, than my advocate has done.

Mar. Perſons, who have a bad cauſe, ſhould have very artful council.

Fred. When the judge is determin'd againſt us all, art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly, Sir, in ſo terrible a ſituation, I think the ſooner you give up the cauſe the better.

Fred. No, Madam, I am reſolved to perſevere; for, when one's whole happineſs is already at ſtake, I ſee nothing more can be hazarded in the purſuit. It might be perhaps a perſon's intereſt to give up a cauſe, wherein part of his fortune was concern'd; but when the diſpute is about the whole, he can never loſe by perſevering.

Mar. Do you hear him, Harriet? I fancy this brother of yours would have made a moſt excellent lawyer. I proteſt, when he is my ſon-in-law, I'll e'en ſend him to the Temple: tho' he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, Madam, diligence may ſucceed in love, as well as law: ſure Mariana is not a more crabbed ſtudy than Coke upon Littleton.

Mar. Oh! the wretch; he has quite ſuffocated me with his compariſon: I muſt have a little air: dear Harriet, let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, Madam, I have your leave to attend you?

Mar. My leave! no indeed, you have no leave of mine; but if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you. [*Exeunt.*

Har.

' *Har.* Ah, brother! I wiſh you had no greater enemy in this affair than your miſtreſs.

SCENE *a Garden.*

Ramilie *and* Lappet.

Lap. This was, indeed, a moſt unlucky accident! however, I dare lay a wager I ſhall ſucceed better with him, and get ſome of thoſe guineas you would have borrowed.

Ramil. I am not, Madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but if you get any thing out of him, I ſhall think you a match for the Devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him, I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honeſty from a lawyer, health from a phyſician, ſincerity from a courtier, or modeſty from a poet. I think, my dear, you have liv'd long enough in this houſe to know that gold is a very dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah! but there are ſome certain ſervices which will ſqueeze it out of the cloſeſt hands: there is one trade, which, I thank Heaven, I am no ſtranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he, who will ſcarce afford himſelf either meat or clothes, will ſtill pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ramil. Your humble ſervant, Madam; I find you don't know our good maſter yet: ' there is not a wo-' man in the world, who loves to hear her pretty ſelf ' talk never ſo much, but you may eaſier ſhut her mouth ' than open his hands; as for thanks, praiſes, and pro-' miſes, no courtier upon earth is more liberal of them; ' but for money, the Devil a penny: there's nothing ſo ' dry as his careſſes; and' there is no huſband who hates the word *wife* half ſo much as he does the word *give*; inſtead of ſaying, I give you a good-morrow, he always ſays, I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah! Sir, let me alone to drain a man: I have the ſecret to open his heart and his purſe too.

Ram. I defy you to drain the man we talk of, of his money: he loves that more than any thing you can procure him in exchange: ' the very ſight of a dun throws ' him into convulſions: 'tis touching him in the only ' ſenſible part; 'tis piercing his heart, tearing out his

'vitals, to aſk him for a farthing:' but here he is, and if you get a ſhilling out of him, I'll marry you without any other fortune. [*Exit* Ram.

Enter Lovegold.

Love. All's well hitherto: my dear money is ſafe. Is it you, Lappet?

Lap. I ſhould rather aſk if it be you, Sir: why, you look ſo young and vigorous———

Love. Do I, do I?

Lap. Why you grow younger and younger every day, Sir; you never look'd half ſo young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five and twenty, that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, conſidering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Lov. Very true, that's very true, as to underſtanding? but I am afraid, cou'd I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mention'd any thing about what her mother can give her? For now-a-days no body marries a woman unleſs ſhe brings ſomething with her beſides a petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thouſand pound a year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thouſand pound a year!

Lap. Yes, Sir: there is in the firſt place the article of a table: ſhe has a very little ſtomach, ſhe does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight; and then, as to the quality of what ſhe eats, you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account; as for ſweet-meats, ſhe mortally hates them: ſo there is the article of deſerts wiped off all at once—you'll have no need of a confectioner, who wou'd be eternally bringing in bills for preſerves, conſerves, biſcuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies wou'd ſwallow you ten pounds worth at a meal: this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a year at leaſt. Item, for clothes:

ſhe

ſhe has been bred up in ſuch a plainneſs in them, that ſhou'd we allow but for three birth-night ſuits a year ſav'd, which are the leaſt a town-lady wou'd expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a year more: for jewels (of which ſhe hates the very ſight) the yearly intereſt of what you muſt lay out in them wou'd amount to one hundred pounds. Laſtly, ſhe has an utter deteſtation for play, at which I have known ſeveral moderate ladies loſe a good two thouſand pounds a year: now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred; to which, if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, Sir, your thouſand pounds a year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, theſe are pretty things, it muſt be confeſs'd; very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, Sir! is it not ſomething real, to bring you in marriage a vaſt ſtore of ſobriety, the inheritance of a great love for ſimplicity of dreſs, and a vaſt acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright raillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expences ſhe won't put me to: I aſſure you, Madam, I ſhall give no acquittance for what I have not received: in ſhort, Lappet, I muſt touch, touch, touch ſomething real.

Lap. Never fear, you ſhall touch ſomething real: I have heard them talk of a certain country, where ſhe has a very pretty freehold, which ſhall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold, I ſhould be glad to touch it; but there is another thing that diſturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a perſon of my temper to keep an aſſembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, Sir! how little do you know of her! this is another particularity that I had to tell you of; ſhe has a moſt terrible averſion for all young people, and loves none but perſons of your years. I would adviſe you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young; ſhe inſiſts on ſixty at leaſt: "*why ſhe broke off a match*

" t'other day becauſe her lover was but fifty, and pre-
" tended to ſign the marriage articles without ſpectacles."

Love. This humour is a little ſtrange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, Sir, than can be imagin'd: ſhe has in her chamber ſeveral pictures; but, what do you think they are? none of your ſmock-fac'd young fellows, your Adonis's, your Cephalus's, your Paris's, and your Apollo's. No, Sir, you ſee nothing there but your handſome figures of Saturn, king Priam, old Neſtor, and good father Anchiſes upon his ſon's ſhoulders.

Love. Admirable! this is more than I could have hoped. To ſay the truth, had I been a woman, I ſhou'd never have lov'd young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty ſort of ſtuff indeed, to be in love with your young fellows! pretty maſters, indeed, with their fine complexions, and their fine feathers! now, I ſhould be glad to taſte the ſavour that is in any of them.

" A SONG."

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are raviſhing! if your picture was drawn by a good hand, Sir, it would be invaluable! turn about a little, if you pleaſe: there, what can be more charming? let me ſee you walk: there's a perſon for you, tall, ſtraight, free and degagé! why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Lov. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a ſmall catarrh, that ſeizes me ſometimes.

Lap. Ay, Sir, that's nothing: your catarrh ſits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana ſay of my perſon?

Lap. She has a particular pleaſure in talking of it; and I aſſure you, Sir, I have not been backward on all ſuch occaſions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her ſenſible how advantageous the match you will be to her.

Lov. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, Sir, I have a ſmall favour to aſk of you:—I have a law-ſuit depending, which I am on the very

brink of losing for want of a little money: [*He looks gravely.*] And you could easily procure my success, if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you. [*He looks pleas'd.*]—Ah! how you will delight her; how your venerable mien will charm her! She will never be able to withstand you.——But indeed, Sir, this law-suit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined, if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent. Ah! Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [*He resumes his gaicty.*] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities. In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination, till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, Sir. [*He looks serious.*] It will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell, I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you, Sir, you cou'd never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair.——

Lap. I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not forc'd by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the taylor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, and with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this small favour: I shall be undone, indeed, Sir. If it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, Sir.

Love. I think I hear the taylor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pound, Sir; but three pound, Sir; nay, Sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either side, she intercepts him.*]

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much oblig'd to you; indeed I am very much oblig'd to you. [*Exit.*

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain, as you are! Ramilie is in the right: however, I ſhall not quit the affair; for tho' I get nothing out of him, I am ſure of my reward from the other ſide.

Fools only to one party will confide,
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And, if one fails, they're feed on t'other ſide.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE *continues.*

Harriet, Frederick, *and* Clermont.

Fred. I Think, Sir, you have given my ſiſter a very ſubſtantial proof of your affection. I am ſorry you could have had ſuch a ſuſpicion of me, as to imagine I could have been an enemy to one who has approv'd himſelf a gentleman and a lover.

Cler. If any thing, Sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be to be thus oblig'd, withou having any proſpect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you ſpeak is a farther conviction to me, that you are what you have declar'd yourſelf; 'for 'there is ſomething in a generous education, which it 'is impoſſible for perſons who want that happineſs to 'counterfeit:' therefore henceforth I beg you to believe me ſincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray a truce with your compliments; for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

Enter Lovegold.

Love. So, ſo, this is juſt as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converſe too much with him. He will teach you, Sir, for all you hold your head ſo high, better ſenſe than to borrow money at 50 *per cent.* And you, Madam, I dare ſay, he will infuſe good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him.

Fred. While you live, Sir, we ſhall want no other inſtructor.

Love.

Love. Come hither, Harriet. You know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now I intend to take this opportunity of ſaving the expence of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I obſerve, that take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided on theſe occaſions than is eat; and an additional gueſt makes no additional expence

Cler. Very true, Sir; beſides, tho' they were to riſe hungry, no one ever calls for more at another perſon's table.

Love. Right, honeſt Clermont, and to riſe with an appetite is one of the wholſomeſt things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately, and carry the invitation: you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I ſhall obey you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Love. Go, that's my good girl. And you, Sir, I deſire you would behave yourſelf civilly at ſupper.

Fred. Why ſhould you ſuſpect me, Sir?

Love. I know, Sir, with what eyes ſuch ſparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but if you hope for my forgiveneſs of your late exploit, I would adviſe you to behave to her in the moſt affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promiſe, Sir, to be overjoy'd at her being my mother-in-law; but this I will promiſe you, I will be as civil to her as you could wiſh. I will behold her with as much affection as you can deſire me: that is an article upon which you may be ſure of a moſt punctual obedience.

Love. That, I think, is the leaſt I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you ſhall have no reaſon to complain.

Enter James.

James. Did you ſend for me, Sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Who, Sir, did you want? your coachman, or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook, Sir.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occaſion for him ſince your

laſt pair of geldings were ſtarv'd—But your cook, Sir, ſhall wait on you in an inſtant.

[*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

James. I am ready for your commands, Sir.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a ſupper.

James. A ſupper, Sir! I have not heard the word this half year. I have indeed now and then heard of ſuch a thing as a dinner; but for a ſupper, I have not dreſs'd one ſo long that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your ſaucy jeſting, ſirrah, and ſee that you provide me a good ſupper.

James. That may be done, Sir, with a good deal of money.

Love. What is the devil in you? Always money! Can you ſay nothing elſe but money, money, money? All my ſervants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than money.

Cler. I never heard ſo ridiculous an anſwer. 'Here's 'a miracle for you indeed, to make a good ſupper with 'a good deal of money! Is there any thing ſo eaſy? 'Is there any one who can't do it?' Wou'd a man ſhew himſelf to be a good cook, he muſt make a good ſupper out of a little money.

James. I wiſh you wou'd be ſo good, Sir, as to ſhew us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourſelf.

'*Love.* Peace, ſirrah, and tell me what we can have.

'*James.* There's a gentleman, Sir, who can furniſh 'you out a good ſupper with a little money.

'*Love.* Anſwer me yourſelf.'

James. 'Why, Sir,' how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a ſupper dreſs'd but for eight: for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppoſe, Sir, you have at one end of the table a good handſome ſoup; at the other a fine Weſtphalia ham and chickens; on one ſide a fillet of veal roaſted; and on the other a turkey, or rather a buſtard, which, I believe, may be bought for a guinea, or thereabouts.

Love. What, is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen?

James. Then, Sir, for the ſecond courſe, a leaſh of pheaſants,

pheaſants, a leaſh of fat poulards, half a dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen ———

Love. [*Putting his hand before* James's *mouth.*] Ah, villain! you are eating up all I am worth!

James. Then a ragout ———

Love. [*Stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue, ſirrah!

Cler. Have you a mind to burſt them all? 'Has my 'maſter invited people to cram 'em to death? or do you 'think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one 'ſupper?' Such ſervants as you, Mr. James, ſhould be often reminded of that excellent ſaying of a very wiſe man, *We muſt eat to live, and not live to eat.*

Love. Excellently well ſaid, indeed! it is the fineſt ſentence I ever heard in my life. *We muſt live to eat, and not eat to* ——— No, that is not it: how did you ſay?

Cler. That we muſt eat to live, and not live to eat.

Love. Extremely fine! Pray write them out for me: for I'm reſolv'd to have 'em done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

James. You have no need to do any more, Sir; people talk enough of you already.

Love. Pray, Sir, what do people ſay of me?

James. Ah, Sir, if I could but be aſſur'd that you would not be angry with me ——

Love. Not at all: ſo far from it, you will very much oblige me; for I am always very glad to hear what the world ſays of me.

James. Well, Sir, then ſince you will have it, I will tell you freely, that they make a jeſt of you every where; nay, of your very ſervants, upon your account. They make ten thouſand ſtories of you: one ſays, that you have always a quarrel ready with your ſervants at quarter day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuſe to give them nothing. Another ſays, that you were taken one night ſtealing your own oats from your own horſes; for which your coachman very handſomely belabour'd your back. In a word, Sir, one can go no where, where you are not the bye-word: you are the laughing-ſtock of all the world; and you are never

mentioned but by the names of covetous, ſcraping, ſtingy———

Love. Impertinent, impudent raſcal! Beat him for me, Clermont.

'*Cler.* Are not you aſham'd, Mr. James, to give your 'maſter this language?

'*James.* What's that to you, Sir?——I fancy this fellow's a coward; if he be, I will handle him.' [*Aſide.*

Cler. It does not become a ſervant to uſe ſuch language to his maſter.

James. Who taught you, Sir, what becomes? If you trouble your head with my buſineſs, I ſhall threſh your jacket for you. If I once take a ſtick in hand, I ſhall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to ſay another word to me, I'll break your head for you.

[*Drives* Clermont *to the farther end of the ſtage.*

Cler. How, raſcal! break my head!

James. I did not ſay, I'd break your head.

[Clermont *drives him back again.*

Cler. Do you know, Sirrah, that I ſhall break yours for this impudence?

'*James.* I hope not, Sir: I give you no offence, Sir.

'*Cler.* That I ſhall ſhew you the difference between us.'

James. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, I was but in jeſt.

Cler. Then I ſhall warn you to forbear theſe jeſts for the future. [*Kicks him off the ſtage.*

James. Nay, Sir, can't you take a jeſt? Why, I was but in jeſt all the while.

Love. How happy am I in ſuch a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the ſupper to me, Sir: I will take care of that.

Love. Do ſo: ſee and provide ſomething to cloy their ſtomachs: let there be two great diſhes of ſoup-meagre, a good large ſuet-pudding, ſome dainty fat pork-pye or paſty, a fine ſmall breaſt of mutton, not too fat; a ſallad, and a diſh of artichokes, which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I ſhall take a particular care, Sir, to provide every thing to your ſatisfaction.

Love. But be ſure there be plenty of ſoup, be ſure of that.——This is a moſt excellent young fellow!—but now will I go pay a viſit to my money. [*Exeunt*

SCENE

SCENE *the Street.*

Ramilie *and* Lappet *meeting.*

Ramil. Well, Madam, what ſucceſs? 'Have I been 'a falſe prophet, and have you come at the old hunks's 'purſe? or have I ſpoke like an oracle, and is he as 'cloſe-fiſted as uſual?'

Lap. Never was a perſon of my function ſo uſed. All my rhetoric availed nothing: while I was talking to him about the lady, he ſmil'd and was pleas'd; but the moment I mentioned money to him, his countenance chang'd, and he underſtood not one word that I ſaid. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am tranſacting?

Ramil. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too ſevere a taſk upon me. How is it poſſible in the vaſt variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I ſhould be able to gueſs which is ſo happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, ſweet Sir, that I am tranſacting an affair between your maſter's miſtreſs and his father.

Ramil. What affair, pr'ythee?

Lap. What ſhould it be but the old one, matrimony? In ſhort, your maſter and his father are rivals.

Ramil. I am glad on't; and I wiſh the old gentleman ſucceſs, with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your maſter's enemy?

Ramil. No, Madam, I am ſo much his friend, that I had rather he ſhould loſe his miſtreſs than his humble ſervant, which muſt be the caſe: for I am determin'd againſt a married family. I will never be ſervant to any man who is not his own maſter.

Lap. Why truly, when one conſiders the caſe thoroughly, I muſt be of opinion, that it would be more your maſter's intereſt to be this lady's ſon-in-law than her huſband: for, in the firſt place, ſhe has but little fortune; and if ſhe was once married to his ſon, I dare ſwear the old gentleman would never forgive the diſappointment of his love.

Ramil. And is the old gentleman in love?

Lap. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! Oh that you had but ſeen him as I have! with his feet tottering, his eyes

watering, his teeth chattering! His old trunk was ſhaken with a fit of love, juſt as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ramil. He will have more cold fits than hot, I believe.

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that ſhould open his father's heart to him, than a wife that ſhould ſhut it againſt him? Beſides, it will be the better for us all; for if the huſband were as covetous as the devil, he could not ſtop the hands of an extravagant wife. She will always have it in her power to reward thoſe who keep her ſecrets; and when the huſband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, ſhe has always ſecrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it: ſo, faith, I will e'en ſet about that in earneſt, which I have hitherto intended only as a jeſt.

'*Ramil.* But do you think you can prevail with her? 'Will ſhe not be apt to think ſhe loſes that by the ex-'change, which he cannot make her amends for?

'*Lap.* Ah, Ramilie! The difficulty is not ſo great 'to perſuade a woman to follow her intereſt. We gene-'rally have that more at heart than you men imagine; 'beſides, we are extremely apt to liſten to one another; 'and whether you would lead a woman to ruin, or 'preſerve her from it, the ſureſt way of doing either is 'by one of her own ſex. We are generally decoy'd 'into the net by birds of our own feathers.'

Ramil. Well, if you do ſucceed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I firſt put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it firſt; but I thought of it firſt I am ſure; I muſt have thought of it: but I will not loſe a moment's time: for, notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, young fellows are devils. Beſides, this has a moſt plauſible tongue, and, ſhould he get acceſs to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I ſhall never be able to undo as long as I live. [*Exit.*

Ramil. There goes the glory of all chambermaids. 'The jade has art, but it is quite overſhadow'd by her 'vanity. She will get the better of every one but the 'perſon who will condeſcend to praiſe her; for, tho' 'ſhe be a moſt mercenary devil, ſhe will ſwallow no 'bribe

'bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same pride 'which warms her fancy, serves to cool her appetites; 'and therefore, though she has neither virtue nor 'beauty, her vanity gives her both. And this is my 'mistress, with a pox to her. Pray, what am I in love 'with? But that is a question so few lovers can answer, 'that I shall content myself with thinking I am in love 'with *le je ne sçai quoi*.' "*Match her who can.* [*Exit.*"

SCENE Lovegold's *House.*

Lovegold, Frederick, Harriet, Mrs. Wisely, *and* Mariana.

Love. You see, Madam, what it is to marry extremely young. Here are a couple of tall branches for you, almost the age of man and woman: but ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. Wise. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents: what I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady: I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles: it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty that is the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars.

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst: Oh! nauseous, filthy fellow! [*Aside.*

Love. What does she say to you, Harriet?

Har. She says, Sir, if she were a star, you should be sure of her kindest influence.

Love. How can I return this great honour you do me?

Mar. Augh! what an animal! what a wretch! [*Aside.*

Love. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments!

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a greater distance. [*Aside to* Harriet.

Love. [*Listening.*] I shall make them both keep their distance, Madam. Harkee, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

Fred.

Fred. My father has indeed, Madam, much reaſon to be vain of his choice. You will be, doubtleſs, a very great honour to our family. Notwithſtanding which, I cannot diſſemble my real ſentiments ſo far, as to counterfeit any joy I ſhall have in the name of ſon-in-law; nor can I help ſaying, that if it were in my power, I believe I ſhould make no ſcruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it, indeed: were they to aſk the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

Fred. Well, Sir, ſince you will have me talk in another ſtyle—— Suffer, me, Madam, to put myſelf in the place of my father; and believe me, when I ſwear to you I never ſaw any one half ſo charming; that I can imagine no happineſs equal to that of pleaſing you; that, to be called your huſband, would be to my ears a title more bleſt, more glorious, than that of the greateſt of princes. 'The poſſeſſion of you is the moſt valuable 'gift in the power of Fortune. That is the lovely mark 'to which all my ambition tends; there is nothing 'which I am not capable of undertaking to attain ſo 'great a bleſſing: all difficulties, when you are the 'prize in purſuit——'

Love. Hold! hold! Sir! ſoftly if you pleaſe.

Fred. I am only ſaying a few civil things, Sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble ſervant, Sir: I have a tongue to ſay civil things with myſelf. I have no need of ſuch an interpreter as you are, ſweet Sir!

Mar. If your father could not ſpeak better for himſelf than his ſon can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little ſucceſs.

Love. I don't aſk you, ladies, to drink any wine before ſupper, leſt it ſhould ſpoil your ſtomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order ſome ſweetmeats, Sir, and Tokay, in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuſe what is wanting.

Mrs. Wiſe. There was no neceſſity for ſuch a collation.

Fred. [*To* Mariana.] Did you ever ſee, Madam, ſo fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar.

Mar. It seems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, Madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, Sir, [*Takes it from off his Father's finger, and gives it to* Mariana.] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. Wife. } It is really a prodigious fine one.
Mar. }

Fred. [*Preventing* Mariana, *who is going to return it.*] No, Madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, Madam, intends it as a present to you; therefore, I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, Sir, your request to this lady, that she should wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. [*To his son.*] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me, that I would intreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not, upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad.

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me intreat you, Madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. Wife. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh! that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, Madam, what agonies he is in, lest you should return it. —— It is not my fault, dear Sir; I do all I can to prevail with her—but she is obstinate——— For pity's sake, Madam, keep it.

Love. [*To his son.*] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, Madam, unless I succeed: on my knees I intreat you.

Love. The cut-throat!

Mrs. Wife. Daughter, I protest you make me asham'd of you: come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, Madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I ſhall be undone: I wiſh I was buried while I have one farthing left.

Enter James.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who deſires to ſpeak with you.

Love. Tell him I am buſy—bid him come another time——bid him leave his buſineſs with you.

James. Muſt he leave the money he has brought with me, Sir?

Love. No, no, ſtay——tell him I come this inſtant. I aſk pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately. [*Exit.*

Fred. Will you pleaſe, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taſte the collation I was mentioning?

Mar. I have eat too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. Wiſe. Really, Sir, this is an unneceſſary trouble; but, ſince the Tokay is provided, I will taſte one glaſs.

Har. I'll wait on you, Madam.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Wiſely *and* Harriet.

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriet. Is it a family-piece, my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it. Are not you generally thought very like it?——Hey-day! where is my mama and your ſiſter gone?

Fred. They thought, Madam, we might have ſome buſineſs together, and ſo were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they ſo? But as we happen to have no buſineſs together, we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obſtacles to ſurmount, but thoſe his miſtreſs throws in his way, ſhe is in the right not to become too eaſy a conqueſt; but were you as kind as I could wiſh, my father would ſtill prove a ſufficient bar to our happineſs; therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happineſs! how came your happineſs and mine to depend ſo on one another, pray? 'when that 'of the mother and ſon-in-law are uſually ſo very op-'poſite.'

Fred.

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindneſs to him comes from the ſame ſpring, as your cruelty to me.

Mar. Modeſt enough! Then, I ſuppoſe, you think both fictitious.

Fred Faith, to be ſincere, I do. Without arrogance, I think I have nothing in me ſo deteſtable, as ſhould make you deaf to all I ſay, or blind to all I ſuffer. This I am certain, there is nothing in him ſo charming, as to captivate a woman of your ſenſe in a moment.

Mar. You are miſtaken, Sir: money, money, the moſt charming of all things; money, which will ſay more in one moment than the moſt eloquent lover can in years. Perhaps you will ſay a man is not young; I anſwer, he is rich: he is not genteel, handſome, witty, brave, good-humoured; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich———that one word contradicts every thing you can ſay againſt him; and if you were to praiſe a perſon for a whole hour, and end with, *But he is poor*, you overthrow all you have ſaid; for it has long been an eſtabliſhed maxim, that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. Theſe principles are foreign to the real ſentiments of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill-nature ſits upon you, you'd never wear it. 'There is not 'one ſo abandon'd, but that ſhe can affect what is 'amiable, better than you can what is odious. Na-'ture has painted in you the complexion of Virtue in 'ſuch lively colours, that nothing but what is lovely 'can ſuit you, or appear your own.'

Enter Harriet.

Har. I left your mama, Mariana, with Mr. Clermont, who is ſhewing her ſome pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him?

Mar. Told him what?

Har. Why, what you told me this afternoon, that you lov'd him.

Mar. I tell you I lov'd him!——O barbarous falſehood!

Fred.

Fred. Did you? could you ſay ſo? Oh! repeat it to my face, and make me bleſs'd to that degree!

Har. Repeat it to him, can't you? How can you be ſo ill-natur'd to conceal any thing from another, which would make him happy to know?

Mar. The lye would choke me, were I to ſay ſo.

Har. Indeed, my dear, you have ſaid you hated him ſo often, that you need not fear that. But, if ſhe will not diſcover it to you herſelf, take my word for it, brother, ſhe is your own without any poſſibility of loſing. She is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peeviſh, fooliſh coyneſs in women, who will ſuffer a worthy lover to languiſh and deſpair, when they need only put themſelves to the pain of telling truth to make him eaſy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miſs Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, eſpecially in your own houſe, Madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betray'd, and that you had entered into a plot with your brother againſt my reputation.

Har. We form a plot againſt your reputation! I wiſh you could ſee, my dear, how prettily theſe airs become you.—Take my word for it, you would have no reaſon to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I ſhould indeed have no reaſon to be in love with my fancy if it were fix'd where you have inſinuated it.

Har. If you have any reaſon, Madam, to be aſhamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My brother is every way worthy of you, Madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it, you ſhall not render him as ridiculous to the town, as you have ſome other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet, carry it no farther: you will ruin me for ever with her.

Har. Away, you do not know the ſex. Her vanity will make you play the fool till ſhe deſpiſes you, and then contempt will deſtroy her affection for you—It is a part ſhe has often play'd.

Mar. I am obliged to you however, Madam, for the leſſon

leſſon you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendſhip. It will be my own fault, if ever I am deceiv'd hereafter.

Har. My friendſhip, Madam, naturally cools, when I diſcover its object leſs worthy than I imagin'd her.—I can never have any violent eſteem for one, who would make herſelf unhappy, to make the perſon who dotes on her more ſo: the ridiculous cuſtom of the world is a poor excuſe for ſuch a behaviour. And, in my opinion, the coquette, who ſacrifices the eaſe and reputation of as many as ſhe is able, to an ill-natur'd vanity, is a more odious, I am ſure ſhe is a more pernicious creature, than the wretch whom fondneſs betrays to make her lover happy at the expence of her own reputation.

Enter Mrs. Wiſely *and* Clermont.

Mrs. Wiſe. Upon my word, Sir, you have a moſt excellent taſte for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer: if you had been baſe enough to have given up all friendſhip and honour, good-breeding ſhould have reſtrain'd you from uſing me after this inhumane, cruel, barbarous manner!

Mrs. Wiſe. Bleſs me! child, what's the matter?

Har. Let me intreat you, Mariana, not to expoſe yourſelf: you have nothing to complain of on his ſide; and therefore, pray let the whole be a ſecret.

Mar. A ſecret! no, Madam: the whole world ſhall know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven, I have it in my power to be reveng'd on you; and if I am not reveng'd on you———

Fred. See, ſiſter, was I not in the right? did I not tell you, you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet. You muſt not be frighten'd at a few ſtorms. Theſe are only blaſts that carry a lover to his harbour.

Enter Lovegold.

Love. I aſk your pardon: I have diſpatch'd my buſineſs with all poſſible haſte.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wife. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you, Madam?

Mrs. Wife. Your children, Sir, have us'd my poor girl ſo ill, that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can aſſure you, we are not us'd to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family———

Love. Out of my ſight, audacious, vile wretches, and let me never ſee you again.

Fred. Sir, I———

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wiſh I may never hear you more. Was ever ſuch impudence! to dare, after what I have told you——

Har. Come, brother, perhaps I may give you ſome comfort.

Fred. I fear you have deſtroy'd it for ever.

[*Exeunt* Frederick *and* Harriet.

Love. How ſhall I make you amends for the rudeneſs you have ſuffer'd? Poor, pretty creature! had they ſtolen my purſe, I would almoſt as ſoon have pardon'd them!

Mrs. Wife. The age is come to a fine paſs, indeed, if children are to controul the wills of their parents. If I would have conſented to a ſecond match, I would have been glad to have ſeen a child of mine oppoſe it.

Love. Let us be married immediately, my dear; and if after that they ever dare to offend you, they ſhall ſtay no longer under my roof.

' *Mrs. Wife.* Lookee, Mariana, I know your conſent ' will appear a little ſudden, and not altogether con- ' form to thoſe nice rules of decorum, of which I have ' been all my life ſo ſtrict an obſerver; but this is ſo ' prudent a match, that the world will be apt to give ' you a diſpenſation. When women ſeem too forward ' to run away with idle young fellows, the world is, ' as it ought to be, very ſevere on them; but when ' they only conſult their intereſt in their conſent, ' tho' it be never ſo quickly given, we ſay, La! ' who ſuſpected it? it was mighty privately carried ' on!

' *Mar.*

'*Mar.* I reſign myſelf intirely over to your will, 'Madam, and am at your diſpoſal.'

Mrs. Wife. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little ſhy on this occaſion: you know your courtſhip has not been of any long date; but ſhe has conſidered your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her conſent.

Love. And ſhall I? Hey! I begin to find myſelf the happieſt man upon earth. Od! Madam, you ſhall be a grandmother within theſe ten months—I am a very young fellow.

Mar. If you were five years younger, I ſhould utterly deteſt you.

Love. The very creature ſhe was deſcribed to be! no one, ſure, ever ſo luckily found a maſs of treaſure as I have. My pretty ſweet, if you will walk a few minutes in the garden, I will wait on you: I muſt give ſome neceſſary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. Wife. We will expect you with impatience.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Wiſely *and* Mariana.

Love. Clermont, come hither: you ſee the diſorder my houſe is like to be in this evening. I muſt truſt every thing to your care: ſee that matters be managed with as ſmall expence as poſſible. My extravagant ſon has ſent for fruit, ſweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drank be returned to the trades-people. If you can ſave a bottle of the wine, let that be ſent back too; and put up what is left, if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am ſick. Be ſure that the ſervants of my gueſts be not aſk'd to come farther than the hall, for fear ſome of mine ſhould aſk them to eat. I truſt every thing to you.

Cler. I ſhall take all the care poſſible, Sir. But there is one thing, in this entertainment of yours, which gives me inexpreſſible pain.

Love. What is that, pr'ythee?

Cler. This is the cauſe of it. Give me leave, Sir, to be free on this occaſion. I am ſorry a man of your years and prudence ſhould be prevail'd on to ſo

indiſcreet

indiſcreet an action, as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know ſhe has not quite ſo great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has ſhe any fortune, Sir?

Love. Oh! yes, yes: I have been very well aſſured that her mother is in very good circumſtances; and you know ſhe is her only daughter. Beſides, ſhe has ſeveral qualities that will ſave a fortune; 'and a penny ſav'd 'is a penny got. Since I find I have great occaſion 'for a wife, I might have ſearch'd all over this town, 'and not have got one cheaper.'

Cler. Sure, you are in a dream, Sir: ſhe ſave a fortune!

Love. In the article of a table, at leaſt two hundred pounds a-year.

Cler. Sure, Sir, you do not know ———

Love. In clothes, two hundred more———

Cler. There is not, Sir, in the whole town——

Love. In jewels, one hundred; play, five hundred; theſe have been all prov'd to me; beſides all that her mother is worth. In ſhort, I have made a very prudent choice.

Cler. Do but hear me, Sir.

Love. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing waſted.

[*Exit* Lovegold.

Clermont *alone.*

How vainly do we ſpend our breath, while paſſion ſhuts the ears of thoſe we talk to! 'I thought it im-'poſſible for any thing to have ſurmounted his avarice; 'but I find there is one little paſſion, which reigns 'triumphant in every mind it creeps into; and whether 'a man be covetous, proud, or cowardly, it is in the 'power of woman to make him liberal, humble, and 'brave.' Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch ſhe deſpiſes; but, as ſhe is a coquette, there is no anſwering for any of her actions. 'I will haſten to acquaint Frederick with 'what I have heard. Poor man! how little ſatisfac-'tion he finds in his miſtreſs, compared to what I meet

'in

' in Harriet? Love to him is misery, to me perfect
' happiness. Women are always one or the other;
' they are never indifferent.

' *Whoever takes for better and for worse,*
' *Meets with the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse.*'

ACT IV. SCENE *a Hall in* Lovegold's *House.*

Frederick *and* Ramilie.

Fred. HOW! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

Ramil. Sir, upon my honour, it is true. She told it me in the highest confidence: a trust, Sir, which nothing, but the inviolable friendship I have for you, could have prevailed with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant: I am infinitely oblig'd to your friendship.

Ram. O Sir; but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers: for, would you think it, Sir, the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair? I believe, Sir, you would have been pleas'd to have heard the answer I gave her: Madam, says I, do you think, if I had no more honour, I should have no greater regard to my interest? It is my interest, Madam, says I, to be honest: for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I; let him alone for rewarding a servant, when he is but once assur'd of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now, Ramilie: I shall find a time to reward you.

Ramil. That was what I told her, Sir. Do you think, says I, this old rascal, (I ask your pardon, Sir) that this hunks, my master's father, will live for ever? And then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

Fred.

Fred. Well, but, dear Sir, let us have no more of your rhetoric——go and fetch Lappet hither. I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ramil. Bring her over! a fig for her, Sir. I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father. I'll make him believe juſt the contrary of every word ſhe has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ramil. Never fear it, Sir; I warrant my lyes keep even pace with hers. But, Sir, I have another plot; I don't queſtion but before you ſleep, I ſhall put you in poſſeſſion of ſome thouſands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jeſt too far.

Ramil. Sir, I will undertake to make it out, that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Beſides, Sir, if you have any qualms of conſcience, you may return it him again. Your having poſſeſſion of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well, I believe there is little danger of thy ſtealing any thing from him: ſo about the firſt affair. It is that only which cauſes my preſent pain.

Ramil. Fear nothing, Sir, whilſt Ramilie is your friend. [*Exit.*

Enter Clermont.

Fred. If Impudence can give a title to ſucceſs, I am ſure thou haſt a good one.

Cler. O Frederick! I have been looking you all over the houſe. I have news for you, which will give me pain to diſcover, tho' it is neceſſary you ſhould know it. In ſhort, Mariana has determined to marry your father this evening.

Fred. How! O Clermont! is it poſſible? curſed be the politics of my ſiſter: ſhe is the innocent occaſion of this. And can Mariana, from a pique to her, throw herſelf away! Dear Clermont, give me ſome advice, think on ſome method by which I may prevent, at leaſt defer, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father will ſtrike a thouſand daggers in my heart.

Cler.

Cler. Would I could adviſe you! but here comes one who is more likely to invent ſome means for your deliverance.

Fred. Ha! Lappet!

Enter Lappet.

Lap. Hey-day! Mr. Frederick, you ſtand with your arms acroſs, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the houſe inſtead of a wedding.

Fred. This wedding, Madam, will prove the occaſion of my funeral: I am oblig'd to you for being inſtrumental to it.

Lap. Why, truly, if you conſider the caſe rightly, I think you are. It will be much more to your intereſt to——

Fred. Miſtreſs, undo immediately what you have done: prevent this match which you have forwarded, or, by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

'*Lap.* For Heaven's ſake, Sir! you do not intend to 'kill me!

'*Fred.* What could drive your villany to attempt 'to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? 'what could urge thee, when I truſted thee with my 'paſſion, when I have paid the moſt extravagant uſury 'for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could 'ſway thee to betray me?

'*Lap.* As I hope to be ſav'd, Sir, whatever I have 'done was intended for your ſervice.

'*Fred.* It is in vain to deny it: I know thou haſt us'd 'thy utmoſt art to perſuade my father into this 'match.

'*Lap.* If I did, Sir, it was all with a view towards 'your intereſt: if I have done any thing to prevent 'your having her, it was becauſe I thought you would 'do better without her.

'*Fred.* Would'ſt thou, to ſave my life, tear out my 'heart? and doſt thou, like an impudent inquiſitor, 'whilſt thou art deſtroying me, aſſert it is for my own 'ſake?'

Lap. Be but appeas'd, Sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you eaſy yet.

Cler. Dear Frederick, adjourn your anger for a while at leaſt: I am ſure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in

her heart, 'and whatever she has done, if it has not 'been for your sake, this I dare confidently affirm, it 'has been for her own.' And I have so good an opinion of her, that the moment you shew her it will be more her interest to serve you, than to oppose you, you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval?

Lap. Alas, Sir! I never did any thing yet so effectually, but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively, but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of. Besides, I look upon it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me intreat you, dear Madam, to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities; but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That, indeed, may be——but for the marriage it cannot be, nor shall it be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, Sir, Mr. Clermont was mentioning a certain little word called interest, just now. I should not repeat it to you, Sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much a better will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana, thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, Sir: if they were half married already, I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it.——— Oh! there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity. [*Exit* Lappet.

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says?

Cler. Faith! I think so. I have told you how dexterously she manag'd my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity, that I am much easier on your account than I was.

Fred.

Fred. My own heart is ſomewhat lighter too. O Clermont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

'*Cler.* A coquette's lover generally pays very ſe-
'verely, indeed. His game is ſure to lead him a
'long chace, and if he catches her at laſt, ſhe is
'hardly worth carrying home ——— You will ex-
'cuſe me.

'*Fred.* It does not affect me; for what appears a
'coquette in Mariana is rather the effect of ſpright-
'lineſs and youth, than any fix'd habit of mind:
'ſhe has good-ſenſe and good-nature at the bot-
'tom.

'*Cler.* If ſhe has good-nature, it is at the bottom
'indeed! for I think ſhe has never diſcover'd any to
'you.

'*Fred.* Women of her beauty and merit have ſuch a
'variety of admirers, that they are ſhock'd to think of
'giving up all the reſt by fixing on one. Beſides, ſo
'many pretty gentlemen are continually attending
'them, and whiſpering ſoft things in their ears, who
'think all their ſervices well repaid by a curtſey or a
'ſmile, that they are ſtartled, and think a lover a moſt
'unreaſonable creature, who can imagine he merits
'their whole perſon.

'*Cler.* They are, of all people, my averſion: they
'are a ſort of ſpaniels, who, tho' they have no chance
'of running down the hare themſelves, often ſpoil
'the chace. I have known one of theſe fellows pur-
'ſue half the fine women in town, without any
'other deſign than of enjoying them all in the arms
'of a ſtrumpet. It is pleaſant enough to ſee them
'watching the eyes of a woman of quality half
'an hour, to get an opportunity of making a bow to
'her.

'*Fred.* Which ſhe often returns with a ſmile, or
'ſome more extraordinary mark of affection; from
'a charitable deſign of giving pain to her real ad-
'mirer, who, tho' he can't be jealous of the animal,
'is concern'd to ſee her condeſcend to take notice of
'him.

'*Enter* Harriet.

'*Har.* I ſuppoſe, brother, you have heard of my
'good father's œconomy, that he has reſolv'd to join

'two entertainments in one——and prevent giving an 'extraordinary wedding supper.

'*Fred.* Yes, I have heard it, and I hope have taken 'measures to prevent it.

'*Har.* Why, did you believe it then?

'*Fred.* I think I had no longer room to doubt.

'*Har.* I would not believe it, if I were to see them in 'bed together.

'*Fred.* Heaven forbid it!

'*Har.* So say I too. Heaven forbid I should have 'such a mother-in-law! but, I think, if she were 'wedded into any other family, you would have 'no reason to lament the loss of so constant a mis-'tress.

'*Fred.* Dear Harriet, indulge my weakness.

'*Har.* I will indulge your weakness with all my 'heart——but the men ought not; for they are such 'lovers as you who spoil the women.——Come, if 'you will bring Mr. Clermont into my apartment, 'I'll give you a dish of tea, and you shall have some '*sal volatile* in it, tho' you have no real cause for any 'depression of your spirits; for I dare swear your 'mistress is very safe. And I am sure, if she were to 'be lost in the manner you apprehend, she would be 'the best loss you ever had in your life.

'*Cler.* O Frederick! if your mistress were but 'equal to your sister, you might be well called the 'happiest of mankind.' [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A Chamber.*

Mariana *and* Lappet.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old lady, that you really intend to have him?

Mar. I tell you, I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him! ha, ha, ha! For what do you intend to have him?

Mar. Have I not told you already, that I will marry him?

Lap. Indeed, you will not!

Mar. How! Mrs. Impertinence! has your mistress told you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match?

Lap. What should you marry him for? As for his riches,

riches, you might as well think of going hungry to fine entertainment, where you were ſure of not being ſuffer'd to eat. The very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, aſſemblies; adieu dear *quadrille* ——and to what have you ſacrificed all theſe? — not to a huſband— for whatever you make of him, you will never make a huſband of him, I'm ſure.

Mar. This is a liberty, Madam, I ſhall not allow you: if you intend to ſtay in this houſe, you muſt leave off theſe pretty airs you have lately given yourſelf. — Remember you are a ſervant here, and not the miſtreſs, as you have been ſuffered to affect.

Lap. You may lay aſide your airs too, good Madam, if you come to that; for I ſhall not deſire to ſtay in this houſe, when you are the miſtreſs of it.

Mar. It will be prudent in you, not to put on your uſual inſolence to me; for if you do, your maſter ſhall puniſh you for it.

Lap. I have one comfort, he will not be able to puniſh me half ſo much as he will you. The worſt he can do to me is to turn me out of the houſe—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! faugh!

Mar. If Miſs Harriet ſent you on this errand, you may return, and tell her, her wit is ſhallower than I imagin'd it——— and ſince ſhe has no more experience, I believe I ſhall ſend my daughter-in-law to ſchool again. [*Exit.*

Lap. Hum! you will have a ſchool-maſter at home. I begin to doubt whether this ſweet-temper'd creature will not marry in ſpite at laſt. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about inſtantly. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Garden.*

Lovegold *and* Mrs. Wiſely.

Love. I cannot be eaſy: I muſt ſettle ſomething upon her.

Mrs. Wiſe. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unneceſſary: when you die, you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed, I have known ſeveral law-ſuits happen on theſe accounts; and ſometimes the whole has been thrown away in diſputing to which party it belonged.

I ſhall not ſleep in my grave, while a ſet of villanous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. Wiſe. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms; but it is ill truſting him: violent paſſions can never laſt long at his years. [*Aſide.*

Love. What are you conſidering?

Mrs. Wiſe. Mr. Lovegold, I am ſure, knows the world too well to have the worſe opinion of any woman from her prudence: therefore I muſt tell you, this delay of the match does not at all pleaſe me. It ſeems to argue your inclination abated, and ſo it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were ſhe to refuſe on your account, ſhe would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas! Madam, I love her better than any thing almoſt upon the face of the earth; this delay is to ſecure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world ſays; I am not indeed.

Mrs. Wiſe. Well, Sir, then there can be no harm, for the ſatisfaction both of her mind and mine, in your ſigning a ſmall contract, which can be prepar'd immediately.

Love. What ſignifies ſigning, Madam?

Mrs. Wiſe. I ſee, Sir, you don't care for it; ſo there is no harm done. And really this other is ſo very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I ſhall not be blam'd for refuſing him on any account.

Love. Nay, but be not in haſte: what would you have me ſign?

Mrs. Wiſe. Only to perform your promiſe of marriage.

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine ſhall look it over.

Mrs. Wiſe. I believe my lawyer is in the houſe: I'll go to him, and get it done inſtantly; and then we will give this gentleman a final anſwer. I aſſure you, he is a very advantageous offer. [*Exit.*

Love. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in ſigning the contract: her lawyer draws it up, ſo I ſhall be at no expence; for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I ſhould have done very wiſely indeed, to have entitled her to a third of my fortune, whereas

whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth! I proteſt, it is with ſome difficulty that I have prevail'd with myſelf to put off the match: I am more in love, I find, than I ſuſpected.

Enter Lappet.

Lap. O unhappy, miſerable creature that I am! what ſhall I do? whither ſhall I go?

Love. What's the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently aſſiſting in betraying ſo good a man! ſo good a maſter! ſo good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I ſay.

Lap. I ſhall never forgive myſelf, I ſhall never outlive it, I ſhall never eat, drink, ſleep ——— [*Runs againſt him.*

Love. One would think you were walking in your ſleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. O Sir! —— you are undone, Sir! and I am undone!

Love. How! what! has any one robb'd me? have I loſt any thing?

Lap. No, Sir; but you have got ſomething.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife, Sir.

Lov. No, I have not yet——but why———

Lap. How! Sir, are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happieſt word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for ſome particular reaſons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, Sir; and for ſome particular reaſons, you ſhall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you ſay?

Lap. O Sir! this affair has almoſt determin'd me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceiv'd in this lady. I told you, Sir, ſhe had an eſtate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, Sir; the devil of any eſtate has ſhe.

Love. How! not any eſtate at all! How can ſhe live then?

Lap. Nay, Sir, Heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a

woman to be able to live without an eſtate. She that can make ſomething out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am ſorry ſhe has no fortune; but conſidering all her ſaving qualities, Lappet———

Lap. All an impoſition, Sir: ſhe is the moſt extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant!

Lap. I tell you, Sir, ſhe is downright extravagance itſelf.

'*Love.* Can it be poſſible, after what you told me?

'*Lap.* Alas! Sir! that was only a cloke thrown 'over her real inclinations.'

Love. How was it poſſible for you to be ſo deceiv'd in her?

Lap. Alas! Sir, ſhe would have deceiv'd any one upon earth, even you yourſelf; for, Sir, during a whole fortnight, ſince you have been in love with her, ſhe has made it her whole buſineſs to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good ſign tho': Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good ſign; right habits as well as wrong are got by affecting them. And ſhe who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that ſhe may be brought to be ſo as long as ſhe lives.

Lap. She loves play to diſtraction: it is the only viſible way in the world ſhe has of a living.

Love. She muſt win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the beſt of the game, is no ſuch very bad thing. Beſides, as ſhe plays only to ſupport herſelf, when ſhe can be ſupported without it, ſhe may leave it off.

Lap. To ſupport her extravagance, in dreſs particularly; why, don't you ſee, Sir, ſhe is dreſs'd out to-day like a princeſs?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dreſs, in order to get a huſband. And as that is apparently her motive, when ſhe is married that motive ceaſes: and to ſay the truth, ſhe is in diſcourſe a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greateſt modeſty!

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine ſet of teeth.

Lap.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching* Lappet *in his arms.*

Lap. O Sir! I am not the lady.——Was ever such an old goat! [*Aside.*]—Well, Sir, I see you are determin'd on the match, and so I desire you wou'd pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family in which I have lived so long, that I have contracted as great a friendship for it, as if it was my own: I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious gentleman has been raising all his life-time, squander'd away in a year or two, in feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels—It would break my heart, to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fidlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes—To see his guineas fly about like dust; all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman; his whole stock in the funds spent in one half year; all his land swallowed down in another; all his old gold, nay, the very plate which he has had in his family time out of mind, which has descended from father to son ever since the flood, to see even that disposed of. What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life—Will they be contented then? or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too? [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel, to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner——And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome?——What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining old gold?

Love. O my poor old gold!

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant ſhe may have a moſt beautiful ſhape.

Love. My dear land and tenements!

Lap. What are the roſes on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at leaſt three and a half per cent.

Lap. A fine excuſe, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty!

Enter Lawyer.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready: my client has ſent for the counſel on the other ſide, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain, you and your client too! I'll contract you, with a pox!

Law. Hey-day! ſure you are *non compos mentis!*

Love. No, ſirrah! I had like to have been *non compos mentis*; but I have had the good luck to eſcape it. Go! and tell your client I have diſcover'd her: bid her take her advantageous offer; for I ſhall ſign no contracts.

Law. This is the ſtrangeſt thing I have met with in my whole courſe of practice.

Love. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am ſure, Sir, I have a very great ſatisfaction in ſerving you; and I hope you will conſider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my law-ſuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, Sir, you won't ſuffer me to be ruined, when I have preſerved you from it.

Love. Hey! [*Appearing deaf.*

Lap. You know, Sir, that in Weſtminſter-hall money and right are always on the ſame ſide.

Love. Ay, ſo they are; very true, ſo they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The ſmalleſt matter of money, Sir, would do me an infinite ſervice.

Love. Hey! What?

Lap. A ſmall matter of money, Sir, would do me a great kindneſs.

Love.

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindneſs for you; indeed I have a very great kindneſs for you.

Lap. Pox take your kindneſs! — I'm only loſing time: there's nothing to be got out of him. So I'll ev'n to Frederick, and ſee what the report of my ſucceſs will do there. Ah! would I were married to thee myſelf! [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

Love. What a prodigious eſcape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter Ramilie.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, Sirrah? How dare you enter within theſe walls?

Ramil. Truly, Sir, I can ſcarcely reconcile it to myſelf: I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendſhip. But I don't know how it is, Sir, there is ſomething or other about you which ſtrangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendſhip I have for your ſon, won't let me ſuffer you to be impoſed upon; and to prevent that, Sir, is the whole and ſole occaſion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, Sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you juſt now?

Love. What if ſhe did, Sirrah?

Ramil. Has ſhe not, Sir, been talking to you about a young lady whoſe name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ramil. Why, then, Sir, every ſingle ſyllable ſhe has told you has been, neither more nor leſs, than a moſt confounded lie; as is, indeed, every word ſhe ſays: for I don't believe, upon a modeſt calculation, ſhe has told ſix truths ſince ſhe has been in the houſe. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour. The firſt word ſhe ſpoke was a lie, and ſo will be the laſt. I know ſhe has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie; and every thing ſhe has ſaid of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you ſure of this?

Ramil. Why, Sir, ſhe and I laid the plot together; that one time, indeed, I myſelf was forced to deviate a little from the truth; but it was with a good deſign: the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendſhip to my maſter; that it was becauſe ſhe thought ſuch a match would not be at all to his intereſt: but, alas! Sir, I

know her friendſhip begins and ends at home; and that ſhe has friendſhip for no perſon living but herſelf. Why, Sir, do but look at Mariana, Sir, and ſee whether you can think her ſuch a ſort of woman as ſhe has deſcribed her to you.

Love. Indeed ſhe has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you ſay. This jade has been bribed by my children to impoſe upon me. I forgive thee all that thou haſt done, for this one ſervice. I will go deny all that I ſaid to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment. I knew it was impoſſible ſhe could be ſuch a ſort of a woman.

[*Exit.*

Ramil. And I will go find out my maſter, make him the happieſt of mankind, ſqueeze his purſe, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE *the Hall.*

Enter Frederick *and* Lappet.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I ſhall never think I have ſufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the buſineſs yet. I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, Sir, I ſhall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl, and I'll coin myſelf into guineas.

Lap. Keep yourſelf for your lady, Sir; ſhe will take all that ſort of coin, I warrant her: as for me, I ſhall be much more eaſily contented.

Fred. But what hopes can'ſt thou have? for I, alas! ſee none.

Lap. O Sir! it is more eaſy to make half a dozen matches, than to break one! and, to ſay the truth, it is an office I myſelf like better. 'There is ſomething, 'methinks, ſo pretty in bringing young people toge-'ther that are fond of one another. I proteſt, Sir, 'you will be a mighty handſome couple. How fond 'will you be of a little girl the exact picture of her 'mother! and how fond will ſhe be of a boy to put 'her in mind of his father!

'*Fred.*

'*Fred.* Death! you jade, you have fir'd my imagi-
'nation.'

Lap. But methinks I want to have the hurricane begin, hugely: I am furpriz'd they are not all together by the ears already.

Enter Ramilie.

Ramil. O Madam! I little expected to have found you and my maſter together, after what has happened: I did not think you had the aſſurance———

Fred. Peace, Ramilie! all is well: and Lappet is the beſt friend I have in the world.

Ramil. Yes, Sir, all is well indeed! no thanks to her: happy is the maſter that has a good ſervant! a good ſervant is certainly the greateſt treaſure in this world. I have done your buſineſs for you, Sir: I have fruſtrated all ſhe has been doing, denied all ſhe has been telling him: In ſhort, Sir, I obſerved her ladyſhip in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your intereſt, as you imagine. No ſooner was ſhe gone, than I ſtept in, and made the old gentleman believe every ſingle ſyllable ſhe had told him, to be a moſt confounded lie: and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And ſign the contract: ſo now, Sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ramil. Heyday! what is the meaning of this? Have I done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my curs'd ſtars cou'd have contriv'd ſo damn'd an accident.

Ramil. You cannot blame me, Sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, Sir, nor myſelf, nor any one: Fortune has marked me out for miſery. But I will be no longer idle: ſince I am to be ruin'd, I'll meet my deſtruction. [*Exit.*

[Lappet *and* Ramilie *ſtand ſome time ſilent, looking at each other.*]

Lap. I give you joy, Sir, of the ſucceſs of your negotiation: you have approv'd yourſelf a moſt able perſon, truly! and I dare ſwear, when your ſkill is once known, you will not want employment.

Ramil. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet: a politician

cian may make a blunder: I am ſure no one can avoid it, that is employ'd with you; for you change ſides ſo often, that 'tis impoſſible to tell at any time which ſide you are on.

Lap. And pray, Sirrah, what was the occaſion of your betraying me to your maſter? for he has told me all.

Ramil. Conſcience, conſcience, Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions: I could not find in my heart to let him loſe his miſtreſs.

Lap. Your maſter is very much obliged to you, indeed, to loſe your own, in order to preſerve his! henceforth I forbid all your addreſſes; I diſown all obligations; I revoke all promiſes: henceforth I would adviſe you never to open your lips to me; for if you do, it will be in vain: I ſhall be deaf to all your little, falſe, mean, treacherous, baſe inſinuations. I would have you know, Sir, a woman injur'd, as I am, never can, nor ought to forgive. Never ſee my face again. [*Exit.*

Ramil. Huh! now would ſome lovers think themſelves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the ſex, am never frightened at the frowns of a miſtreſs, nor raviſh'd with her ſmiles; they both naturally ſucceed one another: and a woman, generally, is as ſure to perform what ſhe threatens, as ſhe is what ſhe promiſes. But now I'll to my lurking-place. I'm ſure this old rogue has money hid in the garden: if I can but diſcover it, I ſhall handſomely quit all ſcores with the old gentleman, and make my maſter a ſufficient return for the loſs of his miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Another apartment.*

Frederick, Mrs. Wiſely *and* Mariana.

Fred. No, Madam: I have no words to upbraid you with, nor ſhall I attempt it.

Mrs. Wiſe. I think, Sir, a reſpect to your father ſhould keep you now within the rules of decency: as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think ſhe cannot expect it on any other account.

Mar. Dear Mama, don't be ſerious, when, I dare ſay, Mr. Frederick is in jeſt.

Fred. This exceeds all you have done: to inſult the perſon

perſon you have made miſerable, is more cruel than having made him ſo.

Mar. Come, come, you may not be ſo miſerable as you expect. I know the word *mother-in-law* has a terrible ſound; but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me, you will ſee a change in this houſe, which will not be diſagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When Fortune robbed me of you, ſhe made her utmoſt effort: I now deſpiſe all in her power.

Mrs. Wiſe. I muſt inſiſt, Sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter. The world is apt to be cenſorious. O heavens! I ſhudder at the apprehenſions of having a reflection caſt on my family, which has hitherto paſs'd unblemiſhed.

Fred. I ſhall take care, Madam, to ſhun any poſſibility of giving you ſuch a fear; for from this night I never will behold thoſe dear, thoſe fatal eyes again.

'*Mar.* Nay, that I am ſure will caſt a reflection
'on me. What a perſon will the world think me to
'be, when you cou'd not live with me?

'*Fred.* Live with you! O Mariana! thoſe words
'bring back a thouſand tender ideas to my mind.
'Oh! had that been my bleſs'd fortune!

'*Mrs. Wiſe.* Let me beg, Sir, you would keep a greater
'diſtance. The young fellows of this age are ſo rampant,
'that even degrees of kindred cannot reſtrain them.

'*Fred.* There are yet no ſuch degrees between us.—'
O Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unſtamp'd, conſider, and do not ſeal my ruin.

Mrs. Wiſe. Come with me, daughter: you ſhall not ſtay a moment longer with him—a rude fellow!

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Wiſely *and* Mariana.

Enter Ramilie.

Ramil. Follow me, Sir, follow me this inſtant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ramil. Follow me, Sir: we are in the right box; the buſineſs is done.

Fred. What done?

Ramil. I have it under my arm, Sir——here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ramil.

Ramil. Your father's ſoul, Sir, his money—Follow me, Sir, this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preſerve me yet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lovegold *in the utmoſt diſtraction.*

Thieves! thieves! aſſaſſination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! who is the thief? where is the villain? where ſhall I find him? Give me my money again, villain. [*Catching himſelf by the arm.*] I am diſtracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. O my money, my money! Ha! what ſay you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain muſt have watch'd his time carefully; he muſt have done it while I was ſigning that d——n'd contract. I will go to a Juſtice, and have all my houſe put to their oaths, my ſervants, my children, my miſtreſs, and myſelf too; all the people in the houſe, and in the ſtreet, and in the town: I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world; and if I don't find my money, I will hang myſelf afterwards. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE *the Hall.*

Several Servants.

James. THERE will be rare doings now! 'Madam's an excellent woman, faith! 'things won't go as they have done: ſhe has order'd 'ſomething like a ſupper; here will be victuals 'enough for the whole town.

Thomas. She's a ſweet-humour'd lady, I can tell 'you that. I have had a very good place on't with 'her. You will have no more uſe for locks and keys 'in this houſe, now.

James. This is the luckieſt day I ever ſaw: as ſoon 'as ſupper is over, I will get drunk to her good 'health, I am reſolv'd; and that's more than ever I 'could have done here before.

Thomas. You ſhan't want liquor, for here are ten 'hogſheads of ſtrong beer coming in.

James. Bleſs her heart! good lady! I wiſh ſhe had 'a better bridegroom.

Thomas. Ah! never mind that, he has a good purſe: 'and for other things, let her alone, maſter James.

'*Wheed.*

'*Wheed.* Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's the 'wine-merchant, and order him to send twelve dozen 'of his best Champaigne, twelve dozen of Burgundy, 'and twelve dozen of Hermitage. And you must call 'at the wax-chandler's, and bid him send in a chest of 'candles; and at Lambert's the confectioner in Pall-'Mall, and order the finest desert he can furnish; 'and you, Will, must go to Mr. Gray's, the horse-'jockey, and order him to buy my lady three of the 'finest geldings for her coach, to-morrow morning; 'and here, you must take this roll, and invite all the 'people in it to supper; then you must go to the 'playhouse in Drury-Lane, and engage all the music, 'for my lady intends to have a ball.

'*James.* O brave Mrs. Wheedle! here are fine times!

'*Wheed.* My lady desires that supper may be kept 'back as much as possible; and if you can think of 'any thing to add to it, she desires you would.

'*James.* She is the best of ladies.

'*Wheed.* So you will say when you know her better: 'she has thought of nothing, ever since matters have 'been made up between her and your master, but how 'to lay out as much money as she could;——we shall 'all have rare places.

'*James.* I thought to have given warning to-mor-'row morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste now.

'*Wheed.* See what it is to have a woman at the 'head of the house. But here she comes. Go you 'into the kitchen, and see that all things be in the 'nicest order.

'*James.* I am ready to leap out of my skin for joy!'

[*Exeunt all but* Mrs. Wheedle.

Enter Mariana, Upholsterer, *and* Mrs. Wisely.

'*Mar.* Wheedle, have you dispatched the servants 'according to my orders?

'*Wheed.* Yes, Madam.'

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition?

Uphol. I shall take a particular care, Madam. I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning; 'I 'shall put off some work, Madam, on that account.

'*Mar.* That tapestry in the dining-room does not at all please me.

'*Uphol.*

'*Uphol.* Your ladyſhip is very much in the right, 'Madam: it is quite out of faſhion: no one hangs a 'room now with tapeſtry.

'*Mar.* Oh! I have the greateſt fondneſs for tapeſtry in 'the world! you muſt poſitively get me ſome of a 'newer pattern.

'*Uphol.* Truly, Madam, as you ſay, tapeſtry is one 'of the prettieſt ſorts of furniture for a room that I 'know of. I believe I can ſhew you ſome that will 'pleaſe you.'

Mrs. Wife. I proteſt, child, I can't ſee any reaſon for this alteration.

Mar. Dear Mama, let me have my will. There is not any one thing in the whole houſe that I ſhall be able to leave in it, every thing has ſo much of antiquity about it; and I cannot endure the ſight of any thing that is not perfectly modern.

Uphol. Your ladyſhip is in the right, Madam: there is no poſſibility of being in the faſhion without new-furniſhing a houſe, at leaſt once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the faſhion, you will have need of almoſt continual alterations.

Mrs. Wife. That is an extravagance I would never ſubmit to. I have no notion of deſtroying one's goods before they are half worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

Uphol. Ha! ha! Madam, I believe her ladyſhip is of a different opinion—I have many a ſet of goods entirely whole, that I would be very loth to put into your hands.

Enter Mercer *and* Jeweller.

Mar. O Mr. Sattin! have you brought thoſe gold ſtuffs I ordered you?

Merc. Yes, Madam, I have brought your ladyſhip ſome of the fineſt patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and ear-rings with you?

Jewel. Yes, Madam; and I defy any jeweller in town to ſhew you their equals: they are, I think, the fineſt water I ever ſaw: they are finer than the Dutcheſs of Glitter's, which have been ſo much admired: I have brought you a ſolitaire too, Madam: my lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yeſterday.

Mar.

Mar. Sure, it has a flaw in it, Sir.

Jewel. Has it, Madam? then there never was a brilliant without one: I am sure, Madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

Enter Lovegold.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable: I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and ear-rings?

Jewel. If you were my sister, Madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain? Have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. Wife. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone! I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas, that I received but yesterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I shall never see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them; or if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! do you call three thousand guineas a trifle?

Mrs. Wife. She sees you so disturbed, that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! Can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me, what were you saying of them? Have you seen them?

Jewel. Really, Sir, I do not understand you: I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which were as cheap at three thousand guineas as———

Love. How! what? what?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap. However, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, Sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream!

Mar. You will be paid immmediately, Sir. Well, Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the highest-priced gold stuff you have brought?

Mer.

Mer. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a yard.

Mar. It muſt be pretty at that price. Let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You ſhall cut off my head firſt. What are you doing? are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dreſs to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pick-pocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you, this is a behaviour I don't underſtand. You give me a fine pattern before marriage of the uſage I am to expect after it!

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it!

Mar. I aſſure you, Sir, I ſhall inſiſt on all the privileges of an Engliſh wife. I ſhall not be taught to dreſs by my huſband. I am myſelf the beſt judge of what you can afford; and if I do ſtretch your purſe a little, it is for your own honour, Sir. The world will know it is your wife that makes ſuch a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, Madam?

Mrs. Wife. I ſhould not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, Sir; 'but the honour of my family, 'as well as yours, is concern'd in her appearing hand-'ſomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, the whole 'world is very ſenſible of your fondneſs for money: I 'think it a very great bleſſing to you, that you have 'met with a woman of a different temper, one who 'will preſerve your reputation in the world whether you 'will or no. Not that I would inſinuate to you, that 'my daughter,' ſhe will ever run you into unneceſſary expences; ſo far from it, that if you will but generouſly make her a preſent of five thouſand pounds to fit herſelf out at firſt in clothes and jewels, I dare ſwear you will not have any other demand on thoſe accounts ——I don't know when.

Mar. No, unleſs a birth-night ſuit or two, I ſhall ſcarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! However, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to chooſe whether you will marry at all, or no.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wife. The conſequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thouſand pound, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, Madam, I have one way yet. I have not bound my heirs and executors; and ſo, if I hang myſelf, I am off the bargain——In the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my houſe of this neſt of thieves.——Get out of my doors, you cutpurſes.

Jewel. Pay me for my jewels, Sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles; give them him.

Mar. I ſhall not, I aſſure you. You need be under no apprehenſion, Sir: you ſee Mr. Lovegold is a little diſordered at preſent; but if you come to-morrow, you ſhall have your money.

Jewel. I'll depend on your ladyſhip, Madam. [*Exit.*

Love. Who the devil are you? What have you to do here?

Uphol. I am an upholſterer, Sir; and come to new-furniſh your houſe.

Love. Out of my doors this inſtant, or I will diſfurniſh your head for you: I'll beat out your brains.

[*Exit Uphol.*

Mrs. Wife. Sure, Sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I ſign'd the contract. Oh! that I had never learnt to write my name!

' *Enter* Charles Bubbleboy.

' *Cha.* Your moſt obedient ſervant, Madam.

' *Love.* Who are you, Sir? What do you want here?

' *Cha.* Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

' *Love.* What's your buſineſs?

' *Cha.* Sir, I was ordered to bring ſome ſnuff-boxes ' and rings. Will you pleaſe, Sir, to look at that ſnuff-' box? there is but one perſon in England, Sir, can ' work in this manner. If he was but as diligent as he ' is able, he would get an immenſe eſtate, Sir; if he ' had an hundred thouſand hands, I could keep them ' all employed. I have brought you a pair of new in-' vented ſnuffers too, Madam. Be pleas'd to look at ' them; they are my own invention: the niceſt lady in ' the world may make uſe of them.

' *Love.* Who the devil ſent for you, Sir?

' *Mar.* I ſent for him, Sir.

' *Cha.*

'*Cha.* Yes, Sir, I was told it was a lady ſent for me. 'Will you pleaſe, Madam, to look at the ſnuff-boxes 'or rings firſt?

'*Love.* Will you pleaſe to go to the devil, Sir, firſt, 'or ſhall I ſend you?

'*Cha.* Sir!

'*Love.* Get you out of my houſe this inſtant, or I'll 'break your ſnuff-boxes, and your bones too.

'*Cha.* Sir, I was ſent for, or I ſhould not have 'come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want cuſtom. 'Madam, your moſt obedient ſervant.' [*Exit.*

Mar. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you expect to be finely ſpoken of abroad, for this: you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. Wife. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refuſed ſo much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh! wou'd ſhe had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly reſign all right and title whatſoever.

Mrs. Wife. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their anſwers: a good offer once refuſed, is not to be had again.

Wheed. Madam, the taylor, whom your ladyſhip ſent for, is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an inſtance of the regard I have for you. I have ſent for one of the beſt taylors in town to make you a new ſuit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I ſhould be well dreſs'd, ſo it is for mine that you ſhould. Come, Madam, we will go in and give further orders concerning the entertainment.

[*Exeunt all but* Lovegold.

Enter Liſt.

Love. O Lappet, Lappet! the time thou haſt propheſy'd of, is come to paſs.

Liſt. I am your honour's moſt humble ſervant. My name is Liſt. I preſume I am the perſon you ſent for ——the laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleaſed to be taken meaſure of firſt, or look over the patterns: if you pleaſe, we will take meaſure firſt. I do not know, Sir, who was ſo kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I ſhall give you entire ſatisfaction. I may defy any taylor in England to underſtand

derſtand the faſhion better than myſelf; the thing is impoſſible, Sir. I always viſit France twice a year; and tho' I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it——Stand upright, if you pleaſe, Sir——

Love. I'll take meaſure of your back, ſirrah——I'll teach ſuch pickpockets as you are, to come here——Out of my doors, you villain.

Liſt. Heyday! Sir, did you ſend for me for this, Sir?—I ſhall bring you in a bill without any clothes. [*Exit.*

' *Enter* James *and* Porter.

' *Love.* Where are you going? What have you ' there?

' *James.* Some fine wine, Sir, that my lady ſent for ' to Mr. Mixture's—But, Sir, it will be impoſſible for ' me to get ſupper ready by twelve, as it is ordered, un- ' leſs I have more aſſiſtance. I want half a dozen ' kitchens too. The very wild-fowl that my lady has ' ſent for, will take up a dozen ſpits.

' *Lov.* Oh! oh! it is in vain to oppoſe it: her extra- ' vagance is like a violent fire, that is no ſooner ſtopped ' in one place, than it breaks out in another.—[*Drums* ' *beat without.*] Ha! what is the meaning of this? ' Is my houſe beſieged? Would they would ſet it on ' fire, and burn all in it.

' *Drum.* [*Without.*] Heavens bleſs your honour! 'ſquire ' Lovegold, Madam Lovegold; long life and happi- ' neſs, and many children attend you——and ſo God ' ſave the King. [*Drums beat.*

' [Lovegold *goes out, and ſoon after the drum ceaſes.*

' *James.* So he has quieted the drums, I find—This ' is the roguery of ſome well-wiſhing neighbours of his. ' Well, we ſhall ſoon ſee which will get the better, my ' maſter or my miſtreſs. If my maſter does, away go ' I; if my miſtreſs, I'll ſtay while there is any houſe- ' keeping, which can't be long; for the riches of my ' lord mayor will never hold out at this rate.

' *Enter* Lovegold.

' *Love.* James! I ſhall be deſtroy'd; in one week I ' ſhall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, ſend all ' the proviſions back to the tradeſmen; put out all the ' fires; leave not ſo much as a candle burning.

' *James.* Sir, I don't know how to do it: Madam ' commanded me, and I dare not diſobey her.

' *Love.*

'*Love.* How! not when I command thee!

'*James.* I have loſt ſeveral places, Sir, by obeying 'the maſter againſt the miſtreſs; but never loſt one by 'obeying the miſtreſs againſt the maſter. Beſides, Sir, 'ſhe is ſo good and generous a lady, that it would go 'againſt my very heart to offend her.

'*Love.* The devil take her generoſity!

'*James.* And I don't believe ſhe has provided one 'morſel more than will be eat: why, Sir, ſhe has in-'vited above five hundred people to ſupper; within 'this hour, your houſe will be as full as Weſtminſter-'hall the laſt day of term——But I have no time to 'loſe. [*Exit.*

'*Love.* Oh! Oh! What ſhall I do?

Enter Lappet.

Lap. Where is my poor maſter? O Sir! I cannot expreſs the affliction I am in to ſee you devoured in this manner. How cou'd you, Sir, when I told you what a woman ſhe was? how cou'd you undo yourſelf with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice, I had been happy.

Lap. And I too, Sir; for alack-a-day, I am as miſerable as you are: I feel every thing for you, Sir; indeed, I ſhall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I ſhall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your ſenſe, Sir, marry in ſo precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's ſafe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. O Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond of ten thouſand pounds to marry her.

Lap. You ſhall forfeit it.

Love. Forfeit what? My life, and ſoul, and blood, and heart.

Lap. You ſhall forfeit it——

Love. I'll be buried alive ſooner; 'no, I am deter-

'mined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards
'to save my money.

'*Lap.* I see, Sir, you are undone; and if you should
'hang yourself, I could not blame you.

'*Lov.* Could I but save one thousand by it, I would
'hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die
'not worth a groat?'

'*Lap.* Oh! my poor master! my poor master!
'[*Exit crying.*'

Love. Why did not I die a year ago? what a deal had I sav'd by dying a year ago! [*A noise without.*] Oh! oh! dear Lappet, see what it is: I shall be undone in an hour——Oh!

Enter Clermont *richly dress'd.*

Love. What is here?—Some of the people who are to eat me up?

Cler. Don't you know me, Sir?

Love. Know you! Ha! What is the meaning of this?——Oh! it is plain, it is too plain: my money has paid for all this finery. Ah! base wretch! could I have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner?

Cler. Sir, I am come to confess the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you, you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine.

Love. Not injured! when you have stolen away my blood!

Cler. Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman, Sir.

Love. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman.—Tell me who tempted you to it?

Cler. Ah, Sir! need I say——love.

Love. Love!

Cler. Yes, love, Sir.

Love. Very pretty love, indeed! the love of my guineas.

'*Cler.* Ah, Sir, think not so. Do but grant me the
'free possession of what I have, and, by Heaven, I'll
'never ask you more.

'*Love.* Oh, most unequall'd impudence! Was ever
'so modest a request!

'*Cler.* All your efforts to separate us will be vain: 'we have sworn never to forsake each other; and no- 'thing but death can part us.

'*Love.* I don't question, Sir, the very great affection 'on your side:' but I believe I shall find methods to recover———

Cler. By Heavens! I'll die in defending my right; and if that were the case, think not, when I am gone, you ever could possess what you have robb'd me of.

Love. Ha! that's true; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you: perhaps I may.

'*Cler.* Then I am blest! Well may you say treasure: 'for to possess that treasure is to be rich indeed.

'*Love.* Yes, truly I think three thousand pounds 'may well be call'd a treasure. — Go, go, fetch it hi- 'ther; perhaps I may give it you—— fetch it hither.'

Cler. To shew you, Sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore. [*Exit.*

Love. Sure never was so impudent a fellow! to confess his robbery before my face, and desire to keep what he has stolen, as if he had a right to it.

Enter Lappet.

Love. O Lappet! what's the matter?

Lap. O Sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! Oh! Oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had! think, if you had married her———

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, Sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds? —— Well——and ten thousand pounds are a sum; they are a sum, I own it — they are a sum; but what is such a sum, compared with such a wife? Had you married her, in one week you wou'd have been in a prison, Sir——

Love. If I am, I can keep my money: they can't take that from me.

' *Lap.* Why, Sir, you will loſe twice the value of ' your contract before you know how to turn yourſelf; ' and if you have no value for liberty, yet conſider, Sir, ' ſuch is the great goodneſs of our laws, that a priſon ' is one of the deareſt places you can live in.

' *Love.* Ten thouſand pounds!—No—I'll be hang'd, ' I'll be hang'd!'

Lap. Suppoſe, Sir, it were poſſible (not that I believe it is) but ſuppoſe it were poſſible to make her abate a little; ſuppoſe one could bring her to eight thouſand—

Love. Eight thouſand devils take her—

Lap. But, dear Sir, conſider; nay, conſider immediately; for every minute you loſe, you loſe a ſum—— Let me beg you, intreat you, my dear good Maſter, let me prevail on you not to be ruin'd. Be reſolute, Sir, conſider every guinea you give ſaves you a ſcore.

Love. Well, if ſhe will conſent to, to, to eight hundred —— But try, do, try if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you ſhall have a twentieth part of what ſhe 'bates for yourſelf.

Lap. Why, Sir, if I could get you off at eight thouſand, you ought to leap out of your ſkin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my ſkin——

Lap. You will have more reaſon to wiſh ſo, when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts——

Love. Why was I begotten! Why was I born! Why was I brought up! Why was I not knock'd o'th' head, before I knew the value of money!

Lap. [*Knocking without.*] So, ſo, more duns, I ſuppoſe——Go but into the kitchen, Sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can ſay.

Love. What have I brought myſelf to! what ſhall I do! part with eight thouſand pounds! miſery, deſtruction, beggary, priſons! but then on the other ſide are wife, ruin, chains, ſlavery, torment! I ſhall run diſtracted either way! [*Exit* Lovegold.

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you ſo, you old covetous good-for-nothing!

Enter Mariana.

Mar. Well, what succeſs?

Lap. It is impoſſible to tell: he is juſt gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frighten'd into our deſign, I ſhall begin to deſpair. They ſay fear will make a coward brave; but nothing can make him generous: the very fear of loſing all he is worth will ſcarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I aſſure you. Ah, Madam, had I not been able to have kept a ſecret, I had never brought about thoſe affairs that I have. Were I not ſecret, Lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town!

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very ſecret?

Lap. From every one but me, I believe you have. I aſſure you I knew them long before you ſent for me this afternoon to diſcover them to me.

Mar. But could you bring him to no terms, no propoſals? Did he make no offer?

Lap. It muſt be all done at once, and while you are by.

Mar. So you think he muſt ſee me, to give any thing to be rid of me.

Lap. Huſh, huſh, I hear him coming again.

Enter Lovegold.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devour'd! I have an army of cooks in my houſe.

Lap. Dear Madam, conſider, I know eight thouſand pounds are a trifle. I know they are nothing; my maſter can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purſe: and if you ſhould ſtand out, you will get more.

Love. [*Putting his hand before* Lappet's *mouth.*] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie. She never could get more, never ſhould get more: it is more than I am worth; it is an immenſe ſum; and I will be ſtarv'd, drown'd, ſhot, hang'd, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, you will ruin all—— Madam,

Madam, let me beg you, intreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a law-suit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now, are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No, the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word, will make me amends for the delay; and whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, Sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? you know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compell'd to it at last: get rid of her at once: what are two thousand pounds? why, Sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast. It has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife?

[*Whispers* Lovegold.

' *Enter* Thomas *and* James.

' [Lovegold *and* Lappet *talk apart.*

' *Tho.* Madam, the music are come which your lady-' ship order'd; and most of the company will be here ' immediately.

' *James.* Where will your ladyship be pleas'd the ' servants shall eat? for there is no room in the house ' that will be large enough to entertain 'em.

' *Mar.* Then beat down the partition, and turn two ' rooms into one.

' *James.* There is no service in the house proper for ' the desert, Madam.

' *Mar.* Send immediately to the great china shop ' in the Strand for the finest that is there.

' [*Exeunt Servants.*'

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robb'd me of what I shall give her?

Lap. Depend on it, Sir.

Love. I'll break open a bureau, to make it look the more likely.

Lap. Do so, Sir, but lose no time: give it her this

moment. Madam, my maſter has conſented, and, if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be ſure to break open the bureau, Sir.

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll fetch the money. It is all I am worth in the world. [*Exit* Lovegold.

Mar. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him. But you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine; for I am to ſwear a robbery againſt you. What will you give me, Madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it poſſible that the old rogue would conſent to ſuch villany?

Lap. Ay, Madam, for half that ſum he would hang half the town. But, truly, I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a ſingle guinea a lye, for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah! Madam! what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talent ſhould be confined to ſo low a ſphere of life as I am! had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good ſhould I have done in the world!

Enter Lovegold.

Love. Here, here they are——all in bank-notes——all the money I am worth in the world.——(I have ſent for a conſtable; ſhe muſt not go out of ſight before we have her taken into cuſtody) [*Aſide to* Lappet.

Lap. [*To* Lovegold.] You have done very wiſely.

Mar. There, Sir, is your contract. And now, Sir, I have nothing to do but to make myſelf as eaſy as I can in my loſs.

Enter Frederick, Clermont, *and* Harriet.

Love. Where is that you promiſed me? where is my treaſure?

Cler. Here, Sir, is all the treaſure I am worth. A treaſure which the whole world's worth ſhould not purchaſe.

Love. Give me the money, Sir, give me the money; I ſay give me the money you ſtole from me.

Cler. I underſtand you not.

Love. Did you not confeſs you robb'd me of my treaſure?

Cler.

Cler. This, Sir, is the ineſtimable treaſure I meant! Your daughter, Sir, has this day bleſt me by making me her huſband.

Love. How! O wicked vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family diſgrac'd, Sir. I am at leaſt your equal born; and tho' my fortune be not ſo large, as for my deareſt Harriet's ſake, I wiſh, ſtill it is ſuch as will put it out of your power to make us miſerable.

Love. O my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loſs of your money, reſign over all pretenſions in her to me, and I will engage to get it reſtor'd to you.

Love. How ſirrah! are you a confederate? Have you help'd to rob me?

Fred. Softly, Sir, or you ſhall never ſee your guineas again.

Love. I reſign her over to you entirely, and may you both ſtarve together! So, go fetch my gold——

Mar. You are eaſily prevail'd upon, I ſee, to reſign a right which you have not. But were I to reſign myſelf, it would hardly be the man's fortune to ſtarve, whoſe wife brought him ten thouſand pounds.

Love. Bear witneſs ſhe has confeſs'd ſhe has the money; and I ſhall prove ſhe ſtole it from me. She has broken open my bureau: Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I have all your pardons, and particularly yours, Madam, whom I have moſt injur'd.

Love. A fig for her pardon; you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then, if there was any robbery, you muſt have robb'd yourſelf. This lady can only be a receiver of ſtolen goods; for I ſaw you give her the money with your hands.

Love. How! I! You! What! What!

Lap. And I muſt own it, with ſhame I muſt own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract I promis'd to ſwear ſhe had ſtolen from you.

Cler. Is it poſſible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of ſuch an action as this?

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No, Sir, your three thouſand guineas are ſafe yet;

yet; depend upon it, within an hour, you ſhall find them in the ſame place they were firſt depoſited. 'I 'thought to have purchas'd a reprieve with them; but 'I find my fortune has of itſelf beſtow'd that on me.'

Love. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this inſtant—but then the ten thouſand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deſerves them. [*Gives them to* Frederick.] You ſee, Sir, I had no deſign to the prejudice of your family. Nay, I have prov'd the beſt friend you ever had; for I preſume, you are now thoroughly cur'd of your longing for a young wife.

Love. Sirrah, give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You muſt excuſe me, Sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Love. Then I will go to law with that lady and you, and all of you; for I will have them again, if law, or juſtice, or injuſtice, will give them me.

Cler. Be pacified, Sir; I think the lady has acted nobly, in giving that back again into your family, which ſhe might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hang'd: if I am robb'd, I don't care who robs me. I would as ſoon hang my ſon as another—— and I will hang him if he does not reſtore me all I have loſt: for I would not give half the ſum to ſave the whole world——I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, or never ſleep more. [*Exit.*

Fred. I am reſolv'd we will get the better of him now. But O Mariana! your generoſity is much greater in beſtowing this ſum than my happineſs in receiving it. I am an unconſcionable beggar, and ſhall never be ſatisfied while you have any thing to beſtow.

Mar. Do you hear him———

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him—for your late behaviour has convinc'd me.

Mar. My dear girl, no more; 'you have frighten'd 'me already ſo much to-day, that rather than venture 'a ſecond lecture, I would do whatever you wiſh'd—'So, Sir,' if I do beſtow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it—

Har. Well, this I will ſay, when you do a good-natur'd thing, you have the prettieſt way of doing it. And now,

now, Mariana, I am ready to aſk your pardon for all I ſaid to-day.

Mar. Dear Harriet, no apologies: all you ſaid I deſerv'd.

' *Enter* Ramilie.

' *Lap.* Treaties are going on, on both ſides, while ' you and I ſeem forgotten.

' *Ramil.* Why, have we not done them all the ſer- ' vice we can? What farther have they to do with us? ' ——Sir, there are ſome people in maſquerade habits ' without.

' *Mar.* Some I ſent for to aſſiſt in my deſign on your ' father: I think we will give them admittance, tho' ' we have done without 'em.

' *All.* Oh! by all means.

' *Fred.* Mrs. Lappet, be aſſur'd I have a juſt ſenſe ' of your favours, and both you and Ramilie ſhall find ' my gratitude.

' [*Dance here.*'

Fred. Dear Clermont, be ſatisfied I ſhall make no peace with the old gentleman, in which you ſhall not be included. I hope my ſiſter will prove a fortune equal to your great deſerts.

Cler. While I am enabled to ſupport her in any affluence equal to her deſires, I ſhall deſire no more. From what I have ſeen lately, I think riches are rather to be fear'd than wiſh'd; at leaſt, I am ſure, avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Miſery is generally the end of all vice; but it is the very mark at which avarice ſeems to aim: the Miſer endeavours to be wretched.

He hoards eternal care within his purſe;
And what he wiſhes moſt, proves moſt his curſe.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Written by COLLY CIBBER, Esq;

OUR author's sure bewitch'd! the senseless rogue
Insists no good play wants an Epilogue.
Suppose that true, says I, what's that to this?
Is yours a good one?—No, but Moliere's is,
He cry'd, and zounds! no epilogue was tack'd to his.
Besides, your modern epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry.
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few,
There's scarce one double entendre *left that's new.*
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
One blush, to gain a thousand coxcomb's praise.
Then for the threadbare joke of cit and wit,
Whose fore-known rhyme is echo'd from the pit,
Till of their laugh the galleries are bit.
Then to reproach the critics with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire:
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Tho' talking stuff might dash the Drury doxies.
If these, he cry'd, the choice ingredients be
For epilogues, they shall have none for me.
Lord, Sir, says I, the gallery will so bawl;
Let 'em, he cry'd, a bad one's worse than none at all.
Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in,
Nor do I see no epilogue much hurt in,
Zounds! when the play is ended—drop the curtain.

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School Boy, by Cibber
Scornful Lady, by Beaumont and Fletcher
She would and She would not, by Cibber
She would if She could, by Etherege
Siege of Damaſcus, by Hughes
Silent Woman, by B. Johnſon
Sir Courtly Nice, by Crown
Sir Harry Wildair, by Farquhar
Sir Martin Mar-All, by Dryden
Sir Walter Raleigh, by Dr. Sewell
'Squire of Alſatia, by T. Shadwell
Stage Coach, by Farquhar
State of Innocence, by Dryden
Strollers
Suſpicious Husband, by Dr. Hoadley
Tamerlane, by Rowe
Tempeſt, by Shakeſpeare
Tender Husband, by Steele
Theodoſius, or the Force of Love
Timon of Athens, by Shakeſpeare
Titus and Berenice, with the Cheats of Scapin, by Otway
Twelfth Night, by Shakeſpeare
Twin Rivals, by Farquhar
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Venice Preſerv'd, by Otway
Uiyſſes, by Rowe
Way of the World, by Congreve
What d'ye call it? by Gay
Wife to be let
Wife's Relief, or Husband's Cure
Wild Gallant, by Dryden
Wit without Money
Woman's a Riddle
Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret, by Centlivre
Zara, with the Interlude, by A. Hill, Eſq;
Agis, 1s.
Arden of Feverſham, 1s.
Douglas, 1s.
Eaſtward Hoe, 1s.
Gentleman Dancing Maſter, 1s.
Love in a Wood, 1s.
Paſquin, 1s.
Perkin Warbeck, 1s.
Plague of Riches, French and Engliſh, 1s.
Plain Dealer, 1s.
Siege of Aquileia, 1s.

Parkinson ad viv. del. Jas. Taylor sc.

Mr. BADDELEY in the Character of Mr. STRICTLY

I say Mr. Strictland I would only —

Publish'd July 6th 1776 by T. Lowndes & Partners.

THE

SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND,

A

COMEDY,

WRITTEN BY

DR. HOADLY.

Marked with the Variations of the

MANAGERS BOOKS,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CASLON, T. LOWNDES,
W. NICOLL, S. BLADON, AND T. BECKET.
M.DCC.LXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 42 in Page 14, to Line 9 in Page 15.——*Also*, The Additions made at the Theatres are distinguished by *Italics* between inverted Commas; as at Line 20 in Page 9.

TO THE

KING.

SIR,

YOUR Majeſty's goodneſs in permitting your Royal Name to ſtand before the following piece, is an inſtance of the greateſt condeſcenſion of a great mind. And this permiſſion, after having honoured the performance of it with your Royal Preſence, the more ſenſibly touches me, as it will naturally lead every one to this reflection, That ſo great an honour would not have been allowed it, had it not appeared free from all offence againſt the rules of good manners and decency.

Thus, while your Majeſty ſits as a watchful arbiter of the greateſt affairs that ever perplexed Europe, You can deſcend to the innocent amuſements of life, and take a pleaſure in favouring an attempt to add to their number.

We ſee with joy, in your Majeſty, an undeniable proof, that the true greatneſs and luſtre of a Prince is founded, not upon the magnificence of pomp and ſhew, and power, but upon the whole tenor of a conduct formed for ſecuring and confirming the rights and happineſs of his ſubjects. This, being built upon public facts, will always remain plainly legible in the annals of hiſtory, when the traces of the moſt delicate flattery ſhall be all loſt and gone.

When the records of our country ſhall barely tell the world the glorious appearance in this nation, upon a late trying occaſion; and ſay—That upon a violent attack made upon your crown, all orders and degrees, all ſects and parties amongſt us, roſe up, as

one man; not contenting themſelves to offer their lives and fortunes in the ſounds of formal addreſſes; but actually pouring out their treaſures, and hazarding their perſons—That your whole people did not think themſelves ſafe without your ſafety; nor their religion, laws, and properties ſecure, but in the ſecurity of your Royal Perſon and Government—When this ſhall be told—This alone, this voice of the public, expreſſed in deeds, will be the higheſt panegyric; greater and truer praiſe, than all the words which invention and art can put together—But I forgot myſelf, and my duty.

I ought not, upon the preſent occaſion, to interrupt your cares for the public, any further, than to expreſs my deep ſenſe of your Royal favour and condeſcenſion; and to ſend up my warmeſt vows—That your Majeſty may long enjoy the fruits of a conduct in government, which is the ſecurity to your ſubjects of all that is valuable upon earth!—That you may live, through a courſe of many years, the delight of your happy people; the example to all the princes around you, of political truth and juſtice, ſuperior to all the arts of fraud and perfidy—And that the ſucceſſion to the crown of theſe realms, in your Royal Line, may never fail to eſtabliſh and continue the bleſſings we enjoy, to our lateſt poſterity. I am,

May it pleaſe Your Majeſty,

Your Majeſty's moſt devoted and

obedient Subject and Servant,

BENJAMIN HOADLY.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

WHILE other culprits brave it to the laſt,
Nor beg for mercy till the judgment's paſt:
Poets alone, as conſcious of their crimes,
Open their trials with imploring rhymes.
Thus cramm'd with flattery and low ſubmiſſion,
Each trite dull prologue is the bard's petition.
A ſtale device to calm the critics fury,
And bribe at once the judges and the jury.
But what avail ſuch poor repeated arts?
The whimp'ring ſcribbler ne'er can touch your hearts:
Nor ought an ill-tim'd pity to take place ——
Faſt as they riſe deſtroy th' increaſing race:
The vermin elſe will run the nation o'er ——
By ſaving one, you breed a million more.
Tho' diſappointed authors rail and rage
At fancy'd parties, and a ſenſeleſs age,
Yet ſtill has Juſtice triumph'd on the ſtage.
Thus ſpeaks and thinks the author of to-day,
And ſaying this, has little more to ſay.
He aſks no friend his partial zeal to ſhew,
Nor fears the groundleſs cenſures of a foe:
He knows no friendſhip can protect the fool,
Nor will an audience be a party's tool.
'Tis inconſiſtent with a free-born ſpirit
To ſide with folly, or to injure merit.
By your deciſion he muſt fall or ſtand,
Nor, tho' he feels the laſh, will blame the hand.

Dramatis Perſonæ, 1776.

MEN.

	At Drury Lane.	Covent Garden.
Mr. Strictland	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Clarke.
Frankly	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Lewis.
Bellamy	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Wroughton
Ranger	Mr. Garrick.	Mr. Woodward.
Jack Meggot	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. Lee Lewis.
Buckle	Mr. Wright.	Mr. Cushion.
Teſter	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Quick.
Servant to Ranger	Mr. Everard.	Mr. Thompson.
Simon	Mr. Wrighton.	Mr. Quick.
Chairmen, Footmen, &c.		

WOMEN.

Mrs. Strictland	Mrs. Baddeley.	Mrs. Mattocks.
Clarinda	Mrs. Abington.	Mrs. Bulkeley.
Jacintha	Miſs Younge.	Mrs. Leſſingham.
Lucetta	Mrs. Davies.	Mrs. Green.
Landlady	Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. Pouſſin.
Milliner	Miſs Jarrat.	Mrs. Invill.
Maid	Mrs. W. Palmer.	Mrs. White.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE

SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

ACT I. SCENE Ranger's *Chambers in the Temple.*

A knocking is heard at the door for some time; when Ranger enters, having let himself in.

ONCE more I am got safe to the Temple—let me reflect a little———I have set up all night. I have my head full of bad wine, and the noise of oaths, dice, and the damn'd tingling of tavern bells; my spirits jaded, and my eyes sunk in my head: and all this for the conversation of a company of fellows I despise. Their wit lies only in obscenity, their mirth in noise, and their delight in a box and dice. Honest Ranger, take my word for it, thou art a mighty silly fellow. [*Enter Servant, with a wig dressed.*] Where have you been, rascal? If I had not had the key in my pocket, I must have waited at the door in this dainty dress.

Serv. I was only below combing out your honour's wig.

Rang. Well, give me my cap.—[*Pulling off his wig.*] Why, how like a raking dog do you look, compar'd to that spruce, sober gentleman?———Go, you batter'd devil, and be made fit to be seen.

[*Throwing his wig to the servant.*

Serv. Cod, my master's very merry this morning.

[*Exit.*

Rang. And now for the law. [*Sits down and reads.*

Tell me no more, I am deceiv'd,
That Cloe's false and common;
By heav'n I all along believ'd
She was a very woman.
As such I lik'd, as such caress'd;
She still was constant when possest:
She could do more for no man.

Honest Congreve was a man after my own heart. [*Servants pass over the stage.*] Have you been for the money this morning, as I order'd you?

Serv. No, Sir, you bade me go before you was up—I did not know your honour meant before you went to bed.

Rang. None of your jokes, I pray; but to buſineſs—Go to the coffee-houſe, and enquire if there has been any letter or meſſage left for me.

Serv. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Rang. [repeat.] *You think ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind,*
I take her body, you her mind,
Which has the better bargain?

Oh, that I had ſuch a ſoft, deceitful fair, to lull my ſenſes to their deſir'd ſleep——[*Knocking at the door.*] Come in. [*Enter* Simon.] O, maſter Simon, is it you? How long have you been in town?

Simon. Juſt come, Sir, and but for a little time neither; and yet I have as many meſſages as if we were to ſtay the whole year round. Here they are, all of them. [*Pulls out a number of cards.*] And among them one for your honour.

Rang. [Reads.] *Clarinda's compliments to her couſin Ranger, and ſhould be glad to ſee him for ever ſo little a time that he can be ſpar'd from the more weighty buſineſs of the law*——Ha! ha! ha! the ſame merry girl I ever knew her.

Sim. My lady is never ſad, Sir. [*Knocking at the door.*

Rang. Pr'ythee, Simon, open the door. [*Enter milliner.*] Well, child —— and who are you?

Milli. Sir, my miſtreſs gives her ſervice to you, and has ſent you home the linen you beſpoke.

Rang. Well, Simon, my ſervice to your lady, and let her know I will moſt certainly wait upon her——— I am a little buſy, Simon———and ſo———

Simon. Ah, you're a wag, maſter Ranger, you're a wag——but mum for that.

Rang. I ſwear, my dear, you have the prettieſt pair of eyes——the loveliеſt pouting lips——I never ſaw you before.

Milli. No, Sir! I was always in the ſhop.

Rang. Were you ſo? well, and what does your miſtreſs ſay?——The devil fetch me, child, you look'd ſo prettily, that I could not mind one word you ſaid.

Milli. Lard, Sir, you are ſuch another gentleman! Why, ſhe ſays, ſhe is ſorry ſhe could not ſend them ſooner. Shall I lay them down?

Rang.

Rang. No, child. Give 'em to me.——Dear little ſmiling angel—— [*Catches and kiſſes her.*

Milli. I beg, Sir, you would be civil.

Rang. Civil! Egad, I think I am very civil.

[*Kiſſes her again.*

Enter Servant, and Bellamy.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Bellamy.

Rang. Damn your impertinence—O, Mr. Bellamy, your Servant.

Milli. What ſhall I ſay to my miſtreſs?

Rang. Bid her make half a dozen more; but be ſure you bring them home yourſelf. [*Exit milliner.*] Pſhaw! Pox! Mr. Bellamy, how ſhould you like to be ſerv'd ſo yourſelf?

Bella. How can you, Ranger, for a minute's pleaſure, give an innocent girl the pain of heart I am confident ſhe felt?——There was a modeſt bluſh upon her cheek convinces me ſhe is honeſt.

Rang. May be ſo. I was reſolved to try, however, "*had not you interrupted the experiment.*"

Bella. Fy, Ranger—Will you never think?

Rang. Yes, but I can't be always thinking. The law is a damnable dry ſtudy, Mr. Bellamy, and without ſomething now and then to amuſe and relax, it would be too much for my brain, I promiſe ye—— But I am a mighty ſober fellow grown—Here have I been at it theſe three hours—but the wenches will never let me alone.————

Bella. Three hours!—Why do you uſually ſtudy in ſuch ſhoes and ſtockings?

Rang. Rat your inquiſitive eyes. *Ex pede Herculem.* Egad you have me. The truth is, I am but this moment return'd from the tavern. What, Frankly, here too!

Enter Frankly.

Frank. My boy, Ranger, I am heartily glad to ſee you: Bellamy, let me embrace you; you are the perſon I want. I have been at your lodgings, and was directed hither.

Rang. It is to him then I am oblig'd for this viſit: but with all my heart—he is the only man, to whom I don't care how much I am oblig'd.

Bella. Your humble ſervant, Sir.

Frank. You know, Ranger, I want no inducement

to be with you. But—You look ſadly—What—No mercileſs jade has—has ſhe?

Rang. No, no. Sound as a roach, my lad. I only got a little too much liquor laſt night, which I have not ſlept off yet.

Bella. Thus, Frankly, it is every day. All the morning his head aches, at noon he begins to clear up, towards evening he is good company, and all night he is carefully providing for the ſame courſe the next day.

Rang. Why, I muſt own, my ghoſtly father, I did relapſe a little laſt night, juſt to furniſh out a decent confeſſion for the day.

Frank. And he is now doing penance for it. Were you his confeſſor, indeed, you could not well deſire more.

Rang. Charles, he ſets up for a confeſſor with the worſt grace in the world. Here has he been reproving me for being but decently civil to my milliner. Plague! becauſe the coldneſs of his conſtitution makes him inſenſible of a fine woman's charms, every body elſe muſt be ſo too.

Bella. I am no leſs ſenſible of their charms than you are, though I cannot kiſs every woman I meet, or fall in love, as you call it, with every face which has the bloom of youth upon it. I would only have you a little more frugal of your pleaſures.

Frank. My dear friend, this is very pretty talking! But let me tell you, it is in the power of the very firſt glance from a fine woman, utterly to diſconcert all your philoſophy.

Bella. It muſt be from a fine woman then, and not ſuch as are generally reputed ſo—And it muſt be a thorough acquaintance with her too, that will ever make an impreſſion on my heart.

Rang. Would I could ſee it once! For when a man has been all his life hoarding up a ſtock, without allowing himſelf common neceſſaries; it tickles me to the ſoul to ſee him lay it all out upon a wrong bottom, and become bankrupt at laſt.

Bella. Well, I don't care how ſoon you ſee it. For the minute I find a woman capable of friendſhip, love, and tenderneſs, with good-ſenſe enough to be always eaſy, and good-natur'd enough to like me, I will

immediately put it to the trial, which of us shall have the greatest share of happiness from the sex, you or I.

Rang. By marrying her, I suppose! capable of friendship, love, and tenderness, ha, ha, ha! That a man of your sense should talk so. If she be capable of love, 'tis all I require of my mistress; and as every woman, who is young, is capable of love, I am very reasonably in love with every young woman I meet——My lord Coke, in a case I read this morning, speaks my sense.

Both. My lord Coke!

Rang. Yes, *my* lord Coke. What he says of one woman, I say of the whole sex, *I take their bodies, you their minds; which has the better bargain?*

Frank. There is no arguing with so great a lawyer. Suppose therefore we adjourn the debate to some other time. I have some serious business with Mr. Bellamy, and you want sleep, I am sure.

Rang. Sleep! mere loss of time, and hindrance of business——We men of spirit, Sir, are above it.

Bella. Whither shall we go?

Frank. Into the Park. My chariot is at the door.

Bella. Then if my servant calls, you'll send him after us. [*Exeunt.*

Rang. I will [*Looking on the card.*] Clarinda's compliments——A pox of this head of mine! never once to ask where she was to be found. It's plain she is not one of us, or I should not have been so remiss in my enquiries—No matter—I shall meet her in my walks.

Servant enters.

Serv. There is no letter nor message, Sir.

Rang. Then my things to dress. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a chamber.*

Enter Mrs. Strictland, *and* Jacintha, *meeting.*

Mrs. Strict. Good-morrow, my dear Jacintha.

Jacin. Good-morrow to you, Madam. I have brought my work, and intend to sit with you this morning. I hope you have got the better of your fatigue. Where is Clarinda? I should be glad if she wou'd come, and work with us.

Mrs. Strict. She work! She is too fine a lady to do any thing. She is not stirring yet—we must let her

have her reſt. People of her waſte of ſpirits require more time to recruit again.

Jacin. It is pity ſhe ſhould be ever tir'd with what is ſo agreeable to every body elſe. I am prodigiouſly pleas'd with her company.

Mrs. Strict. And when you are better acquainted, you will be ſtill more pleas'd with her. You muſt rally her upon her partner at Bath; for, I fancy, part of her reſt has been diſturb'd on his account.

Jacin. Was he really a pretty fellow?

Mrs. Strict. That I can't tell. I did not dance myſelf, and ſo did not much mind him. You muſt have the whole ſtory from herſelf.

Jacin. Oh, I warrant ye, I get it all out. None are ſo proper to make diſcoveries in love, as thoſe who are in the ſecret themſelves.

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Madam, Mr. Strictland is inquiring for you. Here has been Mr. Buckle with a letter from his maſter, which has made him very angry.

Jacin. Mr. Bellamy ſaid, indeed, he would try him once more, but I fear it will prove in vain. Tell your maſter I am here. [*Exit* Lucetta.] What ſignifies fortune when it only makes us ſlaves to other people?

Mrs. Strict. Do not be uneaſy, my Jacintha. You ſhall always find a friend in me: but as for Mr. Strictland, I know not what ill temper hangs about him lately. Nothing ſatisfies him. You ſaw how he received us when we came off our journey. Though Clarinda was ſo good company, he was barely civil to her, and downright rude to me.

Jacin. I cannot help ſaying, I did obſerve it.

Mrs. Strict. I ſaw you did. Huſh! he's here.

Enter Mr. Strictland.

Mr. Strict. Oh, your ſervant, Madam! Here, I have received a letter from Mr. Bellamy, wherein he deſires I would once more hear what he has to ſay——You know my ſentiments——Nay, ſo does he.

Jacin. For Heaven's ſake conſider, Sir, this is no new affair, no ſudden ſtart of paſſion—We have known each other long. My father valued and lov'd him, and I am ſure were he alive, I ſhould have his conſent

Mr. Strict. Don't tell me. Your father would not have

have you marry againſt his will; neither will I againſt mine: I am your father now.

Jacin. And you take a fatherly care of me.

Mr. Strict. I wiſh I had never had any thing to do with you.

Jacin. You may eaſily get rid of the trouble.

Mr. Strict. By liſtening, I ſuppoſe, to the young gentleman's propoſals.

Jacin. Which are very reaſonable in my opinion.

Mr. Strict. Oh, very modeſt ones truly; and a very modeſt gentleman he is that propoſes them! A fool, to expect a lady of thirty thouſand pounds fortune, ſhould, by the care and prudence of her guardian, be thrown away upon a young fellow not worth three hundred a year. He thinks being in love is an excuſe for this; but I am not in love. What does he think will excuſe me?

Mrs. Strict. Well, but Mr. Strictland, I think the gentleman ſhould be heard.

Mr. Strict. Well, well, ſeven o'clock's the time, and if the man has had the good fortune, ſince I ſaw him laſt, to perſuade ſome body or other to give him a better eſtate, I give him my conſent—not elſe. His ſervant waits below. You may tell him, I ſhall be at home. [*Exit* Jacintha.] But where is your friend, your other half, all this while? I thought you could not have breath'd a minute without your Clarinda.

Mrs. Strict. Why the truth is, I was going to ſee what makes her keep her chamber ſo long.

Mr. Strict. Look ye, Mrs. Strictland, you have been aſking me for money this morning. In plain terms, not one ſhilling ſhall paſs through theſe fingers, till you have clear'd my houſe of this Clarinda.

Mrs. Strict. How can her innocent gaiety have offended you? She is a woman of honour, and has as many good qualities———

Mr. Strict. As women of honour generally have, I know it, and therefore am uneaſy.

Mrs. Strict. But, Sir———

Mr. Strict. But, Madam —— Clarinda, nor e'er a rake of faſhion in England, ſhall live in my family to debauch it.

Mrs. Strict. Sir, ſhe treated me with ſo much civility in the country, that I thought I could not do leſs than

invite

invite her to ſpend as much time with me in town as her engagements would permit. I little imagin'd you could have been diſpleas'd at my having ſo agreeable a companion.

Mr. Strict. There was a time when I was company enough for leiſure hours.

Mrs. Strict. There was a time when every word of mine was ſure of meeting with a ſmile: but thoſe happy days, I know not why, have long been over.

Mr. Strict. I cannot bear a rival even of your own ſex. I hate the very name of female friends. No two of you can ever be an hour by yourſelves, but one or both are the worſe for it.

Mrs. Strict. Dear Mr. Strictland.

Mr. Strict. This I know——and will not ſuffer.

Mrs. Strict. It grieves me, Sir, to ſee you ſo much in earneſt; but to convince you how willing I am to make you eaſy in every thing, it ſhall be my requeſt to her to remove immediately.

Mr. Strict. Do it———hark ye——Your requeſt? ——Why yours? 'tis mine——My command —— Tell her ſo———I will be maſter of my own family, and I care not who knows it.

Mrs. Strict. You fright me, Sir,——But it ſhall be as you pleaſe. [*In Tears.*] [*Goes out.*

Mr. Strict. Ha! have I gone too far? I am not maſter of myſelf——Mrs. Strictland — [*ſhe returns*] Underſtand me right. I do not mean, by what I have ſaid, that I ſuſpect your innocence; but by cruſhing this growing friendſhip all at once, I may prevent a train of miſchief which you do not foreſee. I was perhaps too harſh, therefore do it in your own way—But let me ſee the houſe fairly rid of her. [*Exit* Mr. Strictland.

Mrs. Strict. His earneſtneſs in this affair amazes me. I am ſorry I made this viſit to Clarinda——and yet I'll anſwer for her honour———What can I ſay to her? Neceſſity muſt plead in my excuſe—— For at all events Mr. Strictland muſt be obeyed. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Saint James's Park.*

Enter Bellamy *and* Frankly.

'*Frank.* Now, Bellamy, I may unfold the ſecret of 'my heart to you with greater freedom; for though

'Ranger

'Ranger has honour, I am not in humour to be 'laughed at. I muſt have one that will bear with my 'impertinence, ſooth me into hope, and, like a friend 'indeed, with tenderneſs adviſe me.

'*Bella.* I thought you appeared more grave than 'uſual.

'*Frank.* O Bellamy! my ſoul is full of joy, of 'pain, hope, deſpair, and ecſtaſy, that no word but 'love is capable of expreſſing what I feel.'

Bella. Is love the ſecret Ranger is not fit to hear? In my mind, he would prove the more able counſellor. And is all the gay indifference of my friend at laſt reduced to love?

Frank. Even ſo——Never was prude more reſolute in chaſtity and ill-nature, than I was fix'd in indifference; but love has rais'd me from that inactive ſtate above the being of a man.

Bella. Faith, Charles, I begin to think it has—— But pray, bring this rapture into order a little, and tell me regularly, how, where, and when.

Frank. If I was not moſt unreaſonably in love, thoſe horrid queſtions would ſtop my mouth at once. But as I am arm'd againſt reaſon—I anſwer—at Bath——on Tueſday, ſhe danced and caught me.

Bella. Danced!——and was that all? But who is ſhe? What is her name? her fortune? where does ſhe live?

Frank. Hold! hold! not ſo many hard queſtions. Have a little mercy. I know but little of her, that's certain. But all I do know you ſhall have. That evening was the firſt of her appearing at Bath. The moment I ſaw her, I reſolved to aſk the favour of her hand. But the eaſy freedom with which ſhe gave it, and her unaffected good-humour during the whole night, gain'd ſuch a power over my heart, as none of her ſex could ever boaſt before. I waited on her home, and the next morning, when I went to pay the uſual compliments, the bird was flown. She had ſet out for London two hours before, and in a chariot and ſix—you rogue.

Bella. But was it her own, Charles?

Frank. That I don't know; but it looks better than being drag'd to town in the ſtage. That day and the next

next I ſpent in inquiries. I waited on the ladies who came with her. They knew nothing of her. So without learning either her name or fortune, I e'en call'd for my boots, and rode poſt after her.

Bella. And how do you find yourſelf after your journey?

Frank. Why, as yet, I own, I am but upon a cold ſcent. But a woman of her ſprightlineſs and gentility cannot but frequent all public places; and when once ſhe is found, the pleaſure of the chace will over-pay the pains of rouſing her.——O Bellamy! there was ſomething peculiarly charming in her, that ſeem'd to claim my further acquaintance: and if in the other more familiar parts of life ſhe ſhines with that ſuperior luſtre, and at laſt I win her to my arms, how ſhall I bleſs my reſolution in purſuing her!

Bella. But if at laſt ſhe ſhould prove unworthy——

Frank. I would endeavour to forget her.

Bella. Promiſe me that, Charles, [*Takes his hand.*] and I allow———But we are interrupted.

Enter Jack Meggot.

Jack Meg. Whom have we here? my old friend Frankly? Thou art grown a mere antique ſince I ſaw thee? How haſt thou done theſe five hundred years?

Frank. Even as you ſee me; well, and at your ſervice ever.

Jack Meg. Ha! who's that?

Frank. A friend of mine. Mr. Bellamy, this is Jack Meggot, Sir, as honeſt a fellow as any in life.

Jack. Meg. Pho! prithee! pox! Charles,——Don't be ſilly——— Sir, I am your humble—Any one, who is a friend of my Frankly's, I am proud of embracing.

Bella. Sir, I ſhall endeavour to deſerve your civility.

Jack Meg. O Sir!—Well! Charles, what! dumb? Come, come; you may talk, though you have nothing to ſay, as I do—Let us hear, where have you been?

Frank. Why for this laſt week, Jack, I have been at Bath.

Jack Meg. Bath! the moſt ridiculous place in life! —amongſt tradeſmen's wives that hate their huſbands, and people of quality that had rather go to the devil than ſtay at home. People of no taſte—no *gout*—and for

for *divertiſſimens*, if it were not for the puppet-ſhow, *La Virtu* would be dead amongſt them.———But the news, Charles——the ladies——I fear, your time hung heavy on your hands, by the ſmall ſtay you made there.

Frank. Faith, and ſo it did, Jack. The ladies are grown ſuch ideots in love ——— The cards have ſo debauch'd their five ſenſes, that Love, almighty Love, himſelf is utterly neglected.

Jack Meg. It is the ſtrangeſt thing in life, but it is juſt ſo with us abroad. Faith! Charles! to tell you a ſecret, which I don't care if all the world knows, I am almoſt ſurfeited with the ſervices of the ladies; the modeſt ones I mean. The vaſt variety of duties they expect—as dreſſing up to the faſhion, loſing faſhionably, keeping faſhionable hours, drinking faſhionable liquors, and fifty other ſuch irregular niceties, ſo ruin a man's pocket and conſtitution, that, foregad! he muſt have the eſtate of a duke, and the ſtrength of a gondolier, who would liſt himſelf into their ſervice!

Frank. A free confeſſion truly, Jack, for one of your coat.

Bella. The ladies are oblig'd to you.

Enter Buckle, with a letter to Bellamy.

Jac. Meg. Oh Lard! Charles! I have had the greateſt misfortune in life, ſince I ſaw you——Poor Otho, that I brought from Rome with me, is dead.

Frank. Well! well! get you another, and all will be well again.

Jack Meg. No! the rogue broke me ſo much China, and gnaw'd my Spaniſh leather ſhoes ſo filthily, that when he was dead, I began not to endure him.

Bella. Exactly at ſeven! run back, and aſſure him I will not fail. [*Exit* Buckle.] Dead? Pray, who was the gentleman?

Jack Meg. This gentleman was my monkey, Sir—an odd ſort of a fellow that uſed to divert me—and pleaſed every body ſo at that Rome, that he always made one in our *converſationi*—But, Mr. Bellamy, I ſaw a ſervant: I hope no engagement; for you two poſitively ſhall dine with me. I have the fineſt macaroni in life. Oblige me ſo far.

Bella. Sir—your ſervant! what ſay you, Frankly?

Jack Meg. Pho! Pox! Charles! you ſhall go. My aunts

aunts think you begin to neglect them; and old maids, you know, are the most jealous creatures in life.

Frank. Ranger swears they can't be maids, they are so good-natur'd. Well! I agree, on condition I may eat what I please, and go away just when I will.

Jack. Meg. Ay! ay! you shall do just what you will. But how shall we do? My post chaise won't carry us all.

Frank. My chariot is here; and I will conduct Mr. Bellamy.

Bella. Mr. Meggot —— I beg pardon, I can't possibly dine out of town! I have an engagement early in the evening.

Jack Meg. Out of town! no, my dear, I live just by. I see one of the Dilettanti, I would not miss speaking to for the universe. And so I expect you at three.

[*Exit.*

Frank. Ha! ha! ha! and so you thought you had at least fifty miles to go post for a spoonful of Macaroni.

'*Bell.* I suppose then, he is just come out of the 'country.

'*Frank.* Nor that neither. I would venture a wager, 'from his own house hither, or to an auction or two of 'old dirty pictures, is the utmost of his travels to-day: 'Or he may have been in pursuit, perhaps, of a new 'cargo of Venetian toothpicks.

Bell. A special acquaintance I have made to-day!

Frank. For all this, Bellamy, he has a heart worthy your friendship. He spends his estate freely, and you cannot oblige him more, than by shewing him how he can be of service to you.

Bell. Now you say something. It is the heart, Frankly, I value in a man.

Frank. Right!——and there is a heart even in a woman's breast that is worth the purchase, or my judgment has deceiv'd me. Dear Bellamy, I know your concern for me. See her first, and then blame me, if you can.

Bella. So far from blaming you, Charles, that, if my endeavours can be serviceable, I will beat the bushes with you.

Frank. That I am afraid will not do. For you know less of her than I. But if in your walks you meet a finer

finer woman than ordinary, let her not escape till I have seen her.—Whereso'er she is, she cannot long lie hid. [*Exeunt*

ACT II. SCENE *Saint James's Park.*

Enter Clarinda, Jacintha, *and* Mrs. Strictland.

Jacin. AY! ay! we both stand condemn'd out of our own mouths.

Clar. Why —— I cannot but own —— I never had thought of any man that troubled me, but of him.

Mrs. Strict. Then I dare swear, by this time, you heartily repent your leaving Bath so soon.

Clar. Indeed you are mistaken. I have not had one scruple since.

Jac. Why, what one inducement can he have ever to think of you again?

Clar. Oh! the greatest of all inducements, curiosity. Let me assure you, a woman's surest hold over a man is to keep him in incertainty. As soon as ever you put him out of doubt, you put him out of your power: But when once a woman has awak'd his curiosity, she may lead him a dance of many a troublesome mile without the least fear of losing him at last.

Jacin. Now do I heartily wish he may have spirit enough to follow, and use you as you deserve. Such a spirit, with but a little knowledge of our sex, might put that heart of yours into a strange flutter.

Clar. I care not how soon. I long to meet with such a fellow. Our modern beaux are such jointed babies in love, they have no feeling. They are intirely insensible either of pain or pleasure, but from their own dear persons: and according as we flatter or affront their beauty, they admire or forsake ours. They are not worthy even of our displeasure; and, in short, abusing them is but so much ill-nature merely thrown away. But the man of sense, who values himself upon his high abilities, or the man of wit, who thinks a woman beneath his conversation—to see such the subjects of our power, the slaves of our frowns and smiles, is glorious indeed!

Mrs.

Mrs. Strict. No man of ſenſe, or wit either, if he be truly ſo, ever did, or ever can think a woman of merit beneath his wiſdom to converſe with.

Jacin. Nor will ſuch a woman value herſelf upon making ſuch a lover uneaſy.

Clar. Amazing! Why, every woman can give eaſe? You cannot be in earneſt.

Mrs. Strict. I can aſſure you ſhe is, and has put in practice the doctrine ſhe has been teaching.

Clar. Impoſſible! Who ever heard the name of Love mention'd without an idea of torment? But pray let us hear.

Jacin. Nay, there is nothing to hear that I know of.

Cla. So I ſuſpected, indeed! The novel is not likely to be long, when the lady is ſo well prepar'd for the *denoüement*.

Jacin. The novel, as you call it, is not ſo ſhort as you may imagine. I and my ſpark have been long acquainted. As he was continually with my father, I ſoon perceiv'd he lov'd me, and the manner of his expreſſing that love was what pleas'd and won me moſt.

Cla. Well! and how was it? The old bait? Flattery? Dear flattery, I warrant ye.

Jacin. No, indeed.—I had not the pleaſure of hearing my perſon, wit, and beauty painted out with forced praiſes; but I had a more ſenſible delight in perceiving the drift of his whole behaviour was to make every hour of my time paſs away agreeably.

Clar. The ruſtic! What, did he never ſay a handſome thing of your perſon?

Mrs. Strict. He did, it ſeems, what pleas'd her better. He flatter'd her good-ſenſe, as much as a leſs cunning lover would have done her beauty.

Clar. On my conſcience you are well match'd.

Jacin. So well, that if my guardian denies me happineſs, (and this evening he is to paſs his final ſentence) nothing is left but to break my priſon, and fly into my lover's arms for ſafety.

Clar. Hey-day! O' my conſcience thou art a brave girl. Thou art the very firſt prude that ever had honeſty enough to avow her paſſion for a man.

Jacin. And thou art the firſt finiſh'd coquet who ever had any honeſty at all.

Mrs.

Mrs. Strict. Come, come! you are both too good for either of those characters.

Clar. And, my dear Mrs. Strictland, here is the first young married woman of spirit, who has an ill-natur'd fellow for a husband, and never once thinks of using him as he deserves—Good Heaven! if I had such a husband——

Mrs. Strict. You wou'd be just as unhappy as I am.

Clar. But come now—Confess—Do not you long to be a widow?

Mrs. Strict. Would I were any thing but what I am!

Clar. Then go the nearest way about it. I'd break that stout heart of his in less than a fortnight. I'd make him know—

Mrs. Strict. Pray be silent. You know my resolution.

Clar. I know you have no resolution.

Mrs. Strict. You are a mad creature; but I forgive you.

Clar. It is all meant kindly, I assure you. But since you won't be persuaded to your good, I will think of making you easy in your submission as soon as ever I can. I dare say, I may have the same lodging I had last year. I can know immediately—I see my chair: And so ladies both, adieu! [*Exit* Clarinda.

Jacin. Come, Mrs. Strictland, we shall but just have time to get home before Mr. Bellamy comes.

Mrs. Strict. Let us return then to our common prison. You must forgive my ill-nature, Jacintha, if I almost wish Mr. Strictland may refuse to join your hand where your heart is given.

Jacin. Lord! Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. *Strict.* Self-interest only, child! methinks your company in the country would soften all my sorrows, and I could bear them patiently.

Re-enter Clarinda.

Clar. Dear Mrs. Strictland—— I am so confus'd, and so out of breath ——

Mrs. Strict. Why, what is the matter?

Jacin. I protest you fright me.

Cla. Oh! I have no time to recover myself, I am so frighten'd, and so pleas'd. In short then, the dear man is here.

Mrs. Strict. Here——Lord——Where?

Clar.

Clar. I met him this inſtant: I ſaw him at a diſtance, turn'd ſhort, and ran hither directly. Let us go home. I tell you, he follows me.

Mrs. Strict. Why, had you not better ſtay, and let him ſpeak to you?

Clar. Ay!—But then—He won't know where I live, without my telling him.

Mrs. Strict. Come then. Ha! ha! ha!

Jacin. Ay! Poor Clarinda!—*Allons donc.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Sure that muſt be ſhe! Her ſhape and eaſy air cannot be ſo exactly copied by another.—Now, you young rogue, Cupid, guide me directly to her, as you would the ſureſt arrow in your quiver. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the ſtreet before* Mr. Strictland's *Door.*

Re-enter Clarinda, Jacintha, *and* Mrs. Strictland.

Clar. Lord!—dear Jacintha—for heaven's ſake make haſte. He'll overtake us before we get in.

Jacin. Overtake us! Why, he is not in ſight.

Clar. Is not he? Ha! ſure I have not dropt my twee——

[I would not have him loſe ſight of me neither. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Strict. Here he is ——

Clar. In——In——In then.

Jacin. [*Laughing*] What, without your twee?

Clar. Pſha! I have loſt nothing—In—I'll follow you. [*Exeunt into the houſe,* Clarinda *laſt.*

Enter Frankly.

Frank. It is impoſſible I ſhou'd be deceiv'd: My eyes, and the quick pulſes at the heart aſſure me it is ſhe. Ha! 'tis ſhe, by Heaven! and the door left open too—A fair invitation, by all the rules of love. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an apartment in* Mr. Strictland's *Houſe.*

Enter Clarinda, Frankly *following her.*

Frank. I hope, Madam, you will excuſe the boldneſs of this intruſion, ſince it is owing to your own behaviour that I am forc'd to it.

Cla. To my behaviour, Sir?

Frank. You cannot but remember me at Bath, Madam, where I ſo lately had the favour of your hand—

Clar.

Clar. I do remember, Sir; but I little expected any wrong interpretation of my behaviour from one, who had so much the appearance of a gentleman.

Frank. What I saw of your behaviour was so just, it would admit of no misrepresentation. I only fear'd, whatever reason you had to conceal your name from me at Bath, you might have the same to do it now; and though my happiness was so nearly concern'd, I rather chose to venture thus abruptly after you, than be impertinently inquisitive.

Cla. Sir, there seems to be so much civility in your rudeness, that I can easily forgive it; though I don't see how your happiness is at all concern'd.

Frank. No, Madam! I believe you are the only lady, who could, with the qualifications you are mistress of, be insensible of the power they give you over the happiness of our sex.

Clar. How vain should we women be, if you gentlemen were but wise! If you did not all of you say the same things to every woman, we should certainly be foolish enough to believe some of you were in earnest.

Frank. Could you have the least sense of what I feel whilst I am speaking, you would know me to be in earnest, and what I say to be the dictates of a heart that admires you: may I not say that ——

Clar. Sir, this is carrying the ——

Frank. When I danced with you at Bath, I was charm'd with your whole behaviour, and felt the same tender admiration: But my hope of seeing you afterwards kept in my passion till a more proper time should offer. You cannot therefore blame me now, if, after having lost you once, I do not suffer an inexcusable modesty to prevent my making use of this second opportunity.

Clar. This behaviour, Sir, is so different from the gaiety of your conversation then, that I am at a loss how to answer you.

Frank. There is nothing, Madam, which could take off from the gaiety with which your presence inspires every heart, but the fear of losing you. How can I be otherwise than as I am, when I know not but you may leave London as abruptly as you did Bath?

Enter

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Madam, the tea is ready, and my miſtreſs waits for you.

Clar. Very well, I come—[*Exit* Lucetta.] You ſee, Sir, I am call'd away; but I hope you will excuſe it, when I leave you with an aſſurance, that the buſineſs which brings me to town will keep me here ſome time.

Frank. How generous it is in you thus to eaſe the heart, that knew not how to aſk for ſuch a favour—I fear to offend—But this houſe, I ſuppoſe, is yours?

Clar. You will hear of me, if not find me here.

Frank. I then take my leave. [*Exit.*

Clar. I'm undone!——He has me!

Enter Mrs. Strictland.

Mrs. Strict. Well! how do you find yourſelf?

Clar. I do find—that if he goes on, as he has begun, I ſhall certainly have him without giving him the leaſt uneaſineſs.

Mrs. Strict. A very terrible proſpect, indeed!

Clar. But I muſt teaze him a little.———Where is Jacintha? How will ſhe laugh at me, if I become a pupil of her's, and learn to give eaſe? No, poſitively, I ſhall never do it!

Mrs. Strict. Poor Jacintha has met with what I fear'd from Mr. Strictland's temper—an utter denial. I know not why, but he really grows more and more ill-natur'd.

Clar. Well! now do I heartily wiſh my affairs were in his power a little, that I might have a few difficulties to ſurmount.—I love difficulties——and yet, I don't know———it is as well as it is.

Mrs. Strict. Ha, ha, ha! Come, the tea waits.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Strictland.

Mr. Strict. Theſe doings in my houſe diſtract me: I met a fine gentleman—when I inquir'd who he was; why, he came to Clarinda. I met a footman too, and he came to Clarinda. I ſhall not be eaſy till ſhe is decamp'd. My wife had the character of a virtuous woman——and they have not been long acquainted. But then they were by themſelves at Bath! That hurts—that hurts—they muſt be watch'd—they muſt—I

know them, I know all their wiles, and the beſt of them are but hypocrites, Ha!—[Lucetta *paſſes over the ſtage.*] Suppoſe I bribe the maid—She is of their council—The manager of their ſecrets—It ſhall be ſo—Money will do it, and I ſhall know all that paſſes. Lucetta!

Lucet. Sir.

Mr. Strict. Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Sir, if he ſhould ſuſpect, and ſearch me now, I'm undone. [*Aſide.*

Mr. Strict. She is a ſly girl, and may be ſerviceable. [*Aſide.*

Lucetta, you are a good girl, and have an honeſt face. I like it. It looks as if it carried no deceit in it—[Yet if ſhe ſhould be falſe, ſhe can do me moſt harm. [*Aſide.*

Lucet. Pray, Sir, ſpeak out.

Mr. Strict. [*Aſide.*] No! ſhe is a woman, and it is the higheſt imprudence to truſt her.

Lucet. I am not able to underſtand you.

Mr. Strict. I am glad of it. I would not have you underſtand me.

Lucet. Then what did you call me for? [If he ſhould be in love with my face, it would be rare ſport. [*Aſide.*

Mr. Strict. [*Aſide.*] Teſter, ay, Teſter is the proper perſon——Lucetta, tell Teſter I want him.

Lucetta. Yes, Sir——[*Aſide.*] Mighty odd, this! it gives me time however to ſend Buckle with this letter to his maſter. [*Exit* Lucetta.

Mrs. Strict. Could I but be once well ſatisfied that my wife had really finiſh'd me, I believe I ſhould be as quiet as if I were ſure of the contrary.—But whilſt I am in doubt, I am miſerable.

Enter Teſter.

Teſter. Does your Honour pleaſe to want me?

Strict. Ay, Teſter.——I need not fear. The honeſty of his ſervice, and the goodneſs of his look make me ſecure. I will truſt him. [*Aſide.*]—Teſter, I think I have been a tolerable good maſter to you.

Teſter. Yes, Sir,——very tolerable.

Mr. Strict. [*Aſide.*] I like his ſimplicity well. It

promiſes honeſty.—I have a ſecret, Teſter, to impart to you——a thing of the greateſt importance. Look upon me, and don't ſtand picking your fingers.

Teſter. Yes, Sir.—No, Sir.

Mr. Strict. But will not his ſimplicity expoſe him the more to Lucetta's cunning? Yes, yes! ſhe will worm the ſecret out of him. I had better truſt her with it at once.—— So——I will. [*Aſide.*] Teſter, go, ſend Lucetta hither.

Teſter. Yes, Sir,——here ſhe is.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Lucetta, my maſter wants you.

Mr. Strict. Get you down, Teſter.

Teſter. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Teſter.

Lucet. If you want me, Sir, I beg you would make haſte, for I have a thouſand things to do.

Mr. Strict. Well! well! what I have to ſay will not take up much time, could I but perſuade you to be honeſt.

Lucet. Why, Sir, I hope you don't ſuſpect my honeſty?

Mr. Strict. Well! well! I believe you honeſt.

[*Shuts the Door.*

Lucet. What can be at the bottom of all this? [*Aſide.*

Mr. Strict. So! we cannot be too private. Come hither, huſſey! nearer yet.

Lucet. Laud! Sir! you are not going to be rude. I vow I will call out.

Mr. Strict. Hold your tongue.—Does the baggage laugh at me? [*Aſide.*] She does—ſhe mocks me, and will reveal it to my wife; and her inſolence upon it will be more inſupportable to me than cuckoldom itſelf. I have not leiſure now, Lucetta——ſome other time—huſh! did not the bell ring? yes, yes: my wife wants you. Go, go, go to her. [*Puſhes her out.*] There is no hell on earth like being a ſlave to ſuſpicion.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *The Piazza, Covent-Garden.*

Enter Bellamy *and* Jack Meggot.

Bella. Nay, nay, I would not put your family into any confuſion.

Jack Meg. None in life, my dear, I aſſure you. I will

will go and order every thing this inſtant for her reception.

Bella. You are too obliging, Sir; but you need not be in this hurry, for I am in no certainty when I ſhall trouble you. I only know that my Jacintha has taken ſuch a reſolution.

Jack Meg. Therefore we ſhould be prepar'd; for when once a lady has ſuch a reſolution in her head, ſhe is upon the rack till ſhe executes it. Foregad! Mr. Bellamy, this muſt be a girl of fire.

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Buxom and lively as the bounding Doe: —— *Fair as painting can expreſs, or youthful poets fancy when they love.* Tol de rol, lol! [*Singing and dancing.*

Bella. Who is this you talk thus rapturouſly of?

Frank. Who ſhould it be, but —— I ſhall know her name to-morrow. [*Sings and dances.*

Jack Meg. What is the matter? ho! is the man mad?

Frank. Even ſo, gentlemen, as mad as love and joy can make me.

Bella. But inform us whence this joy proceeds.

Frank. Joy! joy! my lads! ſhe's found! my perdita! my charmer!

Jack. Meg. Egad! her charms have bewitch'd the man, I think——But who is ſhe?

Bella. Come, come, tell us, who is this wonder?

Frank. But will you ſay nothing?

Bella. Nothing, as I live.

Frank. Nor you?

Jack Meg. I'll be as ſilent as the grave——

Frank. With a tombſtone upon it, to tell every one whoſe duſt it carries.

Jack Meg. I'll be as ſecret as a debauch'd prude—

Frank. Whoſe ſanctity every one ſuſpects. Jack, Jack, 'tis not in thy nature. Keeping a ſecret is worſe to thee, than keeping thy accounts. But, to leave fooling, liſten to me both, that I may whiſper it into your ears, that echo may not catch the ſinking ſound —— I cannot tell who ſhe is, 'faith——Tol de rol, lol!——

Jack Meg. Mad! mad! very mad!

Frank. All I know of her is, that ſhe is a charming

woman, and has given me liberty to visit her again—— Bellamy, 'tis she, the lovely she. [*Aside.*

Bella. So I did suppose. [*To* Frankly.

Jack Meg. Poor Charles! for Heaven's sake, Mr. Bellamy, persuade him home to his chamber—whilst I prepare every thing for you at home. Adieu.—[*Aside to Bellamy.*] B'ye, Charles! ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Frank. O love! thou art a gift worthy of a God indeed! dear Bellamy, nothing now could add to my pleasure but to see my friend as deep in love as I am.

Bella. I shew my heart is capable of love, by the friendship it bears to you.

Frank. The light of friendship looks but dim before the brighter flame of love. Love is the spring of chearfulness and joy. Why, how dull and phlegmatic do you shew to me now, whilst I am all life; light as feather'd Mercury!——You dull and cold as earth and water; I light and warm as air and fire.—These are the only elements in Love's world! why, Bellamy, for shame! get thee a mistress, and be sociable.

Bella. Frankly, I am now going to———

Frank. Why that face now? your humble servant, Sir. My flood of joy shall not be stopt by your melancholy fits, I assure you. [*Going*]

Bella. Stay, Frankly, I beg you stay. What would you say now, if I really were in love?

Frank. Why faith, thou hast such romantic notions of sense and honour, that I know not what to say.

Bella. To confess the truth then, I am in love.

Frank. And do you confess it as if it were a sin? Proclaim it aloud. Glory in it. Boast of it as your greatest virtue. Swear it with a lover's oath, and I will believe you.

Bella. Why then, by the bright eyes of her I love—

Frank. Well said!

Bella. By all that's tender, amiable, and soft in woman——

Frank. Bravo!

Bella. I swear, I am as true an inamorato as ever tagg'd rime.

Frank. And art thou then thoroughly in love? Come to my arms, thou dear companion of my joys!———

[*They embrace.*

Enter

Enter Ranger.

Rang. Why ——Hey!——is there never a wench to be got for love nor money?

Bella. Pshaw! Ranger here!

Ranger. Yes, Ranger is here, and perhaps does not come so impertinently as you may imagine. Faith! I think I have the knack of finding out secrets. Nay, never look so queer ——Here is a letter, Mr. Bellamy, that seems to promise you better diversion than your hugging one another.

Bella. What do you mean?

Rang. Do you deal much in these paper tokens?

Bella. Oh! the dear kind creature! it is from herself. [*To* Frankly.

Rang. What, is it a pair of lac'd shoes she wants? or have the boys broke her windows?

Bella. Hold your prophane tongue!

Frank. Nay, prithee, Bellamy, don't keep it to yourself, as if her whole affections were contain'd in those few lines.

Rang. Prithee let him alone to his silent raptures. But it is, as I always said——your grave men ever are the greatest whoremasters.

Bella. I cannot be disoblig'd now, say what you will. But how came this into your hands?

Rang. Your servant, Buckle, and I chang'd commissions: he went on my errand, and I came on his.

Bella. 'Sdeath! I want him this very instant.

Rang. He will be here presently: but I demand to know what I have brought you?

Frank. Ay, ay, out with it! you know we never blab, and may be of service.

Bella. Twelve o'clock! oh! the dear hour.

Rang. Why, it is a pretty convenient time, indeed.

Bella. By all that's happy, she promises in this letter here ——to leave her guardian this very night—— and run away with me.

Rang. How is this?

Bella. Nay, I know not how myself—she says at the bottom—*Your servant has full instructions from Lucetta how to equip me for my expedition.—I will not trust myself home with you to-night, because I know it is inconvenient*;

therefore I beg you would procure me a lodging: it is no matter how far off my guardian's.———*Your's* Jacintha.

Rang. Carry her to a Bagnio, and there you may lodge with her.

Frank. Why, this muſt be a girl of ſpirit, faith!

Bella. And beauty equal to her ſprightlineſs. I love her, and ſhe loves me———She has thirty thouſand to her fortune.

Rang. The Devil ſhe has!

Bella. And never plays at cards.

Rang. Nor does any one thing like any other woman, I ſuppoſe.

Frank. Not ſo, I hope, neither.

Bella. O Frankly, Ranger, I never felt ſuch eaſe before! The ſecret's out, and you don't laugh at me.

Frank. Laugh at thee!——for loving a woman of thirty thouſand pounds! thou art a moſt unaccountable fellow.

Rang. How the Devil could he work her up to this? I never could have had the face to have done it. But ———I know not how———There is a degree of aſſurance in you modeſt gentlemen, which we impudent fellows never can come up to.

Bella. Oh! your ſervant, good Sir. You ſhould not abuſe me now, Ranger, but do all you can to aſſiſt me.

Rang. Why, look ye, Bellamy, I am a damnable unlucky fellow———and ſo will have nothing to do in this affair. I'll take care to be out of the way, ſo as to do you no harm. That is all I can anſwer for: and ſo ———ſucceſs attend you. [*Going.*] I cannot leave you quite to yourſelf neither, for if this ſhould prove a Round-houſe affair, as I make no doubt it will, I believe I may have more intereſt there than you: and ſo, Sir, you may hear of me at——— [*Whiſpers.*]

Bella. For ſhame, Ranger! the moſt noted gaming-houſe in town.

Rang. Forgive me this once, my boy. I muſt go, faith, to pay a debt of honour to ſome of the greateſt raſcals in town. [*Exit.*

Frank. But where do you deſign to lodge her?

Bella. At Mr. Meggot's———He is already gone to prepare for her reception.

Frank.

Frank. The properest place in the world. His aunts will entertain her with honour.

Bella. And the newness of her acquaintance will prevent it's being suspected.——Frankly, give me your hand. This is a very critical time.——

Frank. Pho! none of your musty reflections now. When a man is in love to the very brink of matrimony, what the Devil has he to do with Plutarch and Seneca? Here is your servant with a face full of business——I'll leave you together——I shall be at the King's-arms, where, if you want my assistance, you may find me. [*Exit.*

Enter Buckle.

Bella. So——Buckle——you seem to have your hands full.

Buck. Not fuller than my head, Sir, I promise you. You have had your letter, I hope?

Bella. Yes, and in it she refers me to you for my instructions.

Buck. Why, the affair stands thus.——As Mr. Strictland sees the door lock'd and barr'd every night himself, and takes the key up with him, it is impossible for us to escape any way but through the window: for which purpose I have a ladder of ropes.

Bella. Good——

Buck. And, because a hoop, as the ladies wear them now, is not the most decent dress to come down a ladder in—I have, in this other bundle, a suit of boys cloaths, which, I believe, will fit her: at least it will serve the time she will want it.——You will soon be for pulling it off, I suppose.

Bella. Why, you are in spirits, you rogue!

Buck. These I am now to convey to Lucetta——Have you any thing to say, Sir?

Bella. Nothing, but that I will not fail at the hour appointed.—Bring me word to Mr. Meggot's how you go on. Succeed in this, and it shall make your fortune. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE *the Street before Mr. Strictland's House.*

Enter Bellamy *in a Chairman's Coat.*

Bella. HOW tedioufly have the minutes paft thefe laft few hours! and the envious rogues will fly, no lightning quicker, when we would have them ftay.——Hold, let me not miftake.——This is the houfe.——[*Pulls out his watch.*] By Heaven! it is not yet the hour!—— I hear fomebody coming. The moon's fo bright——I had better not be here 'till the happy inftant comes. [*Exit.*

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Wine is no antidote to love, but rather feeds the flame. Now am I fuch an amorous puppy, that I cannot walk ftraight home, but muft come out of my way to take a view of my queen's palace by moon-light ——Ay, here ftands the temple where my goddefs is adored! the doors open! [*Retires.*

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. [*Under the window.*] Madam, Madam, hift! Madam——How fhall I make her hear?

Jacintha *in boy's cloaths at the window.*

Jacin. Who is there? What's the matter?——

Lucet. It is I, madam, you muft not pretend to ftir 'till I give the word——you'll be difcover'd if you do——

Frank. [*Afide.*] What do I fee! a man. My heart mifgives me!

Lucet. My maftер is below fitting up for Mrs. Clarinda. He raves as if he were mad about her being out fo late.

Frank. [*Afide.*] Here is fome intrigue or other. I muft fee more of this, before I give further way to love.

Lucet. One minute he is in the ftreet—the next he is in the kitchen: now he will lock her out, and then he'll wait himfelf, and fee what figure fhe makes when fhe vouchfafes to venture home.

Jacin. I long to have it over. Get me but once out of this houfe!

Frank. [*Afide.*] Cowardly rafcal! would I were in his place. *Lucet.*

Lucet. If I can but fix him any where, I can let you out myſelf———you have the ladder ready in caſe of neceſſity.

Jacin. Yes, yes! [*Exit* Lucetta.

Frank. [*Aſide.*] The ladder! this muſt lead to ſome diſcovery. I ſhall watch you, my young gentleman, I ſhall.

Enter Clarinda *and Servant.*

Clar. This whiſt is a moſt enticing Devil. I am afraid I am too late for Mr. Strictland's ſober hours.

Jacin. Ha! I hear a noiſe!

Clar. No! I ſee a light in Jacintha's window. You may go home. [*Giving the ſervant money.*] I am ſafe.

Jacin. Sure it muſt be he! Mr. Bellamy.—Sir.

Frank. [*Aſide.*] Does not he call to me?

Clar. [*Aſide.*] Ha! who's that? I am frighted out of my wits.—A man!——

Jacin. Is it you?

Frank. Yes! yes! 'tis I! 'tis I!

Jacin. Liſten at the door.

Frank. I will, 'tis open———There is no noiſe——All's quiet.

Clar. Sure it is my ſpark—and talking to Jacintha. [*Aſide.*

Frank. You may come down the ladder—quick.

Jacin. Catch it then and hold it.

Frank. I have it. Now I ſhall ſee what ſort of mettle my young ſpark is made of. [*Aſide.*

Clar. With a ladder too! I'll aſſure you. But I muſt ſee the end of it. [*Aſide.*

Jacin. Hark! did not ſomebody ſpeak?

Frank. No! no! be not fearful—'Sdeath! we are diſcover'd. [Frankly *and* Clarinda *retire.*

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Hiſt, hiſt! are you ready?

Jacin. Yes, may I venture?

Lucet. Now is your time. He is in high conference with his privy counſellor, Mr. Teſter. You may come down the back ſtairs, and I'll let you out. [*Exit* Lucetta.

Jacin. I will, I will, and am heartily glad of it. [*Exit* Jacintha.

Frank. [*Advancing*] May be ſo—but you and I ſhall have a few words before you get off ſo cleanly.

Clar. [*Advancing*] How lucky it was I came home at this inſtant! I ſhall ſpoil his ſport, I believe. Do you know me, Sir?

Frank. I am amaz'd! you here! this was unexpected indeed!

Clar. Why, I believe, I do come a little unexpectedly; but I ſhall amaze you more—I know the whole courſe of your amour; all the proceſs of your mighty paſſion from its firſt riſe———

Frank. What is all this!———

Clar. To the very concluſion, which you vainly hope to effect this night.

Frank. By Heaven, madam, I know not what you mean. I came hither purely to contemplate on your beauties.

Clar. Any beauties, Sir, I find will ſerve your turn. Did I not hear you talk to her at the window?

Frank. Her!

Clar. Bluſh, bluſh, for ſhame; but be aſſur'd you have ſeen the laſt both of Jacintha and me. [*Exit.*

Frank. Jacintha! Hear me, Madam—ſhe is gone. This muſt certainly be Bellamy's miſtreſs, and I have fairly ruin'd all his ſcheme. This it is to be in luck.

Enter Bellamy *behind.*

Bella. Ha! a man under the window!

Frank. No, here ſhe comes, and I may convey her to him.

Enter Jacintha, *and runs to* Frankly.

Jacin. I have at laſt got to you: let's haſte away——Oh!

Frank. Be not frighten'd, lady.

Jacin. Oh! am I abus'd, betray'd!

Bella. Betray'd, Frankly!

Frank. Bellamy!

Bella. I can ſcarce believe it, though I ſee it, draw—

Frank. Hear me, Bellamy———lady.

Jacin. Stay———do not fight.

Frank. I am innocent; it is all a miſtake.

Jacin. For my ſake, be quiet—we ſhall be diſcover'd. The family is alarm'd.

Bella. You are obey'd——Mr. Frankly, there is but one way——— *Frank.*

Frank. I underſtand you. Any time but now. You will certainly be diſcover'd. To-morrow——at your chambers——

Bella. Till then farewell. [*Exeunt* Bella. *and* Jacin.

Fran. Then when he is cool, I may be heard; and the real, though ſuſpicious account of this matter may be believ'd. Yet, admidſt all this perplexity, it pleaſes me to find my fair Incognita is jealous of my love.

Mr. Strict. [*Within*] Where's Lucetta? ſearch every place!

Frank. Hark! the cry is up——I muſt be gone.

[*Exit* Frankly.

Enter Mr. Strictland, Teſter, *and Servants.*

Mr. Strict. She's gone! ſhe's loſt! I am cheated! purſue her! ſeek her!

Teſter. Sir, all her cloaths are in her chamber.

Serv. Sir, Mrs. Clarinda ſaid ſhe was in boy's cloaths.

Mr. Strict. Ay, ay! I know it—Bellamy has her—come along——purſue her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ranger.

Rang. Hark!——Was not the noiſe this way—no—there is no game ſtirring. This ſame goddeſs, Diana, ſhines ſo bright with her chaſtity, that, egad! I believe the wenches are aſham'd to look her in the face. Now I am in an admirable mood for a frolic! have wine in my head, and money in my pocket, and ſo am furniſh'd out for the cannonading any Counteſs in Chriſtendom! Ha! what have we here? a ladder! this cannot be placed here for nothing—and a window open—is it love or miſchief now that is going on within?——I care not which—I am in a right cue for either——up I go, "*neck or nothing*"——ſtay——do I not ſtand a greater chance of ſpoiling ſport than I do of making any? that I hate as much as I love the other——there can be no harm in ſeeing how the land lies—I'll up [*Goes up ſoftly*]——all is huſh——ha! a light and a woman, by all that's lucky, neither old nor crooked—I'll in—ha! ſhe is gone again! I will after her, [*Gets in at the window*] and, for fear of the ſquawls of virtue, and the purſuit of the family, I will make ſure of the ladder. Now, Fortune, be my guide. [*Exit with the ladder.*

SCENE Mrs. Strictland's *Dreſſing-Room.*

Enter Mrs. Strictland *followed by* Lucetta.

Mrs. Strict. Well! I am in great hopes ſhe will eſcape.

Lucet. Never fear, Madam. The lovers have the ſtart of him, and I warrant they keep it.

Mrs. Strict. Were Mr. Strictland ever to ſuſpect my being privy to her flight, I know not what might be the conſequence

Lucet. Then you had better be undreſſing—he may return immediately.

[*As ſhe is ſitting down to the toilet Ranger enters behind.*]

Rang. Young and beautiful——— [*Aſide.*

Lucet. I have watch'd him pretty narrowly of late, and never once ſuſpected till this morning——

Mrs. Strict. And who gave you authority to watch his actions, or pry into his ſecrets?

Lucet. I hope, Madam, you are not angry. I thought it might have been of ſervice to you to know my maſter was jealous.

Rang. And her huſband jealous! If ſhe does but ſend away the maid, I am happy.

Mrs. Strict. [*Angrily*] Leave me.

Lucet. This it is to meddle with other people's affairs. [*Exit in anger.*

Rang. What a lucky dog I am! I never made a gentleman a cuckold before. Now, Impudence, aſſiſt me.

Mrs. Strict. [*Riſing.*] Provoking! I am ſure I never have deſerv'd it of him.

Rang. Oh! cuckold him by all means, Madam, I am your man! [*She ſhrieks.*] Oh, fy, Madam! If you ſquawl ſo curſedly you will be diſcover'd.

Mrs. Strict. Diſcover'd! what mean you, Sir? do you come to abuſe me?

Rang. I'll do my endeavour, Madam: you can have no more.

Mrs. Strict. Whence came you? how got you here?

Rang. Dear Madam, ſo long as I am here, what ſignifies how I got here, or whence I came? but that I may ſatisfy your curioſity: Firſt, as to your whence came you? I anſwer, out of the ſtreet; and, to your how got you here? I ſay, in at the window. It ſtood

ſo

ſo invitingly open, it was irreſiſtible. But, Madam—you was going to undreſs; I beg I may not incommode you.

Mrs. Strict. This is the moſt conſummate piece of impudence!———

Rang. For Heaven's ſake have one drop of pity for a poor young fellow, who long has lov'd you.

Mrs. Strict. What would the fellow have?

Rang. Your huſband's uſage will excuſe you to the world.

Mrs. Strict. I cannot bear this inſolence! help! help!

Rang. Oh! hold that clamorous tongue, Madam! ſpeak one word more and I am gone, poſitively gone.

Mrs. Strict. Gone! ſo I would have you.

Rang. Lord, Madam! you are ſo haſty.

Mrs. Strict. Shall I not ſpeak, when a thief, a robber, breaks into my houſe at midnight? Help! help!

Rang. Ha! no one hears. Now, Cupid, aſſiſt me! Look ye, Madam, I never could make fine ſpeeches, and cringe, and bow, and fawn, and flatter, and lie. I have ſaid more to you already than I ever ſaid to a woman, in ſuch circumſtances, in all my life. But, ſince I find you will yield to no perſuaſion to your good—I will gently force you to be grateful. [*Throws down his hat, and ſeizes her.*] Come, come! unbend that brow, and look more kindly on me!

Mrs. Strict. For ſhame, Sir—Thus on my knees let me beg for mercy. [*Kneeling.*

Rang. And thus, on mine, let me beg the ſame.

[*He kneels, catches, and kiſſes her.*

Mr. Strict. [*Within*] Take away her ſword! ſhe'll hurt herſelf!

Mrs. Strict. O Heavens! that is my huſband's voice!

Rang. [*Riſing.*] The Devil it is!

Mr. Strict. [*Within.*] Take away her ſword, I ſay; and then I can cloſe with her.

Mrs. Strict. He is upon the ſtairs, now coming up. I am undone if he ſees you.

Rang. Pox on him, I muſt decamp then. Which way?

Mrs. Strict. Thro' this paſſage into the next chamber.

Rang.

Rang. And ſo into the ſtreet. With all my heart. You may be perfectly eaſy, Madam. Mum's the word, I never blab.—[*Aſide.*] I ſhall not leave off ſo, but wait till the laſt moment. [*Exit* Ranger.

Mrs. Strict. So, he is gone? what could I have ſaid if he had been diſcover'd!

Enter Mr. Strictland, *driving in* Jacintha, Lucetta *following.*

Mr. Strict. Once more, my pretty maſculine Madam, you are welcome home. And I hope to keep you ſomewhat cloſer than I have done; for to-morrow morning eight o'clock is the lateſt hour you ſhall ſtay in this lewd town.

Jacin. O, Sir! when once a girl is equip'd with a hearty reſolution, it is not your worſhip's ſagacity, nor the great chain at your gate, can hinder her from doing what ſhe has a mind.

Mr. Strict. O Lord! Lord! how this love improves a young lady's modeſty!

Jacin. Am I to blame to ſeek for happineſs any where, when you are reſolved to make me miſerable here?

Mr. Strict. I have this night prevented your making yourſelf ſo; and will endeavour to do it for the future. I have you ſafe now, and the Devil ſhall not get you out of my clutches again. I have lock'd the doors and barr'd them, I warrant you. So here—[*Giving her a candle.*] Troop to your chamber and to bed, whilſt you are well. Go—[*He treads on* Ranger's *Hat.*] What's here? a hat! a man's hat in my wife's dreſſing-room! [*Looking at the hat.*

Mrs. Strict. [*Aſide.*] What ſhall I do?

Mr. Strict. [*Taking up the hat, and looking at* Mrs. Strictland.] Ha! by Hell! I ſee 'tis true.

Mrs. Strict. My fears confound me. I dare not tell the truth, and know not how to frame a lye! [*Aſide.*

Mr. Strict. Mrs. Strictland! Mrs. Strictland! How came this hat into your chamber?

Lucet. [*Aſide.*] Are you that way diſpos'd, my fine lady, and will not truſt me?

Mr. Strict. Speak, wretch, ſpeak.——

Jacin. I could not have ſuſpected this. [*Aſide.*

Mr. Strict. Why doſt thou not ſpeak?

Mrs.

Mrs. Strict. Sir———

Mr. Strict. Guilt———'tis guilt that ties your tongue!

Lucet. I must bring her off, however.—No chamber-maid can help it——— [*Aside.*

Mr. Strict. My fears are just, and I am miserable! ——Thou worst of women!

Mrs. Strict. I know my innocence, and can bear this no longer.

Mrs. Strict. I know you are false—and 'tis I who will bear my injuries no longer. [*Both walk about in a passion.*

Lucet. [*To* Jacintha *aside.*] Is not the hat yours? Own it, Madam. [*Takes away* Jacintha's *hat, and exit.*

Mrs. Strict. What ground? what cause have you for jealousy, when you yourself can witness your leaving me was accidental, your return uncertain; and expected even sooner than it happen'd? The abuse is gross and palpable.

Mr. Strict. Why, this is true!

Mrs. Strict. Indeed, Jacintha! I am innocent.

Mr. Strict. And yet this hat must belong to somebody.

Jacin. Dear Mrs. Strictland, be not concern'd—— When he has diverted himself a little longer with it—

Mr. Strict. Ha!

Jacin. I suppose he will give me my hat again?

Mr. Strict. Your hat?

Jacin. Yes, my hat. You brush'd it from my side yourself, and then trod upon it; whether on purpose to abuse this lady or no, you best know yourself.

Mr. Strict. It cannot be—'tis all a lie.

Jacin. Believe so still—with all my heart—But the hat is mine. "*Now, Sir, who does it belong to?*"

[*Snatches it, puts it on.*

Mr. Strict. Why did she look so?

Jacin. Your violence of temper is too much for her. You use her ill, and then suspect her for that confusion which you yourself occasion.

Mr. Strict. Why did not you set me right at first?

Jacin. Your hard usage of me, Sir, is a sufficient reason why I should not be much concern'd to undeceive you at all. 'Tis for your lady's sake I do it now; who deserves much better of you than to be thus expos'd

for every slight suspicion. See where she sits—Go to her.

Mrs. Strict. [*rising.*] Indeed, Mr. Strictland, I have a soul as much above——

Mr. Strict. Whew! now you have both found your tongues, and I must bear their eternal rattle!

Jacin. For shame! Sir, Go to her, and——

Mr. Strict. Well, well, what shall I say? I forgive——all is over. I, I, I forgive!

Mrs. Strict. Forgive! What do you mean?

Jacin. Forgive her! is that all? Consider, Sir—

Mr. Strict. Hold—hold your confounded tongues, and I'll do any thing. I'll ask pardon—or forgive—or any thing. Good now, be quiet—I ask your pardon—there—[*Kisses her.*] For you, Madam—I am infinitely oblig'd to you, and I cou'd almost find in my heart to make you a return in kind, by marrying you to a beggar—but I have more conscience. Come, come, to your chamber—Here, take this candle—

Enter Lucetta *pertly.*

Lucet. Sir, if you please, I will light my young lady to bed.

Mr. Strict. No, no! no such thing, good Madam. She shall have nothing but her pillow to consult this night, I assure you—So, in, in. [*The ladies take leave.*] [*Exit* Jacintha.] Good night, kind Madam.

Lucet. Pox of the jealous fool! We might both have escap'd out of the window purely. [*Aside.*

Mr. Strict. Go, get you down; and, do you hear? order the coach to be ready in the morning at eight exactly. [*Exit* Lucetta.] So, she is safe till to-morrow, and then for the country; and when she is there, I can manage as I think fit.

Mrs. Strict. Dear Mr. Strictland——

Mr. Strict. I am not in a humour, Mrs. Strictland, fit to talk with you—Go to bed—I will endeavour to get the better of my temper, if I can—I'll follow you. [*Exit Mrs. Strictland.*] How despicable have I made myself! [*Exit.*

SCENE *Another chamber.*

Enter Ranger.

Rang. All seems hush'd again, and I may venture out. I may as well sneak off whilst I am in a whole skin.

ſkin. And ſhall ſo much love and claret as I am in poſſeſſion of, only lull me to ſleep, when it might ſo much better keep me waking? Forbid it, Fortune! and forbid it, Love! This is a chamber, perhaps of ſome bewitching female, and I may yet be happy. Ha! a light! the door opens. A boy! pox on him.

[*He retires.*

Enter Jacintha, *with a candle.*

Jacin. I have been liſtening at the door; and from their ſilence, I conclude they are peaceably gone to bed together.

Rang. A pretty boy, faith! He ſeems uneaſy. [*Aſide.*

Jacin. [*Sitting down.*] What an unlucky night has this proved to me? Every circumſtance has fallen out unhappily.

Rang. He talks aloud. I'll liſten. [*Aſide.*

Jacin. But what moſt amazes me is, that Clarinda ſhould betray me!

Rang. Clarinda! ſhe muſt be a woman! well, what of her? [*Aſide.*

Jacin. My guardian elſe would never have ſuſpected my diſguiſe.

Rang. [*Aſide.*] Diſguiſe! Ha, it muſt be ſo. What eyes ſhe has? What a dull rogue was I not to ſuſpect this ſooner?

Jacin. Ha, I had forgot—the ladder is at the window ſtill, and I will boldly venture by myſelf. [*riſing briſkly, ſees* Ranger.] Ha! a man, and well dreſt! Ha, Mrs. Strictland, are you then at laſt diſhoneſt!

Rang. [*Aſide.*] By all my wiſhes ſhe is a charming woman! lucky raſcal!

Jacin. But I will, if poſſible, conceal her ſhame, and ſtand the brunt of his impertinence.

Rang. What ſhall I ſay to her? No matter! any thing ſoft will do the buſineſs. [*Aſide.*

Jacin. Who are you?

Rang. A man, young gentleman.

Jacin. And what would you have?

Rang. A woman.

Jacin. You are very free, Sir. Here are none for you.

Rang. Ay, but there is one, and a fair one too; the moſt charming creature Nature ever ſet her hand to; and

and you are the dear little pilot that muſt direct me to her heart.

Jacin. What mean you, Sir? It is an office I am not accuſtomed to.

Rang. You won't have far to go, however. I never make my errands tedious. It is to your own heart, dear Madam, I would have you whiſper in my behalf. Nay, never ſtart. Think you ſuch beauty could ever be conceal'd from eyes ſo well acquainted with it's charms?

Jacin. What will become of me! If I cry out, Mrs. Strictland is undone. This is my laſt reſort. [*Aſide.*

Rang. Pardon, dear lady, the boldneſs of this viſit, which your guardian's care has forc'd me to—But I long have lov'd you, long doted on that beauteous face, and follow'd you from place to place, though, perhaps, unknown and unregarded.

Jacin. Here's a ſpecial fellow. [*Aſide.*

Rang. Turn then an eye of pity on my ſufferings; and by Heaven—one tender look from thoſe piercing eyes, one touch of this ſoft hand—[*Going to take her hand.*

Jacin. Hold, Sir—no nearer.

Rang. Would more than repay whole years of pain.

Jacin. Hear me; but keep your diſtance, or I'll raiſe the family—

Rang. Bleſſings on her tongue, only for prattling to me. [*Aſide.*

Jacin. Oh, for a moment's courage, and I ſhall ſhame him from his purpoſe. [*Aſide.*] If I were certain ſo much gallantry had been ſhown on my account only—

Rang. You wrong your beauty to think that any other could have power to draw me hither. By all the little Loves that play about your lips, I ſwear—

Jacin. You came to me, and me alone?

Rang. By all the thouſand graces that inhabit there, you, and only you, have drawn me hither.

Jacin. Well ſaid.

Rang. By Heaven ſhe comes! ah, honeſt Ranger, I never knew thee fail!— [*Aſide.*

Jacin. Pray, Sir, where did you leave this hat?

Rang. That hat!—That hat!—'tis my hat—I dropt it in the next chamber as I was looking for yours.

Jacin.

Jacin. How mean and deſpicable do you look now!

Rang. So, ſo! I am in a pretty pickle! [*Aſide.*

Jacin. You know by this, that I am acquainted with every thing that has paſſed within, and how ill it agrees with what you have profeſſed to me—Let me adviſe you, Sir, to be gone immediately. Through that window you may eaſily get into the ſtreet—One ſcream of mine, the leaſt noiſe at that door, will wake the houſe.

Rang. Say you ſo? [*Aſide.*

Jacin. Believe me, Sir, an injur'd huſband is not ſo eaſily appeas'd, and a ſuſpected wife that is jealous of her honour—

Rang. Is the Devil, and ſo let's have no more of her. Look ye, Madam, [*Getting between the door and her.*] I have but one argument left, and that is a ſtrong one: Look on me well, I am as handſome, a ſtrong, well made fellow, as any about town, and ſince we are alone, as I take it, we can have no occaſion to be more private.

[*Going to lay hold of her.*

Jacin. I have a reputation, Sir, and will maintain it.

Rang. You have a bewitching pair of eyes.

Jacin. Conſider my virtue. [*Struggling.*

Rang. Conſider your beauty and my deſires.

Jacin. If I were a man, you dar'd not uſe me thus.

Rang. I ſhould not have the ſame temptation.

Jacin. Hear me, Sir, I will be heard. [*Breaks from him.*] There is a man who will make you repent this uſage of me——O Bellamy! where art thou now?

Rang. Bellamy!

Jacin. Were he here, you durſt not thus affront me.

[*Burſting out a crying.*

Rang. His miſtreſs, on my ſoul! [*Aſide.*] You can love, Madam; you can love, I find. Her tears affect me ſtrangely. [*Aſide.*

Jacin. I am not aſham'd to own my paſſion for a man of virtue and honour.——I love and glory in it.

Rang. Oh, brave! and you can write letters, you can. *I will not truſt myſelf home with you this evening, becauſe I know it is inconvenient.*

Jacin. Ha!

Rang. *Therefore I beg you would procure me a lodging; 'tis no matter how far off my guardian's. Your's,* Jacintha.

Jacin.

Jacin. The very words of my letter: I am amaz'd. Do you know Mr. Bellamy?

Rang. There is not a man on earth I have ſo great a value for; and he muſt have ſome value for me too, or he would never have ſhewn me your pretty epiſtle. Think of that, fair lady. The ladder is at the window: And ſo, Madam, I hope delivering you ſafe into his arms will, in ſome meaſure, expiate the crime I have been guilty of to you.

Jacin. Good Heaven, how fortunate is this!

Rang. I believe I make myſelf appear more wicked than I really am. For, damn me, if I do not feel more ſatisfaction in the thoughts of reſtoring you to my friend, than I could have pleaſure in any favour your bounty could have beſtow'd. "*Let any other rake* "*lay his hand upon his heart, and ſay the ſame.*"

Jacin. Your generoſity tranſports me.

Rang. Let us loſe no time then, the ladder's ready. Where was you to lodge?

Jacin. At Mr. Meggot's.

Rang. At my friend Jackey's? better and better ſtill.

Jacin. Are you acquainted with him too?

Rang. Ay, ay! Why, did I not tell you at firſt that I was one of your old acquaintance? I know all about you, you ſee; though the Devil fetch me if ever I ſaw you before. Now, Madam———

Jacin. And now, Sir———Have with you.

Rang. Then thou art a girl of ſpirit. And though I long to hug you for truſting yourſelf with me, I will not beg a ſingle kiſs, till Bellamy himſelf ſhall give me leave. He muſt fight well that takes you from me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE *the Piazza.*

Enter Bellamy *and* Frankly.

Bella. PSHA! What impertinent devil put it into your head to meddle with my affairs?

Frank. You know I went thither in purſuit of another.

Bella. I know nothing you had to do there at all.

Frank.

Frank. I thought, Mr. Bellamy, you were a lover.

Bella. I am ſo; and therefore ſhould be forgiven this ſudden warmth.

Frank. And therefore ſhould forgive the fond impertinence of a lover.

Bella. Jealouſy, you know, is as natural an incident to love ———

Frank. As curioſity. By one piece of ſilly curioſity I have gone nigh to ruin both myſelf and you. Let not then your jealouſy complete our misfortunes. I fear I have loſt a miſtreſs as well as you. Then let us not quarrel. All may come right again.

Bella. It is impoſſible. She is gone, remov'd for ever from my ſight. She is in the country by this time.

Frank. How did you loſe her after we parted?

Bella. By too great confidence. When I got her to my chair, the chairman were not to be found—And ſafe as I thought in our diſguiſe, I actually put her into the chair, when Mr. Strictland and his ſervants were in ſight; which I had no ſooner done, than they ſurrounded us, overpower'd me, and carry'd her away.

Frank. Unfortunate indeed! Could you not make a ſecond attempt?

Bella. I had deſign'd it. But when I came to the door I found the ladder remov'd; and hearing no noiſe, ſeeing no lights, nor being able to make any body anſwer, I concluded all attempts as impracticable, as I now find them. Ha! I ſee Lucetta coming. Then they may be ſtill in town. [*Enter* Lucetta.] Lucetta, welcome! What news of Jacintha?

Lucet. News, Sir! you fright me out of my ſenſes! why, is ſhe not with you?

Bella. What do you mean? with me? I have not ſeen her ſince I loſt her laſt night.

Lucet. Good Heav'n! then ſhe is undone for ever.

Frank. Why, what's the matter?

Bella. Speak out—I'm all amazement.

Lucet. She is eſcap'd without any of us knowing how. Nobody miſt her till morning. We all thought ſhe went away with you; but Heaven knows now what may have happen'd.

Bella.

Bella. Somebody muſt have accompanied her in her flight.

Lucet. We know of nobody. We are all in confuſion at home. My maſter ſwears revenge on you. My miſtreſs ſays a ſtranger has her.

Bella. A ſtranger?

Lucet. But Mrs. Clarinda———

Bella. Clarinda! Who is ſhe?

Lucet. [*To* Frankly.] The lady, Sir, you ſaw at our houſe laſt night.

Frank. Ha! what of her?

Lucet. She ſays, ſhe is ſure one Frankly is the man. She ſaw them together, and knows it to be true.

Frank. Damn'd Fortune! [*Aſide.*

Lucet. Sure this is not Mr. Frankly.

Frank. Nothing will convince him now. [*Aſide.*

Bell. [*Looking at* Frankly.] Ha! 'tis truth—I ſee it is true. [*Aſide.*] Lucetta, run up to Buckle, and take him with you to ſearch wherever you can. [*Puts her out.*] Now, Mr. Frankly, I have found you.—You have uſed me ſo ill, that you force me to forget you are my friend.

Frank. What do you mean?

Bella. Draw.

Frank. Are you mad? By heavens, I am innocent.

Bella. I have heard you, and will no longer be impos'd on—Defend yourſelf.

Frank. Nay, if you are ſo hot, I draw to defend myſelf, as I would againſt a madman.

Enter Ranger.

Rang. What the devil, ſwords at noon-day? Have among you, faith! [*Parts them.*] What's here, Bellamy?—Yes, gad, you are Bellamy, and you are Frankly. Put up, put up, both of you—or elſe—I am a deviliſh fellow when once my ſword is out.

Bella. We ſhall have a time———

Rang. [*Puſhing* Bellamy *one way.*] A time for what?

Frank. I ſhall be always as ready to defend my innocence as now.

Rang. [*Puſhing* Frankly *t'other way.*] Innocence! ay, to be ſure———at your age———A mighty innocent fellow, no doubt. But what in the name of Commonſenſe is it that ails you both? Are you mad? The laſt time

time I saw you, you were hugging and kissing; and now you are cutting one another's throats——I never knew any good come of one fellow's beslavering another—But I shall put you into better humour, I warrant you—Bellamy, Frankly, listen both of you—Such fortune—Such a scheme—

Bella. Pr'ythee, leave fooling. What, art drunk?

Frank. He is always so, I think.

Rang. And who gave you the privilege of thinking? Drunk? No! I am not drunk—Tipsey, perhaps, with my good fortune—merry and in spirits—though I have not fire enough to run my friend through the body. Not drunk, though Jack Meggot and I have box'd it about—Champagne was the word for two whole hours by Shrewsbury clock.

Bella. Jack Meggot!———Why, I left him at one going to bed.

Rang. That may be, but I made a shift to rouse him and his family, by four this morning. Ounds! I pick'd up a wench and carried her to his house.

Bell. Ha!

Rang. Such a variety of adventures—Nay, you shall hear—But before I begin, Bellamy, you shall promise me half a dozen kisses before-hand; for the devil fetch me if that little Jacintha would give me one, though I pressed hard.

Bella. Who, Jacintha? Press to kiss Jacintha?

Rang. Kiss her! ay! why not? Is she not a woman, and made to be kiss'd?

Bella. Kiss her——— I shall run distracted!

Rang. How could I help it, when I had her alone, you rogue, in her bed-chamber at midnight! If I had been to be sacrificed, I should have done it.

Bella. Bed-chamber, at midnight! I can hold no longer——Draw.

Frank. Be easy, Bellamy. [*Interposing.*

Bella. He has been at some of his damn'd tricks with her.

Frank. Hear him out.

Rang. 'Sdeath, how could I know she was his mistress? But I tell this story most miserably. I should have told you first, I was in another lady's chamber. By the Lord, I got in at the window by a ladder of ropes.

Frank.

Frank. Ha! another lady?

Rang. Another: and ſtole in upon her, whilſt ſhe was undreſſing; beautiful as an angel blooming and young——

Frank. What, in the ſame houſe?

Bella. What is this to Jacintha? Eaſe me of my pain.

Rang. Ay, ay, in the ſame houſe, on the ſame floor. The ſweeteſt, little angel—But I deſign to have another touch with her.

Frank. 'Death! but you ſhall have a touch upon me firſt.

Bella. Stay, Frankly. [*Interpoſing.*

Rang. Why, what ſtrange madneſs has poſſeſs'd you both, that nobody muſt kiſs a pretty wench but yourſelves?

Bella. What became of Jacintha?

Rang. Ounds! what have you done that you muſt monopolize kiſſing?

Frank. Prithee, honeſt Ranger, eaſe me of the pain I am in. Was her name Clarinda?

Bella. Speak in plain words, where Jacintha is, where to be found——Dear boy, tell me.

Rang. Ay, now it is, honeſt Ranger, and dear boy, tell me—and a minute ago, my throat was to be cut—I could find in my heart not to open my lips. But here comes Jack Meggot, who will let you into all the ſecret, though he deſign'd to keep it from you, in half the time that I can, though I had ever ſo great a mind to tell it you.

Enter Jack Meggot.

Jack Meg. So, ſave ye, ſave ye lads! We have been frighten'd out of our wits for you: not hearing of Mr. Bellamy, poor Jacintha is ready to ſink for fear of any accident.

Bella. Is ſhe at your houſe?

Jack Meg. Why, did not you know that? We diſpatch'd Maſter Ranger to you three hours ago.

Rang. Ay, plague! but I had buſineſs of my own, ſo I could not come——Hark ye, Frankly, is your girl maid, wife, or widow?

Frank. A maid, I hope.

Rang. The odds are againſt you, Charles——But mine is married, you rogue, and her huſband jealous ——The

——The devil is in it, if I do not reap ſome reward for my laſt night's ſervice.

Bella. He has certainly been at Mrs. Strictland herſelf: But, Frankly, I dare not look on you.

Frank. This one embrace cancels all thoughts of enmity.

Bella. Thou generous man!—But I muſt haſte to eaſe *Jacintha* of her fears. [*Exit.*

Frank. And I to make up matters with Clarinda. [*Exit.*

Rang. And I to ſome kind wench, or other, Jack. But where I ſhall find her, Heaven knows. And ſo, my ſervice to your monkey.

Jack Meg. Adieu, Rattlepate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the hall of* Mr. Strictland's *houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Strictland *and* Clarinda.

Mrs. Strict. But, why in ſuch a hurry, my dear? Stay till your ſervants can go along with you.

Clar. Oh, no matter! They'll follow with my things. It is but a little way off, and my chair will guard me. After my ſtaying out ſo late laſt night, I am ſure Mr. Strictland will think every minute an age whilſt I am in his houſe.

Mrs. Strict. I am as much amaz'd at his ſuſpecting your innocence as my own; and every time I think of it, I bluſh at my preſent behaviour to you.

Clar. No ceremony, dear child!

Mrs. Strict. No, Clarinda, I am too well acquainted with your good humour. But I fear in the eye of a malicious world, it may look like a confirmation of his ſuſpicion.

Clar. My dear, if the world will ſpeak ill of me, for the little innocent gaiety, which I think the peculiar happineſs of my temper, I know no way to prevent it, and am only ſorry the world is ſo ill-natur'd; but I ſhall not part with my mirth, I aſſure them, ſo long as I know it innocent. I wiſh, my dear, this may be the greateſt uneaſineſs your huſband's jealouſy ever gives you.

Mrs. Strict. I hope he never again may have ſuch occaſion, as he had laſt night.

Clar. You are ſo unfaſhionable a wife!——Why, laſt night's accident would have made half the wives in

London eaſy for life. Has not his jealouſy diſcover'd itſelf openly? And are not you innocent? There is nothing but your fooliſh temper that prevents his being abſolutely in your power.

Mrs. Strict. Clarinda, this is too ſerious an affair to laugh at. Let me adviſe you, take care of Mr. Frankly: obſerve his temper well; and if he has the leaſt taint of jealouſy, caſt him off, and never truſt to keeping him in your power.

Clarin. You will hear little more of Frankly, I believe. Here is Mr. Strictland.

Enter Mr. Strictland *and* Lucetta.

Mr. Strict. Lucetta ſays you want me, Madam.

Clar. I trouble you, Sir, only that I might return you thanks for the civilities I have receiv'd in your family, before I took my leave.

Mr. Strict. Keep them to yourſelf, dear Madam. As it is at my requeſt that you leave my houſe, your thanks upon that occaſion are not very deſirable.

Clar. O Sir, you need not fear. My thanks were only for your civilities. They will not over-burden you. But I'll conform to your humour, Sir, and part with as little ceremony———

Mr. Strict. As we met.

Clar. The brute! [*Aſide.*] My dear, good b'ye, we may meet again. [*To* Mrs. Strictland.

Mr. Strict. If you dare truſt me with your hand.

Clar. Lucetta, remember my inſtruction. Now, Sir, have with you. [Mr. Strictland *leads* Clarinda *out.*

Mrs. Strict. Are her inſtructions cruel or kind, Lucetta? for I ſuppoſe they relate to Mr. Frankly.

Lucet. Have you a mind to try if I can keep a ſecret as well as yourſelf, Madam? But I will ſhew you I am fit to be truſted by keeping this, though it ſignifies nothing.

Mrs. Strict. This anſwer is not ſo civil, I think.

Lucet. I beg pardon, Madam: I meant it not to offend.

Mrs. Strict. Pray let us have no more ſuch. I neither deſire, nor want your aſſiſtance.

Re-enter Mr. Strictland.

Mr. Strict. She is gone: I feel myſelf ſomewhat eaſier already. Since I have begun the day with galantry, Madam, ſhall I conduct you up?

Mrs.

Mrs. Strict. There is something, Sir, which gives you secret uneasiness. I wish———

Mr. Strict. Perhaps so, Madam, and perhaps it may soon be no secret at all. [*Leads her out.*

Lucet. Would I were once settled with my young lady; for at present this is but an odd sort of a queer family. Last night's affair puzzles me. A hat there was, that belong'd to none of us, that's certain. Madam was in a fright, that is as certain; and I brought all off. Jacintha escap'd, no one of us knows how. The good man's jealousy was yesterday groundless; yet to-day, in my mind, he is very much in the right. Mighty odd, all this! Somebody knocks. If this should be Clarinda's Spark, I have an odd message for him too.

[*She opens the door.*

Enter Frankly.

Frank. So, my pretty handmaid! meeting with you gives me some hopes. May I speak with Clarinda?

Lucet. Who do you want, Sir?

Frank. Clarinda, child; the young lady I was admitted to yesterday.

Lucet. Clarinda!——No such person lives here, I assure you.

Frank. Where then?

Lucet. I don't know indeed, Sir.

Frank. Will you enquire within?

Lucet. Nobody knows in this house, Sir, you will find.

Frank. What do you mean? She is a friend of Jacincintha's, your lady. I will take my oath she was here last night; and you yourself spoke of her being here this morning———Not know!

Lucet. No: none of us know. She went away of a sudden—no one of us can imagine whither.

Frank. Why faith, child, thou hast a tolerable face, and hast delivered this denial very handsomely. But let me tell you, your impertinence this morning had lik'd to have cost me my life. Now, therefore, make me amends. I come from your young mistress. I come from Mr. Bellamy. I come with my purse full of gold (that persuasive rhetoric) to win you to let me see and speak to this Clarinda once again.

Lucet. She is not here, Sir.

Frank. Direct me to her.

Lucet. No, I can't do that neither,

Enter Mr. Strictland *behind.*

Mr. Strict. I heard a knocking at the door, and a man's voice—Ha——— [*Aside.*

Frank. Deliver this letter to her.

Mr. Strict. By all my fears, a letter! [*Aside.*

Lucet. I don't know but I may be tempted to do that.

Frank. Take it then——and with it this.

[*Kisses her, and gives her money.*

Mr. Strict. Um! there are two bribes in a breath! What a jade she is! [*Aside.*

Lucet. Ay—this gentleman understands reason.

Frank. And be assur'd you oblige your mistress while you are serving me.

Mr. Strict. Her mistress!—Damn'd sex! and damn'd wife, thou art an epitome of that sex! [*Aside.*

Frank. And if you can procure me an answer, your fee shall be enlarg'd. [*Exit* Frank.

Lucet. The next step is to get her to read this letter.

Mr. Strict. [*Snatches the letter.*] No noise —— but stand silent there, whilst I read this.

[*Breaks it open, and drops the case.*

Madam, The gaiety of a heart happy as mine was yesterday, may, I hope, easily excuse the unseasonable visit I made your house last night.——Death and the devil! confusion! I shall run distracted. It is too much! There was a man then to whom the hat belong'd; and I was gull'd, abused, cheated, impos'd on by a chit, a girl—O woman! woman! But I will be calm, search it coolly to the bottom, and have a full revenge ———

Lucet. [*Aside.*] So here's fine work! He'll make himself very ridiculous though.

Mr. Strict. [Reads on.] *I know my innocence will appear so manifestly, that I need only appeal to the lady who accompanied you at Bath.*——Your very humble servant, good, innocent, fine Madam Clarinda!—— *And I do not doubt but her good-nature*—(bawd! bawd!)—*will not let you persist in injuring your obedient humble servant,*

Charles Frankly.

Now who can say my jealousy lack'd foundation, or my suspicion of fine Madam's innocent gaiety was unjust? —Gaiety! why ay! 'twas gaiety brought him hither. Gaiety makes her a bawd—my wife may be a whore in gaiety. What a number of sins become fashionable under the notion of gaiety!—What! you receiv'd this epistle

epiſtle in gaiety too? and were to deliver it to my wife, I ſuppoſe, when the gay fit came next upon her?—Why! you impudent young ſtrumpet, do you laugh at me?

Lucet. I wou'd, if I dar'd, and heartily.—Be pleas'd, Sir, only to look at that piece of paper that lies there.

Mr. Strict. Ha!

Lucet. I have not touched it, Sir. It is the caſe that letter came in, and the directions will inform you whom I was to deliver it to.

Mr. Strict. This is directed to Clarinda!

Lucet. Oh! is it ſo? Now read it over again, and all your fooliſh doubts will vaniſh.

Mr. Strict. I have no doubts at all. I am ſatisfied that you, Jacintha, Clarinda, my wife, all are——

Lucet. Lud! Lud! you would make a body mad.

Mr. Strict. Hold your impertinent tongue.

Lucet. You'll find the thing to be juſt as I ſay, Sir.

Mr. Strict. Be gone. [*Exit* Lucetta.] They muſt be poor at the work, indeed, if they did not lend one another their names. 'Tis plain, 'tis evident. And I am miſerable. But for my wife ſhe ſhall not ſtay one night longer in my houſe. Separation, ſhame, contempt ſhall be her portion. I am determin'd in the thing; and when once it is over, I may perhaps be eaſy. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the Street.*

Clarinda *brought in a chair,* Ranger *following.*

Rang. Hark ye, chairman! Damn your confounded trot. Go ſlower.

Clar. Here, ſtop.

Rang. By Heavens! the monſters hear reaſon, and obey.

Clar. [*Letting down the windows.*] What troubleſome fellow was that?

1 *Chairm.* Some rake, I warrant, that cannot carry himſelf home, and wants us to do it for him.

Clar. There—— And pray do you take care I be not troubled with him. [*Goes in.*

Rang. That's as much as to ſay now, Pray follow me. Madam, you are a charming woman, and I will do it—

1 *Chairm.* Stand off, Sir.

Rang. Prithee, honeſt fellow—what—what writing is that? [*Endeavouring to get in.*

2 *Chairm.* You come not here!

Rang. Lodgings to be let! a pretty convenient inſcription, and the ſign of a good modeſt family! There may be lodgings for gentlemen as well as ladies. Hark ye, Rogues! I'll lay you all the ſilver I have in my pocket, there it is, I get in there in ſpite of your teeth, ye pimps! [*Throws down money, and goes in.*

'1 *Chairm.* What have you let the gentleman in?

'2 *Chairm.* I'll tell you what, partner, he certainly 'ſlipt by whilſt we were picking up the money. Come, 'take up.'

"[*Within*] *A chair! chair! chair!*" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Clarinda's *Lodgings.*

'*A noiſe within between* Ranger *and Landlady.*'

Clarinda *enters* 'laughing,' *a Maid following.*

"Maid. *Bleſs me, Madam, you ſeem diſorder'd: what's* "*the matter?*

"Clar. *Some impertinent fellow follow'd the chair, and* "*I am afraid they let him in.*

"[*A noiſe between* Ranger *and the Landlady*; "[Ranger *talks loud.*"

Clar. My madcap couſin Ranger, as I live. I am ſure he does not know me.——If I cou'd but hide my face now, what ſport I ſhould have! A maſk, a maſk! run and ſee if you can find a maſk!

Maid. I believe there is one above.

Clar. Run, run, and fetch it. [*Exit Maid.*

Here he comes! [*Enter* Ranger *and Landlady.*

How unlucky this is! [*Turning from 'em.*

Landl. What's your buſineſs here, unmannerly Sir?

Rang. Well, let's ſee theſe lodgings that are to be let.—Gad, a very pretty neat tenement!—But hark ye, is it real and natural, all that, or only patch'd up and new-painted this ſummer ſeaſon, againſt the town fills?

Landl. What does the ſaucy fellow mean with his double tendres here? Get you down.——

Enter Maid with a maſk.

Maid. Here is a very dirty one. [*Aſide to* Clarinda.

Clar. No matter—now we ſhall ſee a little what he wou'd be at. [*Aſide.*

Landl. This is an honeſt houſe—For all your lac'd waiſtcoat, I'll have you thrown down neck and heels.

Rang. Phoh! not in ſuch a hurry, good old Lady—A maſk

maſk — Nay, with all my heart; it ſaves a world of bluſhing — Have you ne'er a one for me? — I am apt to be aſham'd myſelf on theſe occaſions.

Landl. Get you down, I ſay ——

Rang. Not if I gueſs right, old Lady. Madam, [*to* Clarinda, *who makes ſigns to the Landlady to retire*] look ye there now! that a woman ſhou'd live to your age, and know ſo little of the matter. Be gone. [*Exit Landlady.*] By her forwardneſs this ſhould be a whore of quality. My boy Ranger, thou art in luck to-day.— She won't ſpeak, I find — then I will. [*Aſide.*] Delicate lodgings truly, Madam; and very neatly furniſh'd —A very convenient room this, I muſt needs own, to entertain a mix'd company. But, my dear charming creature, does not that door open to a more commodious apartment for the happineſs of a private friend, or ſo? The prettieſt braſs lock!—Faſt, um; that won't do. 'Sdeath, you are a beautiful woman; I am ſure you are! Prythee, let me ſee your face: it is your intereſt, child.—The longer you delay, the more I ſhall expect. Therefore, [*taking her hand*] my dear, ſoft, kind, new acquaintance, thus let me take your hand; and, whilſt you gently with the other let day-light in upon me, let me ſoftly hold you to me, that with my longing lips I may receive the warmeſt, beſt impreſſion. [*She unmaſks.*] Clarinda!

Clar. Ha, ha! Your ſervant, couſin Ranger — Ha, ha, ha!

Rang. Oh, your humble ſervant, Madam! you had liked to have been beholden to your maſk, couſin! I muſt brazen it out. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Ha, ha, ha! You were not ſo happy in your diſguiſe, Sir. The pretty ſtagger in your gait, that happy diſpoſition of your wig, the genteel negligence of your whole perſon, and thoſe pretty flowers of modiſh gallantry, made it impoſſible to miſtake you, my ſweet cuz. Ha, ha!

Rang. Oh, I knew you too! but I fancied you had taken a particular liking to my perſon, and had a mind to ſink the relation under that little piece of black velvet! And, egad, you never find me behind hand in a frolic. But ſince it is otherwiſe, my merry, good-humour'd couſin, I am as heartily glad to ſee you in

town as I ſhould be to meet any of my old bottle acquaintance.

Clar. And on my ſide I am as happy in meeting your worſhip, as I ſhould be in a rencounter with e'er a petticoat in Chriſtendom.

Rang. And if you have any occaſion for a dangling gallant to Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or even the poor neglected Park, you are ſo unlike the reſt of your virtuous ſiſters of the petticoat, that I will venture myſelf with you.

Clar. Take care what you promiſe; for who knows but this face, you were pleas'd to ſay ſo many pretty things of before you ſaw it, may raiſe ſo many rivals among your kept miſtreſſes and reps of quality———

Rang. Hold, hold! a truce with your ſatire, ſweet cuz! or, if ſcandal muſt be the topic of every virtuous woman's converſation——call for your tea-water, and let it be in it's proper element. Come, your tea, your tea.

Enter Maid.

Clar. With all my heart ——Who's there? Get tea —Upon condition that you ſtay till it comes.

Rang. That is according as you behave, Madam.

Clar. O Sir, I am very ſenſible of the favour.

Rang. Nay, you may, I aſſure you; for there is but one woman of virtue, beſides yourſelf, I would ſtay with ten minutes, (and I have not known her above theſe twelve hours:) the inſipidity, or the rancour of their diſcourſe, is inſufferable: 'Sdeath! I had rather take the air with my grandmother.

Clar. Ha, ha, ha! the ladies are highly oblig'd to you, I vow.

Rang. I tell you what; the lady I ſpeak of was oblig'd to me, and the generous girl is ready to own it.

Clar. And, pray, when was it you did virtue this conſiderable ſervice?

Rang. But this laſt night, the Devil fetch me! a romantic whim of mine convey'd me into her chamber, where I found her, young and beautiful, alone at midnight, dreſs'd like a ſoft Adonis, her lovely hair all looſe about her ſhoulders——

Clar. In boy's cloaths! this is worth attending to.

[*Aſide.*

Rang.

Rang. Gad, I no more ſuſpected her being a woman than I did your being my cater-couſin.

Clar. How did you diſcover it at laſt?

Rang. Why, faith, ſhe very modeſtly dropt me a hint of it herſelf.

Clar. Herſelf! (If this ſhould be Jacintha!) [*Aſide.*

Rang. Ay, 'foregad, did ſhe! which I imagin'd a good ſign at midnight. Ha, couſin! ſo I e'en invented a long ſtory of a paſſion I had for her, (though I had never ſeen her before)—you know my old way—and ſaid ſo many ſuch tender things——

Clar. As you ſaid to me juſt now.

Rang. Pſhaw! quite in another ſtyle, I aſſure you. It was midnight, and I was in a right cue.

Clar. Well! and what did ſhe anſwer to all theſe proteſtations?

Rang. Why, inſtead of running into my arms at once, as I expected——

Clar. To be ſure!

Rang. 'Gad, like a free-hearted honeſt girl, ſhe frankly told me ſhe lik'd another better than ſhe lik'd me: that I had ſomething in my face that ſhew'd I was a gentleman; and ſhe would e'en truſt herſelf with me, if I would give her my word I would convey her to her ſpark.

Clar. O brave! and how did you bear this?

Rang. Why, curſe me, if I am ever angry with a woman for not having a paſſion for me; I only hate your ſex's vain pretence of having no paſſion at all. Gad! I lov'd the good-natur'd girl for it, took her at her word, ſtole her out of the window, and this morning made a very honeſt fellow happy in the poſſeſſion of her.

Clar. And her name is Jacintha.

Rang. Ha!

Clar. Your amours are no ſecrets, Sir: You ſee you might as well have told me all the whole of laſt night's adventure; for you find I know.

Rang. All! why, what do you know?

Clar. Nay, nothing: I only know that a gentleman's hat cannot be dropt in a lady's chamber——

Rang. The Devil!

Clar. But a huſband is ſuch an odd, impertinent, aukward creature, that he will be ſtumbling over it.

Rang. Here has been fine work! [*Aſide.*] But how, in the name of wonder, ſhould you know all this?

Clar. By being in the ſame houſe.

Rang. In the ſame houſe!

Clar. Ay, in the ſame houſe, a witneſs of the confuſion you have made.

Rang. Frankly's Clarinda, by all that's fortunate, it muſt be ſo. [*Aſide.*

Clar. And let me tell you, Sir, that even the dull, low-ſpirited diverſions you ridicule in us tame creatures, are preferable to the romantic exploits that only wine can raiſe you to.

Rang. Yes, couſin! but I'll be even with you. [*Aſide.*

Clar. If you reflect, couſin, you will find a great deal of wit in ſhocking a lady's modeſty, diſturbing her quiet, tainting her reputation, and ruining the peace of a whole family!

Rang. To be ſure!

Clar. Theſe are the high-mettled pleaſures of you men of ſpirit, that the inſipidity of the virtuous can never arrive at. And can you in reality think your Burgundy, and your Bacchus, your Venus, and your Loves, an excuſe for all this? fye, couſin, fye!

Rang. No, couſin.

Clar. What, dumb! I am glad you have modeſty enough left not to go about to excuſe yourſelf.

Rang. It is as you ſay. When we are ſober and reflect but ever ſo little on the follies we commit, we are aſham'd and ſorry; and yet the very next minute we run again into the very ſame abſurdities.

Clar. What! moralizing, couſin? ha, ha, ha!

Rang. What you know is not half, not a hundredth part of the miſchief of my laſt night's frolic: and yet, the very next petticoat I ſaw this morning, I muſt follow it, and be damn'd to me! though, for aught I know, poor Frankly's life may depend upon it.

Clar. Whoſe life, Sir?

Rang. And here do I ſtand prating to you now.

Clar. Pray, good couſin, explain yourſelf.

Rang. Good couſin! She has it. [*Aſide.*] Why, whilſt I was making off with the wench, Bellamy and he were quarrelling about her: and though Jacintha and

and I made all the haſte we could, we did not get to them before——

Clar. Before what? (I am frighten'd out of my wits.) [*Aſide.*

Rang. Not that Frankly car'd three half-pence for the girl.

Clar. But there was no miſchief done, I hope?

Rang. Pho! a ſlight ſcratch: nothing at all, as the ſurgeon ſaid, though he was but a queer-looking ſon of a bitch of a ſurgeon neither.

Clar. Good God! why he ſhould have the beſt that can be found in London.

Rang. Ay, indeed, ſo he ſhould: that was what I was going for when I ſaw you. [*Sits down.*] They are all at Jack Meggot's hard by, and you will keep me here.

Clar. I keep you here! for Heaven's ſake, be gone.

Rang. Your tea is a damn'd while a coming.

Clra. You ſhall have no tea now, I aſſure you.

Rang. Nay, one diſh.

Clar. No, poſitively, you ſhall not ſtay!

Rang. Your commands are abſolute, Madam. [*Going.*

Clar. Then Frankly is true, and I only am to blame.

Rang. [*Returns.*] But I beg ten thouſand pardons, couſin, that I ſhould forget to ſalute you.

Clar. Pſhaw! how can you trifle at ſuch a time as this?

Rang. A trifle! wrong not your beauty.

Clar. Lord! how teaſing you are? there.

Rang. [*Kiſſes her.*] Poor thing! how uneaſy ſhe is! nay, no ceremony. You ſhall not ſtir a ſtep with me.

Clar. I do not intend it. This is downright provoking! [*Exit* Ranger.] Who's there?

Enter Landlady.

Landl. Madam, did your ladyſhip call?

Clar. Does one Mr. Meggot live in this neighbourhood?

Landl. Yes, Madam, a fine gentleman, and keeps a noble houſe, and a world of company.

Clar. Very well! I don't want his hiſtory. I wonder my ſervants are not come yet!

Landl. Lack-a-day, Madam, they are all below.

Clar. Send up one then with a card to me. I muſt know the truth of this affair immediately. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE *a Room in* Mr. Strictland's *House.*

Mr. *and* Mrs. Strictland *discovered*; *she weeping, and he writing at a Table.*

Mrs. Strict. HEIGH! ho!

Mr. Strict. What can poſſibly be the occaſion of that ſigh, Madam? you have yourſelf agreed to a maintenance, and a maintenance no dutcheſs need be aſham'd of.

Mrs. Strict. But the extremities of provocation that drove me to that agreement——

Mr. Strict. Were the effect of your own follies. Why do you diſturb me? [*Writes on.*

Mrs. Strict. I would not willingly give you a moment's uneaſineſs: I but deſire a fair and equal hearing; and if I ſatisfy you not in every point, then abandon me, diſcard me to the world, and it's malicious tongues.

Mr. Strict. What was it you ſaid?——Damn this pen!

Mrs. Strict. I ſay, Mr. Strictland, I would only——

Mr. Strict. You would only!——you would only repeat what you have been ſaying this hour, I am innocent: and when I ſhew'd you the letter I had taken from your maid, what was then your poor evaſion, but that it was to Clarinda, and you were innocent?

Mrs. Strict. Heaven knows I am innocent.

Mr. Strict. But I know your Clarinda, your woman of honour, is your blind, your cover, your——but why do I diſtract myſelf about a woman I have no longer any concerns with? Here, Madam, is your fate: a letter to your brother in the country.

Mrs. Strict. Sir——

Mr. Strict. I have told him what a ſiſter he is to receive, and how to bid her welcome.

Mrs. Strict. Then my ruin is compleat. My brother!

Mr. Strict. I muſt vindicate my own honour, elſe what will the world ſay?

Mrs. Strict. That brother was my only hope, my only ground of patience. In his retirement I hoped my name might have been ſafe, and ſlept, till by ſome happy means you might at length have known me innocent, and pitied me.

Mrs.

Mr. Strict. Retirement! pretty soul! no! no! that face was never made for retirement. It is another sort of retiring you are fitted for—Ha! hark! what's that? [*A knocking at the door.*] Two gentle taps—and why but two! was that the signal, Madam? stir not, on your life.

Mrs. Strict. Give me resolution, Heaven, to bear this usage, and keep it secret from the world. [*Aside.*

Mr. Strict. I will have no signs, no items, no hem to tell him I am here. Ha! another tap. The gentleman is in haste, I find. [*Opens the door, and enter Tester.*] Tester! why did you not come in, rascal? [*Beats him.*] All vexations meet to cross me.

Tester. Lard, Sir, what do you strike me for? my mistress order'd me never to come in where she was, without first knocking at the door.

Mr. Strict. O cunning Devil! Tester is too honest to be trusted.

Mrs. Strict. Unhappy man! will nothing undeceive him? [*Aside.*

Tester. Sir, here is a letter.

Mr. Strict. To my wife?

Tester. Nô, Sir, to you. The servant waits below.

Mr. Strict. Art sure it is a servant?

Tester. Sir, [*Staring.*] it is Mr. Buckle, Sir.

Mr. Strict. I am mad: I know not what to say, or do, or think. But, let's read. [*Reads to himself.*

S I R,

We cannot bear to reflect that Mrs. Strictland may possibly be ruin'd in your esteem, and in the voice of the world, only by the confusion which our affairs have made in your family, without offering all within our power to clear the misunderstanding between you. If you will give yourself the trouble but to step to Mr. Meggot's, where all parties will be, we doubt not but we can entirely satisfy your most flagrant suspicions, to the honour of Mrs. Strictland, and the quiet of your lives. Jacintha, John Bellamy.

Hey! here is the whole gang witnessing for one another. They think I am an ass, and will be led by the nose to believe every thing. Call me a chair. [*Exit* Tester.] Yes, I will go to this rendezvous of enemies—I will—and find out all her plots, her artifices and contrivances: it will clear my conduct to her brother, and all her friends. [*Exit* Mr. Strictland.

Mrs.

Mrs. Strict. Gone, ſo abruptly! what can that letter be about? no matter: there is no way left to make us eaſy but by my diſgrace, and I muſt learn to ſuffer. Time and innocence will teach me to bear it patiently.

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Mrs. Bellamy, Madam, (for my young lady is married) begs you would follow Mr. Strictland to Mr. Meggot's: ſhe makes no doubt but ſhe ſhall be able to make you and my maſter eaſy.

Mrs. Strict. But how came ſhe to know any thing of the matter?

Lucet. I have been with them, Madam: I could not bear to ſee ſo good a lady ſo ill treated.

Mrs. Strict. I am indeed, Lucetta, ill treated; but, I hope, this day will be the laſt of it.

Lucet. Madam Clarinda and Mr. Frankly will be there, and the young gentleman, Madam, who was with you in this room laſt night.

Mrs. Strict. Ha! if he is there, there may be hopes; and it is worth the trying.

Lucet. Dear lady—Let me call a chair.

Mrs. Strict. I go with you: I cannot be more wretched than I am. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Room in* Meggot's *Houſe.*

Enter Frankly, Ranger, Bellamy, Jacintha, *and* Meggot.

Frank. O Ranger! This is news indeed.] Your couſin, and a lady of ſuch fortune!

Rang. I have done the buſineſs for you. I tell you ſhe's your own. She loves you.

Frank. 'Words are too faint to tell the joy I feel.' "*You make my heart dance with joy.*"

Rang. I have put that heart of her's into ſuch a flutter, that I'll lay a hundred guineas, with the aſſiſtance which this lady had promis'd me, I fix her yours directly.

Jacin. Ay, ay, Mr. Frankly, we have a deſign upon her which cannot fail. But you muſt obey orders.

Frank. Moſt willingly. But remember, dear lady, I have more than life at ſtake.

Jacin. Away then into the next room; for ſhe is this inſtant coming hither.

Frank.

Frank. Hither! you ſurpriſe me more and more.

Jacin. Here is a meſſage from her by which ſhe deſires leave to wait on me this afternoon.

Rang. Only for the chance of ſeeing you here, I aſſure ye.

Frank. Let me hug thee; though I know not how to believe it.

Rang. Pſhaw! prithee, do not ſtifle me! it is a buſy day, a very buſy day.

Jack Meg. Thou art the moſt unaccountable creature in life!

Rang. But the moſt lucky one, Jack, if I ſucceed for Frankly, as I have for Bellamy, and my heart whiſpers me I ſhall. Come in, moſt noble Mr. Buckle: and what have you to propoſe?

Enter Buckle.

Buckle. A lady, Madam, in a chair, ſays her name is Clarinda.

Jacin. Deſire her to walk up.

Bella. How could you let her wait? [*Exit* Buckle.] You muſt excuſe him, Madam. Buckle is a true batchelor's ſervant, and knows no manners.

Jacin. Away, away, Mr. Frankly, and ſtay till I call you. A rap with my fan ſhall be the ſignal. (*Exit* Frank.) We make very free with your houſe, Mr. Meggot.

Jack Meg. O! you could not oblige me more!

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Dear Mrs. Bellamy, pity my confuſion. I am to wiſh you joy, and aſk your pardon all in a breath. I know not what to ſay. I am quite aſham'd of my laſt night's behaviour.

Jacin. Come, come, Clarinda, it is all well. All is over and forgot. Mr. Bellamy—— [*ſalute.*

Clar. I wiſh you joy, Sir, with all my heart, and ſhould have been very ſorry if any folly of mine had prevented it.

Bell. Madam, I am oblig'd to you.

Clar. (*Aſide*) I ſee nothing of Mr. Frankly! My heart miſgives me.

Rang. And ſo, you came hither purely out of friendſhip, good-nature, and humility.

Clar. Purely.

Rang. To confeſs your offences, to beg pardon, and to make reparation.

Clar. Purely. Is this any thing ſo extraordinary?

Jack Meg. The moſt ſo of any thing in life, I think.

Rang. A very whimſical buſineſs for ſo fine a lady, and an errand you ſeldom went on before, I fancy, my dear couſin.

Jacin. Never, I dare ſwear, if I may judge by the aukward concern ſhe ſhews in delivering it.

Clar. Concern! Lard! well, I proteſt, you are all exceeding pretty company! Being ſettled for life, Jacintha, gives an eaſe to the mind, that brightens converſation ſtrangely.

Jacin. I am ſorry, with all my heart, you are not in the ſame condition; for as you are, my dear, you are horridly chagrine.

Rang. But with a little of our help, Madam, the lady may recover, and be very good company.

Clar. Hum! What does he mean, Mr. Bellamy?

Bella. Aſk him, Madam.

Clar. Indeed I ſhall not give myſelf the trouble.

Jacin. Then you know what he means.

Clar. Something impertinent, I ſuppoſe, not worth explaining.

Jacin. It is ſomething you won't let him explain, I find.

Enter Buckle, and whiſpers Meggot.

Jack Meg. Very well! Deſire him to walk into the parlour. Madam, the gentleman is below.

Jacin. Then every one to your poſt. You know your cues.

Rang. I warrant ye. [*Exeunt gentlemen.*

Clar. All gone! I am glad of it, for I want to ſpeak to you.

Jacin. And I, my dear Clarinda, have ſomething which I do not know how to tell you. But it muſt be known, ſooner or later.

Clar. What's the matter

Jacin. Poor Mr. Frankly ——

Clar. You fright me out of my ſenſes!

Jacin. Has no wounds but what you can cure. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar. Pſhaw! I am angry.

Jacin.

Jacin. Pſhaw! You are pleas'd—and will be more ſo, when I tell you, this man, whom Fortune has thrown in your way, is in rank and temper, the man in the world who ſuits you beſt for a huſband.

Clar. Huſband! I ſay, Huſband, indeed! Where will this end! [*Aſide.*

Jacin. His very ſoul is yours, and he only waits an opportunity of telling you ſo. He is in the next room. Shall I call him in?

Clar. My dear girl, hold!

Jacin. How fooliſh is this coyneſs now, Clarinda? If the men were here indeed, ſomething might be ſaid—And ſo, Mr. Frankly!

Clar. How can you be ſo teazing?

Jacin. Nay, I am in downright earneſt: and to ſhew you how particular I have been in my enquiries, 'though 'I know you have a ſpirit above regarding the modiſh, 'paltry way of *a Smithfield* bargain—His fortune—'

Clar. I don't care what his fortune is.

Jacin. Don't you ſo? Then you are farther gone than I thought you were.

Clar. No, Pſhaw; pr'ythee, I don't mean ſo neither.

Jacin. I don't care what you mean: but you won't like him the worſe, I hope, for having a fortune ſuperior to your own. Now ſhall I call him in?

Clar. Pho, dear girl—ſome other time.

Jacin. (raps with her fan) That's the ſignal, and here he is. You ſhall not ſtir: I poſitively will leave you together. [*Exit* Jacintha.

Clar. I tremble all over.

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Pardon this freedom, Madam—but I hope our having ſo luckily met with a common friend in Mrs. Bellamy——

Clar. Sir!

Frank. Makes any farther apology for my behaviour laſt night abſolutely unneceſſary.

Clar. So far, Mr. Frankly, that I think the apology ſhould be rather on my ſide, for the impertinent buſtle I made about her.

Frank. This behaviour gives me hopes, Madam: Pardon the conſtruction—But from the little buſtle you made about the lady, may I not hope, you was not quite indifferent about the gentleman?

Clar.

Clar. Have a care of being too ſanguine in your hopes: Might not a love of power, or the ſatisfaction of ſhewing that power, or the dear pleaſure of abuſing that power; might not theſe have been foundation enough for more than what I did?

Frank. Charming woman——With moſt of your ſex, I grant, they might, but not with you. Whatever power your beauty gives, your good-nature will allow you no other uſe of it than to oblige.

Cla. This is the height of compliment, Mr. Frankly.

Frank. Not, in my opinion, I aſſure you, Madam: and I am now going to put it to the trial.

Clar. *(Aſide)* What is he going to ſay now?

Frank. *(Aſide)* What is it that ails me, that I cannot ſpeak? Pſhaw! he here!

Enter Ranger.

Clar. Interrupted! impertinent!

Rang. There is no ſight ſo ridiculous as a pair of your true lovers. Here are you two now, bowing and cringing, and keeping a paſſion ſecret from one another, that is no ſecret to all the houſe beſide. And if you don't make the matter up immediately, it will be all over the town within theſe two hours.

Clar. What do you mean?

Frank. Ranger——

Rang. Do you be quiet; can't ye? *(Aſide.)* But it is over, I ſuppoſe, couſin, and you have given him your conſent.

Clar. Sir, the liberties you are pleas'd to take with me——

Rang. Oh! in your airs ſtill, are you? Why then, Mr. Frankly, there is a certain letter of yours, Sir, to this lady.

Clar. A letter to me!

Rang. Ay! to you, Madam.

Frank. Ha! what of that letter?

Rang. It is only fallen into Mr. Strictland's hands, that is all; and he has read it! ——

Frank. Read it.

Rang. Ay; read it to all his family at home, and to all the company below: and if ſome ſtop be not put to it, it will be read in all the coffee-houſes in town.

Frank. A ſtop! This ſword ſhall put a ſtop to it, or I will periſh in the attempt.

Rang.

Rang. But will that ſword put a ſtop to the talk of the town?——Only make it talk the faſter, take my word for it.

Clar. This is all a trick.

Rang. Is it ſo? you ſhall ſoon ſee that, my fine couſin. [*Exit* Ranger.

Frank. It is but too true, I fear. There is ſuch a letter which I gave Lucetta. Can you forgive me? Was I much to blame, when I could neither ſee, nor hear of you?

Clar. (*Tenderly.*) You give yourſelf, Mr. Frankly, a thouſand more uneaſineſſes than you need about me.

Frank. If this uneaſineſs but convinces you how much I love you—Interrupted again!

Clar. (*Aſide.*) This is downright malice.

Enter Ranger, *followed by* Jacintha, Mr. Strictland, Bellamy, *and* Meggot.

Rang. Enter, enter, gentleman and lady!

Clar. Mr. Strictland here! what is all this?

Rang. Now you ſhall ſee whether this is a trick or no.

Jacin. Do not be uneaſy, my dear: we will explain it to you.

Frank. I cannot bear this trifling, Ranger, when my heart is on the rack.

Rang. Come this way then, and learn.

[Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, *and* Ranger *retire.*

[Mr. Strictland, Bellamy, *and* Meggot *advance.*

Mr. Strict. Why, I know not well what to ſay. This has a face. This letter may as well agree with Clarinda as with my wife, as you have told the ſtory; and Lucetta explain'd it ſo—But ſhe for a ſixpenny piece would have conſtru'd it the other way.

Jack Meg. But, Sir, if we produce this Mr. Frankly to you, and he owns himſelf the author of this letter—

Bella. And if Clarinda likewiſe be brought before your face to encourage his addreſſes, there can be no farther room for doubt.

Mr. Strict. No—Let that appear, and I ſhall—I think I ſhall be ſatisfied—But yet it cannot be——

Bella. Why not? Hear me, Sir. [*They talk.*

[Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, *and* Ranger *advance.*

Jacin. In ſhort, Clarinda, unleſs the affair is made up directly, a ſeparation, with all the obloquy on her ſide, muſt be the conſequence.

Clar.

Clar. Poor Mrs. Strictland, I pity her: but for him, he deserves all he feels were it ten times what it is.

Jacin. It is for her sake only, that we beg of you both to bear his impertinence.

Clar. With all my heart. You will do what you please with me.

Frank. Generous creature!

Mr. Strict. Ha! here she is, and with her the very man I saw deliver the letter to Lucetta—I do begin to fear I have made myself a fool—Now for the proof—Here is a letter, Sir, which has given me great disturbance, and these gentlemen assure me it was writ by you.

Frank. That letter, Sir, upon my honour, I left this morning with Lucetta, for this lady.

Mr. Strict. For that lady! and Frankly, the name at the bottom, is not feign'd, but your real name?

Frank. Frankly is my name.

Mr. Strict. I see, I feel myself ridiculous.

Jacin. Now, Mr. Strictland——I hope ——

Jack Meg. Ay! ay! a clear case.

Mr. Strict. I am satisfied, and will go this instant to Mrs. Strictland.

Rang. Why then the devil fetch me, if this would satisfy me.

Mr. Strict. What's that?

Rang. Nay, nothing: it is no affair of mine.

Bella. What do you mean, Ranger?

Mr. Strict. Ay, what do you mean? I will know before I stir.

Rang. With all my heart, Sir. Cannot you see that all this may be a concerted matter between them?

Frank. Ranger, you know I can resent.

Mr. Strict. Go on——I will defend you, let who will resent it.

Rang. Why then, Sir, I declare myself your friend: and were I as you——nothing but their immediate marriage should convince me.

Mr. Strict. Sir, you're right, and are my friend indeed. Give me your hand.

Rang. Nay, were I to hear her say, I, Clarinda, take thee, Charles, I would not believe them till I saw them a-bed together. Now resent it as you will.

Mr. Strict. Ay, Sir, as you will. But nothing less

shall

ſhall convince me; and ſo, my fine lady, if you are in earneſt———

Clar. Sure, Mr. Strictland———

Mr. Strict. Nay, no flouncing! You cannot eſcape.

Rang. Why, Frankly, has't no ſoul?

Frank. I pity her confuſion.

Rang. Pity her confuſion!—the man's a fool—Here, take her hand—

Frank. Thus on my knees then, let me raviſh with your hand, your heart.

Clar. Raviſh it you cannot; for it is with all my heart I give it you.

Mr. Strict. I am ſatisfied.

Clar. And ſo am I, now it once is over.

Rang. And ſo am I, my dainty couſin—And I wiſh you joy of a man, your whole ſex would go to cuffs for, if they knew him but half ſo well as I do—Ha! She here! This is more than I bargain'd for. [*Aſide.*

Jacintha *leads in* Mrs. Strictland.

Mr. Strict. (Embracing Mrs. Strictland.) Madam, reproach me not with my folly, and you ſhall never hear of it again.

Mrs. Strict. Reproach you, no! if ever you hear the leaſt reflection paſs my lips, forſake me in that inſtant; or, what would yet be worſe, ſuſpect again.

Mr. Strict. It is enough. I am aſham'd to talk to thee.—This letter which I wrote to your brother, thus I tear in pieces, and with it part for ever with my jealouſy.

Mrs. Strict. This is a joy, indeed! as great as unexpected. Yet there is one thing wanting to make it laſting.

Rang. What the devil is coming now? [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Strict. Be aſſur'd, every other ſuſpicion of me was as unjuſt as your laſt; though perhaps you had more foundations for your fears.

Rang. She won't tell, ſure, for her own ſake. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Strict. All muſt be clear'd before my heart will be at eaſe.

Rang. It looks plaguy like it, though! [*Aſide.*

Mr. Strict. What mean you? I am all attention.

Mrs. Strict. There was a man, as you ſuſpected, in my chamber laſt night.

Mr. Strict. Ha! take care, I ſhall relapſe.

Mrs. Strict. That gentleman was he——

Rang. Here is a devil for you! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Strict. Let him explain the reſt.

Rang. A frolic! a mere frolic! on my life.

Mr. Strict. A frolic! Zounds! [*They interpoſe.*

Rang. Nay, don't let us quarrel the very moment you declar'd yourſelf my friend. There was no harm done, I promiſe you. Nay, never frown. After I have told my ſtory, any ſatisfaction you are pleas'd to aſkI ſhall be ready to give.

Mr. Strict. Be quick then, and eaſe me of my pain.

Rang. Why then, as I was ſtrolling about laſt night—upon the look out, I muſt confeſs——Chance, and chance only convey'd me to your houſe; where I eſpied a ladder of ropes moſt invitingly faſten'd to the window.

Jacin. Which ladder I had faſten'd for my eſcape.

Mr. Strict. Proceed.

Rang. Up mounted I, and up I ſhould have gone, if it had been in the garret. I open'd one door, then another, and, to my great ſurprize, the whole houſe was ſilent. At laſt I ſtole into a room where this lady was undreſſing.

Mr. Strict. 'Sdeath and the devil! you did not dare, ſure—

Rang. I don't know whether I had dared or no, if I had not heard the maid ſay ſomething of her maſter's being jealous. Oh!—Damn me, thought I, then the work is half done to my hands.

Jacin. Do you mind that, Mr. Strictland?

Mr. Strict. I do——I do, moſt feelingly.

Rang. The maid grew ſaucy, and moſt conveniently to my wiſhes, was turn'd out of the room; and if you had not the beſt wife in the world——

Mr. Strict. Ounds! Sir, but what right have you—

Rang. What right, Sir! if you will be jealous of your wife without a cauſe; if you will be out at that time of night, when you might have been ſo much better employ'd at home, we young fellows think we have a right——

Mr. Strict. No joking, I beſeech you. You know not what I feel.

Rang. Then ſeriouſly, I was mad or drunk enough, call it which you will, to be very rude to this lady; for which I aſk both her pardon and yours. I am an odd ſort of a fellow, perhaps; but I am above telling you or any man a lie, damn me, if I am not.

Mr.

Mr. Strict. I muſt, I cannot but believe you; and for the future, Madam, you ſhall find a heart ready to love and truſt you. No tears, I beg: I cannot bear them.

Mrs. Strict. I cannot ſpeak, and yet there is a favour, Sir———

Mr. Strict. I underſtand you——and, as a proof of the ſincerity with which I ſpeak, I beg it as a favour of this lady in particular [*to* Clarinda] and of all the company in general, to return to my houſe immediately: where every thing, Mr. Bellamy, ſhall be ſettled to your entire ſatisfaction———No thanks; I have not deſerv'd them.

Jack Meg. I beg your pardon, Sir, the fiddles are ready. Mrs. Bellamy has promis'd me her hand, and I won't part with one of you till midnight; and if you are as well ſatisfied as you pretend to be, let our friend Rattle here begin the ball with Mrs. Strictland; for he ſeems to be the hero of the day.

Mr. Strict. As you and the company pleaſe.

Rang. Why, this is honeſt. Continue but in this humour, and faith! Sir, you may truſt me to run about your houſe like a ſpaniel—I cannot ſufficiently admire at the whimſicalneſs of my good fortune, in being ſo inſtrumental to this general happineſs———Bellamy, Frankly, I wiſh you joy with all my heart, (though I had rather you ſhould be married than I, for all that.) Never did Matrimony appear to me with a ſmile upon her face 'till this inſtant.

Sure joys for ever wait each happy pair,
When ſenſe the man, and virtue crowns the fair;
And kind compliance proves their mutual care.

[A dance.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

THO' the young ſmarts, I ſee, begin to ſneer,
And the old ſinners caſt a wicked leer:
Be not alarm'd, ye fair——you've nought to fear.
No wanton hint, no looſe ambiguous ſenſe,
Shall flatter vicious taſte at your expence.
Leaving, for once, theſe ſhameleſs arts in vogue,
We give a Fable for the Epilogue.
An Aſs there was, our Author bade me ſay,
Who needs muſt write——he did——and wrote a Play.
The parts were caſt to various beaſts and fowl;
The ſtage a barn——the manager an Owl.
The houſe was cramm'd at ſix, with friends and foes;
Rakes, wits, and critics, citizens, and beaux.
Theſe characters appear'd in different ſhapes
Of tigers, foxes, horſes, bulls, and apes;
With others too, of lower rank and ſtation——
A perfect abſtract of the brute creation.
Each, as he felt, mark'd out the Author's faults,
And thus the Connoiſſeurs expreſs'd their thoughts.
The Critic-curs firſt ſnarl'd——The rules are broke,
Time, place, and action, ſacrific'd to joke.
The Goats cry'd out, 'Twas formal, dull, and chaſte——
Not writ for beaſts of gallantry and taſte.
The Horned-Cattle were in piteous taking,
At fornication, rape, and cuckold-making.
The Tigers ſwore, He wanted fire and paſſion;
The Apes condemn'd——becauſe it was the faſhion.
The generous Steeds allow'd him proper merit:
Here mark'd his faults, and there approv'd his ſpirit.
While Brother-Bards bray'd forth with uſual ſpleen,
And, as they heard, exploded every ſcene.
When Reynard's thoughts were aſk'd, the ſhrugging ſage,
Fam'd for hypocriſy, and worn with age,
Condemn'd the ſhameleſs licence of the ſtage.
At which the Monkey ſkipp'd from box to box,
And whiſper'd round the judgment of the Fox;
Abus'd the Moderns; talk'd of Rome and Greece;
Bilk'd ev'ry box-keeper; and damn'd the piece.
Now, ev'ry fable has a moral to't——
Be churchman, ſtateſman, any thing——but poet.
In law, or phyſic, quack in what you will;
Cant and grimace conceal the want of ſkill;
Secure in theſe, his gravity may paſs——
But here no artifice can hide the Aſs.

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